

The Complete ALICE



in Wonderland

THE COMPLETE ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Kindle Master Editions
Volume I

Comprising the Unabridged Texts of:
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There
Alice's Adventures Under Ground
The Nursery "Alice"
The Hunting of the Snark

By Lewis Carroll
With Kent David Kelly

A collection of the works of Lewis Carroll, uniquely annotated. This collection and all essays are copyright 2010 by Kent David Kelly.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE MASTER EDITION

By Kent David Kelly

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND is—deservedly—one of the best-loved books in all the world. It is a triumph not only of the imagination, but also of wit, humor, logical paradox, and the ageless appeal of Victorian charm. Excellent editions of this most excellent book are to be discovered everywhere. Finding a quality *electronic* version of *Alice* is, however, a confounding exercise in futility.

Many of the electronic editions are hastily produced, poorly formatted, unedited, or even incomplete. Worse, the abbreviated title *Alice in Wonderland* can refer to both *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There*; or, only the first book; or, incomplete excerpts of each (and often without any publisher clarification on the matter). Due to these well-intentioned yet oddly universal mistakes in the world of electronic publishing, a need was seen for one definitive Kindle Master Edition of the *Alice* works, created and formatted specifically for the Kindle.

As a Kindle owner and devotee myself, I am very sympathetic to the peculiar woes which readers suffer as a result of over-exposure to amateurish electronic documents. The problems in such works often include (but are by no means limited to): spelling errors; font size issues; character identification issues (such as “w” appearing as “vv,” or the word “corner” as “comer”); forced hyphenation breaks; indentation and spacing issues; spurious pagination; nonexistent tables of contents; a lack of uniquely-created backing matter (glossaries, research essays, endnotes, etc.); incomplete front matter; footnote errors; illustration errors (or no illustrations at all); missing poetry or paragraphs; absent or profligate italics, and much, much more. “Curiouser and curiouser” indeed! In the interests of reader sanity, I have endeavored to make *The Complete Alice in Wonderland* as correct, complete, user friendly, and simply enjoyable as possible.

Beyond such assuaged frustrations, of course, good readers also demand Master Editions of the texts themselves! In this regard, I have offered not only *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but also *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There*. Further, this edition includes *Alice's*

Adventures Under Ground (the first draft of *Wonderland*), *The Wasp in a Wig* (a long-lost chapter of *Through the Looking-Glass*), *The Nursery "Alice"* (an abridged but enlightening supplementary text of the original story), and *The Hunting of the Snark* (with explanatory notes from Lewis Carroll, revealing its relevance to *Wonderland*). I trust that the inclusion of these rarer works will provide the Alice devotee with a fascinating and far more inclusive understanding of *Wonderland*, Lewis Carroll and Alice Liddell herself, which the two common "core" books alone cannot hope to satisfy.

Of course, these works in and of themselves do not tell the entire story. I have also specially written many essays and background articles to support and illuminate Carroll's masterpieces. These essays include chronologies, biographies, explanatory notes, and a complete glossary of unfamiliar Carrolliana and Victoriana. Additional relevant materials, such as diary entries, letters, period articles and quotations (from Carroll, Alice and others) are included as well. I can certainly guarantee that any Alice fan or Carrollian scholar reading this edition—regardless of their age or their own adventures—will find a *muchness* of treasures they have never seen before!

Considering the magnitude of this research, writing and editing project, mistakes are certain to creep in. (Perfection, Carroll himself might say, is our unreachable destination; but error is our ongoing journey.) If you, the reader, have any corrections, recommended additions, or simply a comment concerning this work and its supporting materials, your feedback is always welcome! I will be more than happy to attribute those who assist in this "perfecting" endeavor (by name or username, as you prefer) in a future edition of this work.

In this regard, please feel free to visit me at my author page on Amazon (<http://www.amazon.com/-/e/B004AO4O36>), my Facebook site (<http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000867874518>), or the page specifically crafted for *The Complete Alice in Wonderland*. I am also the author of the Carrollian-Lovecraftian "mash-up," *Cthulhu in Wonderland: The Madness of Alice*, for those who are interested in further exploration of the darkly humorous nature of insanity (<http://www.amazon.com/Cthulhu-Wonderland-Dreadful-Mash-Ups-ebook/dp/B0049H8WSC/>). You can of course also reach me personally at any time via e-mail, at shadowed_sky@hotmail.com.

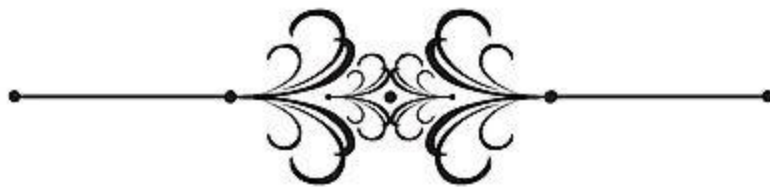
An electronic text, of course, will always have its own advantages and disadvantages—all of them considerable. For those Alice fanatics (like me!) who would prefer to own the finest hardcopy versions as well, I can unreservedly recommend *The Annotated Alice: The Definitive Edition*, and *The Annotated Hunting of the Snark*, both written by Martin Gardner. Mister Gardner's insights into Carroll's texts are meticulous, brilliant and fascinating. Even better, he has a tremendous respect for Carroll's favored illustrators, John Tenniel and Henry Holiday. These annotated editions are beautiful and are wonderful additions to any library.

Proper editions of *The Nursery "Alice"* and *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*, however, are much harder to come by, but can occasionally be discovered in quality used bookstores. Another good (but not excellent) book, *The Complete Illustrated Works of Lewis Carroll*, is of use, but it is far from perfect, and misleading in its title. To my knowledge, *The Complete Alice in Wonderland* you are now reading is the *only* work in existence which compiles, supports and annotates all of the "Alice" stories in a single source.

With all that said, I have only one more e-text peeve to confide to you: that of long introductions! And so, without further ado, I welcome you to *The Complete Alice in Wonderland*. Enjoy your adventures alongside Alice, and do remember:

"Of course you're mad. Or else you wouldn't have come here."

Onward and downward, into Wonderland!



PART I

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Introduction: The Creation of Alice

By Kent David Kelly

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND is a beloved and ageless classic. Indeed, it is one of the most popular, enduring and fondly-quoted books in all the world. Its beginnings, however, were exceedingly humble. If not for the stubborn insistence of a very intelligent and endearing little girl—one Alice Pleasance Liddell—we would not possess this treasury of Victorian wit and humor at all!

The story of Alice was first improvised as it was spoken, in 1862, by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (who we know today by his pen name, Lewis Carroll). One summer day, Carroll was out on a boating jaunt with his good friend Robinson Duckworth, and three “Liddell” girls: Lorina, Edith and Alice Pleasance.

On July 4, Carroll made the following entry in his diary:

“Duckworth and I made an expedition *up* the river to Godstow with the 3 Liddells: we had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Christ Church again till 1/2 past 8, when we took them on to my rooms to see my collection of micro-photographs, and restored them to the Deanery [their home], just before 9.”

Robinson Duckworth's own reminiscences of that fateful day were as follows:

“I was very closely associated with him [Lewis Carroll] in the production and publication of *Alice in Wonderland*. I rowed *stroke* and he rowed *bow* in the famous Long Vacation voyage to Godstow, when the three Miss Liddells were our passengers, and the story was actually composed and spoken *over my shoulder* for the benefit of Alice Liddell, who was acting as ‘cox’ of our gig. I remember turning round and saying, ‘Dodgson, is this an extempore romance of yours?’ And he replied, ‘Yes, I’m inventing as we go along.’ I also well remember how, when we had conducted the three children back to the Deanery, Alice said, as she bade us good-night, ‘Oh, Mr. Dodgson, I wish you would write out Alice’s adventures for me.’ He said he should try, and he afterwards told me that he

sat up nearly the whole night, committing to a MS. book his recollections of the drolleries with which he had enlivened the afternoon. He added illustrations of his own, and presented the volume, which used often to be seen on the drawing-room table at the Deanery.”

In retrospect, Alice’s memories of those golden summer days may be the most important of all. Later in life, she explained the secret of her stories in this way:

“Most of Mr. Dodgson’s stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister, now Mrs. Skene, was ‘Prima,’ [Latin, roughly translated as ‘first daughter,’ or ‘eldest’] I was ‘Secunda,’ [‘second’] and ‘Tertia’ [‘third’] was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of *Alice* was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down [sic] the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of ‘tell us a story,’ and so began the ever-delightful tale.

“Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, ‘And that’s all till next time.’ ‘Ah, but it is next time,’ would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh.

“Another day, perhaps the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay.”

Carroll, we know now, was indeed growing weary of the endless storytelling, as he wrote this aside in his diary on August 6, 1862: “... Had to go on with my interminable fairy-tale of ‘*Alice’s Adventures*.” We are fortunate that he did so, and that Alice persisted in asking for more stories!

Surely, the tale would have died if Alice had not insisted on its immortality. Captain Caryl Hargreaves (Alice’s son), sharing his mother’s memoirs with the world in 1932, revealed the following additional secrets which bring us fuller understanding:

“Nearly all of *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground* [the first draft of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*] was told on that blazing summer afternoon with the heat haze shimmering over the meadows where the party landed to shelter for a while in the shadow cast by the haycocks near Godstow. I [Alice] think the stories he told us that afternoon must have been better than usual, because I have such a distinct recollection of the expedition, and also,

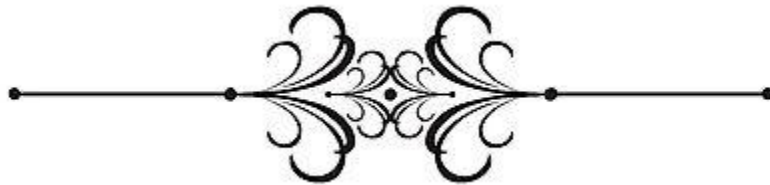
on the next day I started to pester him to write down the story for me, which I had never done before. It was due to my ‘going on, going on’ and importunity that, after saying he would think about it, he eventually gave the hesitating promise which started him writing it down at all.

It was only long after Carroll and Alice became famous—indeed, timeless and unforgettable—that Carroll set forth his own full awareness of the importance of those lost summer days. It is with his most heartfelt and revelatory words that our understanding comes to its fulfillment:

“Many a day had we rowed together on that quiet stream—the three little maidens and I—and many a fairy tale had been extemporised for their benefit—whether it were at times when the narrator was ‘i’ the vein,’ and fancies unsought came crowding thick upon him, or at times when the jaded Muse was goaded into action, and plodded meekly on, more because she had to say something than that she had something to say—yet none of these many tales got written down: they lived and died, like summer midges, each in its own golden afternoon until there came a day when, as it chanced, one of my little listeners petitioned that the tale might be written out for her. That was many a year ago, but I distinctly remember, now as I write, how, in a desperate attempt to strike out some new line of fairy-lore, I had sent my heroine straight down a rabbit-hole, to begin with, without the least idea what was to happen afterwards. And so, to please a child I loved (I don’t remember any other motive), I printed in manuscript, and illustrated with my own crude designs—designs that rebelled against every law of Anatomy or Art (for I had never had a lesson in drawing)—the book which I have just had published in facsimile. In writing it out, I added many fresh ideas, which seemed to grow of themselves upon the original stock; and many more added themselves when, years afterwards, I wrote it all over again for publication: but (this may interest some readers of ‘Alice’ to know) every such idea and nearly every word of the dialogue, *came of itself*. Sometimes an idea comes at night, when I have had to get up and strike a light to note it down—sometimes when out on a lonely winter walk, when I have had to stop, and with half-frozen fingers jot down a few words which should keep the new-born idea from perishing—but whenever or however it comes, *it comes of itself*. I cannot set invention going like a clock, by any voluntary winding up: nor do I believe that any *original* writing (and what other writing is worth preserving?) was ever so produced. ... ‘Alice’ and the ‘Looking-Glass’ are made up almost wholly of bits and scraps, single ideas

which came of themselves. Poor they may have been; but at least they were the best I had to offer ...”

“Stand forth, then, from the shadowy past, ‘Alice,’ the child of my dreams. Full many a year has slipped away, since that ‘golden afternoon’ that gave thee birth, but I can call it up almost as clearly as if it were yesterday—the cloudless blue above, the watery mirror below, the boat drifting idly on its way, the tinkle of the drops that fell from the oars, as they waved so sleepily to and fro, and (the one bright gleam of life in all the slumberous scene) the three eager faces, hungry for news of fairy-land, and who would not be said ‘nay’ to: from whose lips ‘tell us a story, please,’ had all the stern immutability of Fate!”



**ALICE'S ADVENTURES
IN WONDERLAND**

By
LEWIS CARROLL

With Illustrations By
JOHN TENNIEL



Preface to the Seventy-Ninth Thousand

AS ALICE is about to appear on the Stage, and as the lines beginning: “’tis the voice of the Lobster” were found to be too fragmentary for dramatic purposes four lines have been added to the first stanza and six to the second, while the Oyster has been developed into a Panther.

Christmas, 1886

Preface to the Eighty-Sixth Thousand

ENQUIRIES have been so often addressed to me, as to whether any answer to the Hatter's Riddle can be imagined, that I may as well put on record here what seems to me to be a fairly appropriate answer, vis. "Because it can produce a few notes, though they are *very* flat; and it is *nevar* (*sic*, intentional by the author as "raven" written backwards) put with the wrong end in front! This, however, is merely an afterthought: the Riddle, as originally invented, had no answer at all.

For this eighty-sixth thousand, fresh electrotypes have been taken from the wood-blocks (which, never having been used for printing from, are in as good condition as when first cut in 1865), and the whole book has been set up afresh with new type. If the artistic qualities of this re-issue fall short, in any particular, of those possessed by the original issue, it will not be for want of painstaking on the part of author, publisher, or printer.

I take this opportunity of announcing that the Nursery "Alice," hitherto priced at four shillings, net, is now to be had on the same terms as the ordinary shilling picture-books—although I feel sure that it is, in every quality (except the *text* itself, on which I am not qualified to pronounce), greatly superior to them. Four shillings was a perfectly reasonable price to charge, considering the very heavy initial outlay I had incurred: still, as the Public have practically said "We will *not* give more than a shilling for a picture-book, however artistically got-up," I am content to reckon my outlay on the book as so much dead loss, and, rather than let the little ones, for whom it was written, go without it, I am selling it at a price which is, to me, much the same thing as *giving* it away.

Christmas, 1896

A Note on the Text

DUE TO the limitations of electronic formatting—and the difficulties caused by the framing of customizable font sizes—the poem “The Mouse’s Tale” does not appear in the shape of a tail (as it originally appeared in the book). The remainder of the text of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, however, has been meticulously prepared with full respect toward the author’s own intentions.

Prefatory Poem

*All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.*

*Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?*

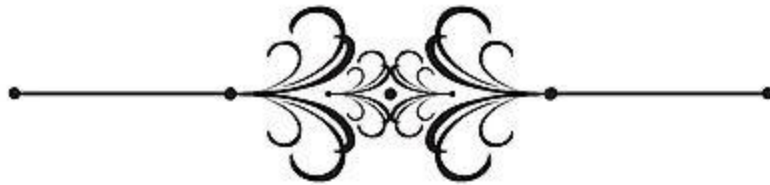
*Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict "to begin it";
In gentler tones Secunda hopes
"There will be nonsense in it!"
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not more than once a minute.*

*Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.*

*And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
"The rest next time—" "It is next time!"
The happy voices cry.*

*Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.*

*Alice! A childish story take,
And, with a gentle hand,
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Pluck'd in a far-off land.*



Chapter I

Down the Rabbit-Hole

ALICE WAS beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice, “without pictures or conversations?”

So she was considering, in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself “Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!” (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but, when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.



In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything: then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves: here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She

took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed: it was labeled "ORANGE MARMALADE," but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself. "After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think—" (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the school-room, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) "—yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The antipathies, I think—" (she was rather glad there was no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) "—but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke—fancy, *curtseying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she

was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her, very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead: before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass: there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!



Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; “and even if my head *would* go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to say

“Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said, “and see whether it’s marked ‘*poison*’ or not”; for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that, if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked “poison,” it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.



However, this bottle was *not* marked “poison,” so Alice ventured to taste it, and, finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

* * * * *

“What a curious feeling!” said Alice. “I must be shutting up like a telescope!”

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; “for it might end, you know,” said Alice to herself; “in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?” And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like that!” said Alice to herself rather sharply. “I advise you to leave off this minute!” She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. “But it’s no use now,” thought poor Alice, “to pretend to be two people! Why, there’s hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!”

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words “EAT ME” were beautifully marked in currants. “Well, I’ll eat it,” said Alice, “and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door: so either way I’ll get into the garden, and I don’t care which happens!”

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself “Which way? Which way?”, holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing; and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size. To be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake; but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way

things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

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Chapter II

The Pool of Tears

“CURIOUSER and curiouser!” cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English); “now I’m opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!” (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). “Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I’m sure *I* sha’n’t be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them,” thought Alice, “or perhaps they wo’n’t walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I’ll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas.”

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. “They must go by the carrier,” she thought; “and how funny it’ll seem, sending presents to one’s own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

*Alice’s Right Foot, Esq.
Hearth-rug,
near the Fender,
(with Alice’s love).*

Oh dear, what nonsense I’m talking!”



Just then her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you," (she might well say this), "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit

returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid-gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, “Oh! The Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! Wo’n’t she be savage if I’ve kept her waiting!” Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one: so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, “If you please, Sir—” The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid-gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.



Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, 'Who in the world am I?' Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I ca'n't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh, she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll

try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say '*How doth the little —*,'” and she crossed her hands on her lap, as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

*“How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!*

*“How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spread his claws,
And welcome little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!”*

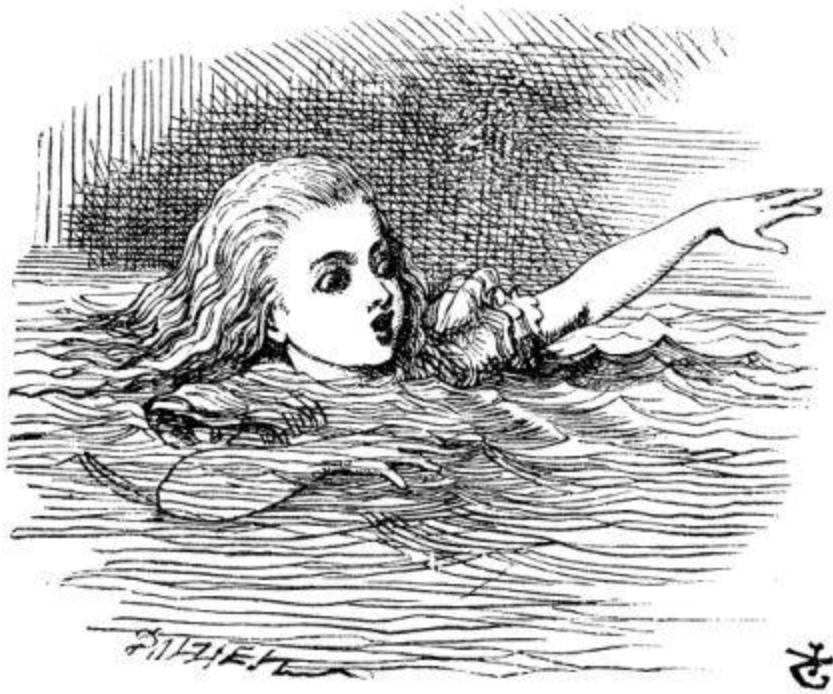
“I'm sure those are not the right words,” said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, “I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh, ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying ‘Come up again, dear!’ I shall only look up and say ‘Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else’—but, oh dear!” cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, “I do wish they *would* put their heads down! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here!”

As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid-gloves while she was talking. “How *can* I have done that?” she thought. “I must be growing small again.” She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the cause of this

was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.

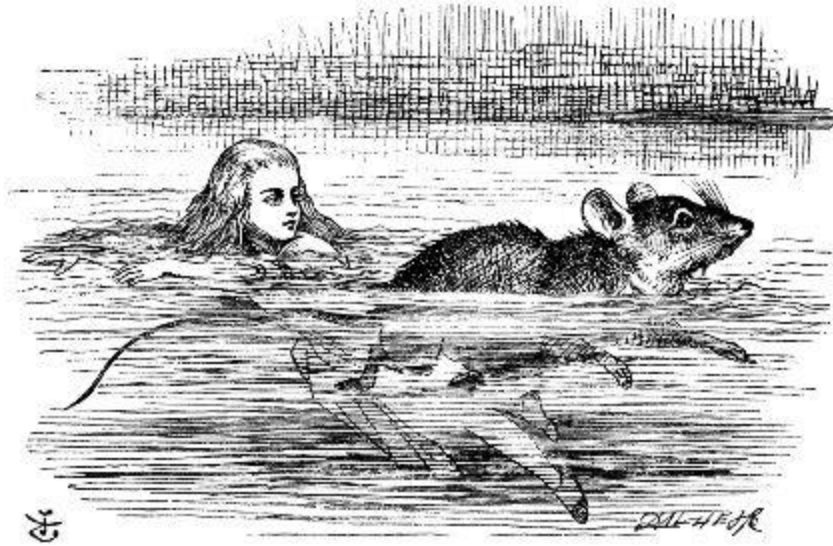
“That *was* a narrow escape!” said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence. “And now for the garden!” And she ran with all speed back to the little door; but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, “and things are worse than ever,” thought the poor child, “for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it’s too bad, that it is!”

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, “and in that case I can go back by railway,” she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion that, wherever you go to on the English coast, you find a number of bathing-machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging-houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.



“I wish I hadn’t cried so much!” said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. “I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day.”

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.



“Would it be of any use, now,” thought Alice, “to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk: at any rate, there’s no harm in trying.” So she began: “O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!” (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse: she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother’s Latin Grammar, “A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!”) The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

“Perhaps it doesn’t understand English,” thought Alice; “I daresay it’s a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror.” (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: “Où est ma chatte?” which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. “Oh, I beg your pardon!” cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal’s feelings. “I quite forgot you didn’t like cats.”

“Not like cats!” cried the Mouse in a shrill, passionate voice. “Would you like cats, if you were me?”

“Well, perhaps not,” said Alice in a soothing tone: “don’t be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah. I think you’d take a fancy to cats, if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing,” Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, “and

she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she’s such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!” cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. “We wo’n’t talk about her any more, if you’d rather not.”

“We indeed!” cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail. “As if *I* would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats: nasty, low, vulgar things! Don’t let me hear the name again!”

“I wo’n’t indeed!” said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. “Are you—are you fond—of—of dogs?” The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: “There is such a nice little dog, near our house, I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh, such long curly brown hair! And it’ll fetch things when you throw them, and it’ll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things—I ca’n’t remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it’s so useful, it’s worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and—oh dear!” cried Alice in a sorrowful tone. “I’m afraid I’ve offended it again!” For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

So she called softly after it, “Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we wo’n’t talk about cats, or dogs either, if you don’t like them!” When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said, in a low trembling voice, “Let us get to the shore, and then I’ll tell you my history, and you’ll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs.”

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it: there were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

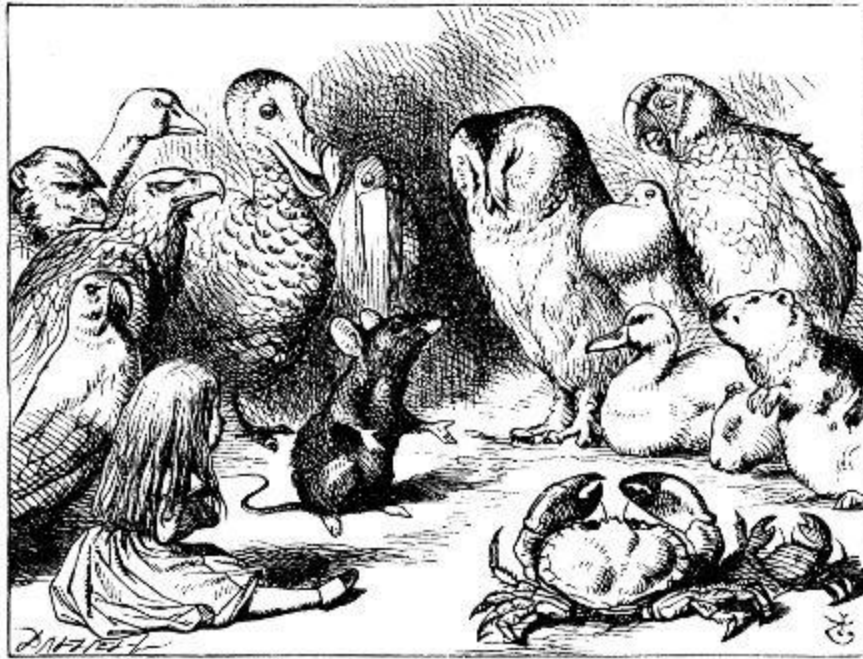
Chapter III

A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

THEY WERE indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

The first question of course was, how to get dry again: they had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say “I am older than you, and must know better.” And this Alice would not allow, without knowing how old it was, and, as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was no more to be said.

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of some authority among them, called out “Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! *I’ll* soon make you dry enough!” They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.



“Ahem!” said the Mouse with an important air. “Are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! ‘William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—’”

“Ugh!” said the Lory, with a shiver.

“I beg your pardon!” said the Mouse, frowning, but very politely. “Did you speak?”

“Not I!” said the Lory, hastily.

“I thought you did,” said the Mouse. “I proceed. ‘Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him; and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—’”

“Found *what*?” said the Duck.

“Found *it*,” the Mouse replied rather crossly: “of course you know what ‘it’ means.”

“I know what ‘it’ means well enough, when *I* find a thing,” said the Duck: “it’s generally a frog, or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?”

The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on, “—found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him

the crown. William's conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans—' How are you getting on now, my dear?' it continued, turning to Alice as it spoke.

"As wet as ever," said Alice in a melancholy tone: "it doesn't seem to dry me at all."

"In that case," said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, "I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies —"

"Speak English!" said the Eaglet. "I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and, what's more, I don't believe you do either!" And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile: some of the other birds tittered audibly.

"What I was going to say," said the Dodo in an offended tone, "was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race."

"What *is* a Caucus-race?" said Alice; not that she wanted much to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." (And, as you might like to try the thing yourself, some winter-day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle, ("the exact shape doesn't matter," it said,) and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away!" but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking "But who has won?"

This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said "*Everybody* has won, and *all* must have prizes."

"But who is to give the prizes?" quite a chorus of voices asked.

"Why, *she*, of course," said the Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, "Prizes! Prizes!"

Alice had no idea what to do, and in despair she put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out a box of comfits (luckily the salt water had not got into it), and handed them round as prizes. There was exactly one a-piece, all round.

“But she must have a prize herself, you know,” said the Mouse.

“Of course,” the Dodo replied very gravely. “What else have you got in your pocket?” it went on, turning to Alice.

“Only a thimble,” said Alice sadly.

“Hand it over here,” said the Dodo.

Then they all crowded round her once more, while the Dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying “We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble”; and, when it had finished this short speech, they all cheered.

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh; and, as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.



The next thing was to eat the comfits: this caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and had to be patted on the back. However, it was over at last, and they sat down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell them something more.

“You promised to tell me your history, you know,” said Alice, “and why it is you hate—C and D,” she added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.

“Mine is a long and a sad tale!” said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

“It is a long tail, certainly,” said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse’s tail; “but why do you call it sad?” And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:—

*“Fury said to a mouse,
That he met in the house,
‘Let us both go to law:
I will prosecute you.*

*—Come, I’ll take no denial:
We must have the trial;
For really this morning
I’ve nothing to do.’”*

*Said the mouse to the cur,
‘Such a trial, dear sir,
With no jury or judge,
Would be wasting our breath.’*

*‘I’ll be judge, I’ll be jury,’
Said cunning old Fury:
‘I’ll try the whole cause,
And condemn you to death.’”*

“You are not attending!” said the Mouse to Alice severely. “What are you thinking of?”

“I beg your pardon,” said Alice very humbly: “you had got to the fifth bend, I think?”

“I had *not*!” cried the Mouse, sharply and very angrily.

“A knot!” said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her. “Oh, do let me help to undo it!”

“I shall do nothing of the sort,” said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. “You insult me by talking such nonsense!”

“I didn’t mean it!” pleaded poor Alice. “But you’re so easily offended, you know!”

The Mouse only growled in reply.

“Please come back and finish your story!” Alice called after it. And the others all joined in chorus “Yes, please do!” But the Mouse only shook its head impatiently, and walked a little quicker.

“What a pity it wouldn’t stay!” sighed the Lory, as soon as it was quite out of sight. And an old Crab took the opportunity of saying to her daughter

“Ah, my dear! Let this be a lesson to you never to lose *your* temper!” “Hold your tongue, Ma!” said the young Crab, a little snappishly. “You’re enough to try the patience of an oyster!”

“I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!” said Alice aloud, addressing nobody in particular. “*She’d* soon fetch it back!”

“And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?” said the Lory.

Alice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet: “Dinah’s our cat. And she’s such a capital one for catching mice, you ca’n’t think! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she’ll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!”

This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once: one the old Magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, “I really must be getting home; the night-air doesn’t suit my throat!” and a Canary called out in a trembling voice, to its children, “Come away, my dears! It’s high time you were all in bed!” On various pretexts they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.

“I wish I hadn’t mentioned Dinah!” she said to herself in a melancholy tone. “Nobody seems to like her, down here, and I’m sure she’s the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!” And here poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

Chapter IV

The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill

IT WAS THE White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering to itself. “The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers! She’ll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder?” Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid-gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool; and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her, in an angry tone, “Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!” And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake it had made.

“He took me for his housemaid,” she said to herself as she ran. “How surprised he’ll be when he finds out who I am! But I’d better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them.” As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name “W. RABBIT” engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

“How queer it seems,” Alice said to herself, “to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah’ll be sending me on messages next!” And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen: “‘Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!’ ‘Coming in a minute, nurse! But I’ve got to watch this mouse-hole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn’t get out.’ Only I don’t think,” Alice went on, “that they’d let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that!”

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid-gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood

near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words “DRINK ME,” but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. “I know *something* interesting is sure to happen,” she said to herself, “whenever I eat or drink anything: so I’ll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it’ll make me grow large again, for really I’m quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!”

It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself “That’s quite enough—I hope I sha’n’t grow any more—As it is, I ca’n’t get out at the door—I do wish I hadn’t drunk quite so much!”

Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself “Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?”



Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

“It was much pleasanter at home,” thought poor Alice, “when one wasn’t always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn’t gone down that rabbit-hole—and yet—and yet—it’s rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what *can* have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up, I’ll write one—but I’m grown up now,” she added in a sorrowful tone: “at least there’s no room to grow up any more *here*.”

“But then,” thought Alice, “shall I *never* get any older than I am now? That’ll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn’t like *that*!”

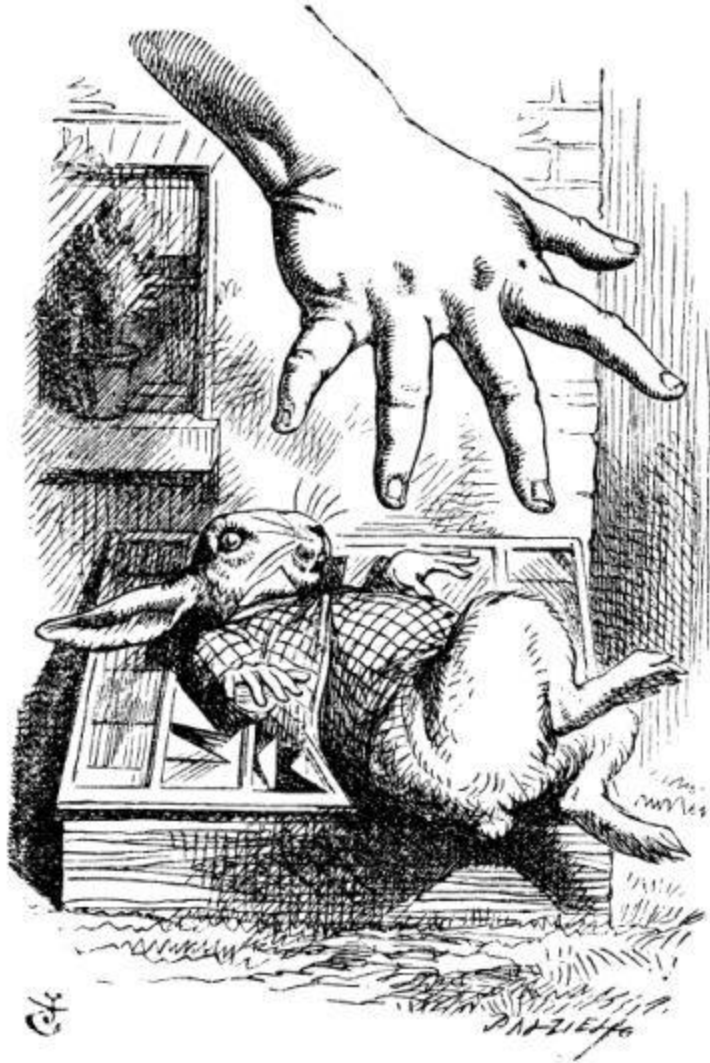
“Oh, you foolish Alice!” she answered herself. “How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there’s hardly room for *you*, and no room at all for any lesson-books!”

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann!” said the voice. “Fetch me my gloves this moment!” Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and Alice’s elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself “Then I’ll go round and get in at the window.”

“*That* you wo’n’t!” thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.



Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit’s—“Pat! Pat! Where are you?” And then a voice she had never heard before, “Sure then I’m here! Digging for apples, yer honour!”

“Digging for apples, indeed!” said the Rabbit angrily. “Here! Come and help me out of *this*!” (Sounds of more broken glass.)

“Now tell me, Pat, what’s that in the window?”

“Sure, it’s an arm, yer honour!” (He pronounced it “arrum.”)

“An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!”

“Sure, it does, yer honour: but it’s an arm for all that.”

“Well, it’s got no business there, at any rate: go and take it away!”

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then; such as, “Sure, I don’t like it, yer honour, at all, at all!” “Do as I tell you, you coward!” and at last she spread out her hand again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. “What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!” thought Alice. “I wonder what they’ll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could*! I’m sure *I* don’t want to stay in here any longer!”

She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words: “Where’s the other ladder?—Why, I hadn’t to bring but one. Bill’s got the other—Bill! Fetch it here, lad!—Here, put ’em up at this corner—No, tie ’em together first—they don’t reach half high enough yet—Oh! they’ll do well enough. Don’t be particular—Here, Bill! catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it’s coming down! Heads below!” (a loud crash)—“Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who’s to go down the chimney?—Nay, *I* sha’n’t! *You* do it!—*That* I wo’n’t, then!—Bill’s got to go down—Here, Bill! The master says you’re to go down the chimney!”

“Oh! So Bill’s got to come down the chimney, has he?” said Alice to herself. “Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn’t be in Bill’s place for a good deal: this fireplace is narrow, to be sure; but I *think* I can kick a little!”

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn’t guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her: then, saying to herself “This is Bill,” she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.



The first thing she heard was a general chorus of “There goes Bill!” then the Rabbit’s voice alone—“Catch him, you by the hedge!” then silence, and then another confusion of voices—“Hold up his head—Brandy now—Don’t choke him—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!”

Last came a little feeble, squeaking voice, (“That’s Bill,” thought Alice), “Well, I hardly know—No more, thank ye; I’m better now—but I’m a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!”

“So you did, old fellow!” said the others.

“We must burn the house down!” said the Rabbit’s voice. And Alice called out, as loud as she could, “If you do, I’ll set Dinah at you!”

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself “I wonder what they *will* do next! If they had any sense, they’d take the roof off.” After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say “A barrowful will do, to begin with.”

“A barrowful of *what?*” thought Alice. But she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. “I’ll put a stop to this,” she said to herself, and shouted out “You’d better not do that again!”, which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed, with some surprise, that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. “If I eat one of these cakes,” she thought, “it’s sure to make *some* change in my size; and, as it ca’n’t possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose.”

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

“The first thing I’ve got to do,” said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, “is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan.”

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged: the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and, while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. “Poor little thing!” said Alice, in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it; but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy: whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it: then Alice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself

from being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it: then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again: then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

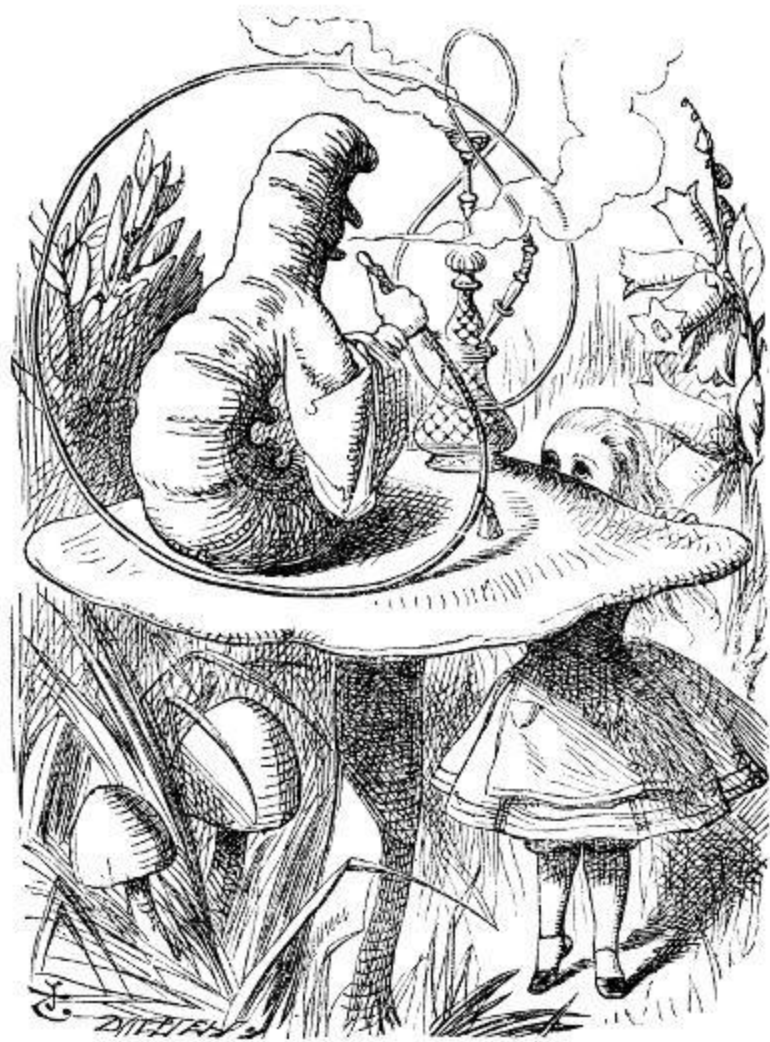


This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape: so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

"And yet what a dear little puppy it was!" said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves. "I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if—if I'd only been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got to grow up again! Let me see—how *is* it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is 'What?'"

The great question certainly was "What?" Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and, when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.



Chapter V

Advice from a Caterpillar

THE CATERPILLAR and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

“Who are *you*?” said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, “I—I hardly know, Sir, just at present— at least I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.”

“What do you mean by that?” said the Caterpillar, sternly. “Explain yourself!”

“I ca’n’t explain *myself*, I’m afraid, Sir,” said Alice, “because I’m not myself, you see.”

“I don’t see,” said the Caterpillar.

“I’m afraid I ca’n’t put it more clearly,” Alice replied, very politely, “for I ca’n’t understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.”

“It isn’t,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet,” said Alice; “but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you’ll feel it a little queer, wo’n’t you?”

“Not a bit,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps *your* feelings may be different,” said Alice: “all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*.”

“You!” said the Caterpillar contemptuously. “Who are *you*?”

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar’s making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, “I think, you out to tell me who *you* are, first.”

“Why?” said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and, as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

“Come back!” the Caterpillar called after her. “I’ve something important to say!”

This sounded promising, certainly. Alice turned and came back again.

“Keep your temper,” said the Caterpillar.

“Is that all?” said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

“No,” said the Caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking; but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said “So you think you’re changed, do you?”

“I’m afraid I am, Sir,” said Alice; “I ca’n’t remember things as I used—and I don’t keep the same size for ten minutes together!”

“Ca’n’t remember *what* things?” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, I’ve tried to say ‘*How doth the little busy bee,*’ but it all came different!” Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

“Repeat, ‘*You are old, Father William,*’” said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:—

“‘*You are old, Father William,*’ the young man said,
‘*And your hair has become very white;*
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?’



*'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.'*

*'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?'*



*'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?'*

*'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?'*



*'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.'*

*'You are old,' said the youth, 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?'*



*'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father: "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!'"*

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said Alice, timidly: "some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar, decidedly; and there was silence for some minutes.

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

"What size do you want to be?" it asked.

"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied; "only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."

"I *don't* know," said the Caterpillar.

Alice said nothing: she had never been so much contradicted in all her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.

"Are you content now?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I should like to be a *little* larger, Sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice: "three inches is such a wretched height to be."

“It is a very good height indeed!” said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

“But I’m not used to it!” pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone. And she thought of herself “I wish the creatures wouldn’t be so easily offended!”

“You’ll get used to it in time,” said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth, and began smoking again.

This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking, as it went, “One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.”

“One side of *what*? The other side of *what*?” thought Alice to herself.

“Of the mushroom,” said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and, as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

“And now which is which?” she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin: it had struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly: so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, that there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

* * * * *

“Come, my head’s free at last!” said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be found: all she could see, when she looked down, was an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.

“What *can* all that green stuff be?” said Alice. “And where *have* my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I ca’n’t see you?” She was moving them about, as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little shaking among the distant green leaves.

As there seemed to be no chance of getting her hands up to her head, she tried to get her head down to *them*, and was delighted to find that her neck would bend about easily in any direction, like a serpent. She had just succeeded in curving it down into a graceful zigzag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be nothing but the tops of the trees under which she had been wandering, when a sharp hiss made her draw back in a hurry: a large pigeon had flown into her face, and was beating her violently with its wings.

“Serpent!” screamed the Pigeon.

“I’m *not* a serpent!” said Alice indignantly. “Let me alone!”

“Serpent, I say again!” repeated the Pigeon, but in a more subdued tone, and added, with a kind of sob, “I’ve tried every way, and nothing seems to suit them!”

“I haven’t the least idea what you’re talking about,” said Alice.

“I’ve tried the roots of trees, and I’ve tried banks, and I’ve tried hedges,” the Pigeon went on, without attending to her; “but those serpents! There’s no pleasing them!”

Alice was more and more puzzled, but she thought there was no use in saying anything more till the Pigeon had finished.

“As if it wasn’t trouble enough hatching the eggs,” said the Pigeon; “but I must be on the look-out for serpents, night and day! Why, I haven’t had a wink of sleep these three weeks!”

“I’m very sorry you’ve been annoyed,” said Alice, who was beginning to see its meaning.

“And just as I’d taken the highest tree in the wood,” continued the Pigeon, raising its voice to a shriek, “and just as I was thinking I should be free of them at last, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh, Serpent!”

“But I’m *not* a serpent, I tell you!” said Alice. “I’m a—I’m a—”

“Well! *What* are you?” said the Pigeon. “I can see you’re trying to invent something!”

“I—I’m a little girl,” said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through, that day.

“A likely story indeed!” said the Pigeon, in a tone of the deepest contempt. “I’ve seen a good many little girls in my time, but never *one* with such a neck as that! No, no! You’re a serpent; and there’s no use denying it. I suppose you’ll be telling me next that you never tasted an egg!”

“I *have* tasted eggs, certainly,” said Alice, who was a very truthful child; “but little girls eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know.”

“I don’t believe it,” said the Pigeon; “but if they do, why, then they’re a kind of serpent: that’s all I can say.”

This was such a new idea to Alice, that she was quite silent for a minute or two, which gave the Pigeon the opportunity of adding “You’re looking for eggs, I know *that* well enough; and what does it matter to me whether you’re a little girl or a serpent?”

“It matters a good deal to *me*,” said Alice hastily; “but I’m not looking for eggs, as it happens; and, if I was, I shouldn’t want *yours*: I don’t like them raw.”

“Well, be off, then!” said the Pigeon in a sulky tone, as it settled down again into its nest. Alice crouched down among the trees as well as she could, for her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and every now and then she had to stop and untwist it. After a while she remembered that she still held the pieces of mushroom in her hands, and she set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller, and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.

It was so long since she had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first; but she got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to herself, as usual, “Come, there’s half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I’m never sure what I’m going to be, from one minute to another! However, I’ve got back to my right size: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden—how *is* that to be done, I wonder?” As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. “Whoever lives there,” thought Alice, “it’ll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!” So she began nibbling at the right-hand bit again, and did not venture to go near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high.

Chapter VI

Pig and Pepper

FOR A MINUTE or two she stood looking at the house, and wondering what to do next, when suddenly a footman in livery came running out of the wood—(she considered him to be a footman because he was in livery: otherwise, judging by his face only, she would have called him a fish)—and rapped loudly at the door with his knuckles. It was opened by another footman in livery, with a round face, and large eyes like a frog; and both footmen, Alice noticed, had powdered hair that curled all over their heads. She felt very curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this he handed over to the other, saying, in a solemn tone, “For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.” The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, “From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.”



Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Alice laughed so much at this, that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her; and, when she next peeped out, the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alice went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

“There’s no sort of use in knocking,” said the Footman, “and that for two reasons. First, because I’m on the same side of the door as you are: secondly, because they’re making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.” And certainly there *was* a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

“Please, then,” said Alice, “how am I to get in?”

“There might be some sense in your knocking,” the Footman went on, without attending to her, “if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know.” He was looking up into the sky all the time he was speaking, and this Alice thought decidedly uncivil. “But perhaps he ca’n’t help it,” she said to herself; “his eyes are so *very* nearly at the top of his head. But at any rate he might answer questions.—How am I to get in?” she repeated, aloud.

“I shall sit here,” the Footman remarked, “till tomorrow—”

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman’s head: it just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.

“—or next day, maybe,” the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

“How am I to get in?” asked Alice again, in a louder tone.

“Are you to get in at all?” said the Footman. “That’s the first question, you know.”

It was, no doubt: only Alice did not like to be told so. “It’s really dreadful,” she muttered to herself, “the way all the creatures argue. It’s enough to drive one crazy!”

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for repeating his remark, with variations. “I shall sit here,” he said, “on and off, for days and days.”

“But what am *I* to do?” said Alice.

“Anything you like” said the Footman, and began whistling.

“Oh, there’s no use in talking to him,” said Alice desperately: “he’s perfectly idiotic!” And she opened the door and went in.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby: the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.



“There’s certainly too much pepper in that soup!” Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the *air*. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment’s pause. The only things in the kitchen, that did *not* sneeze, were the cook, and a large cat, which was lying on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

“Please would you tell me,” said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, “why your cat grins like that?”

“It’s a Cheshire-Cat,” said the Duchess, “and that’s why. Pig!”

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:—

“I didn’t know that Cheshire-Cats always grinned; in fact, I didn’t know that cats *could* grin.”

“They all can,” said the Duchess; “and most of ’em do.”

“I don’t know of any that do,” Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

“You don’t know much,” said the Duchess; “and that’s a fact.”

Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to fix on one, the cook took the cauldron of soup off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby—the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already, that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.

“Oh, *please* mind what you’re doing!” cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror. “Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!”, as an unusually large saucepan flew close by it, and very nearly carried it off.

“If everybody minded their own business,” the Duchess said, in a hoarse growl, “the world would go round a deal faster than it does.”

“Which would *not* be an advantage,” said Alice, who felt very glad to get an opportunity of showing off a little of her knowledge. “Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis—”

“Talking of axes,” said the Duchess, “chop off her head!”

Alice glanced rather anxiously at the cook, to see if she meant to take the hint; but the cook was busily stirring the soup, and seemed not to be listening, so she went on again: “Twenty-four hours, I *think*; or is it twelve? I—”

“Oh, don’t bother *me*!” said the Duchess. “I never could abide figures!” And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:—

*“Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.”*

CHORUS

(in which the cook and the baby joined):—

“Wow! wow! wow!”

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that

Alice could hardly hear the words:—

*“I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!”*

CHORUS

“Wow! wow! wow!”

“Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!” the Duchess said to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. “I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen,” and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went out, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, “just like a star-fish,” thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself,) she carried it out into the open air. “If I don’t take this child away with me,” thought Alice, “they’re sure to kill it in a day or two. Wouldn’t it be murder to leave it behind?” She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). “Don’t grunt,” said Alice; “that’s not at all a proper way of expressing yourself.”

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a very turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose: also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. “But perhaps it was only sobbing,” she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. “If you’re going to turn into a pig, my dear,” said Alice, seriously, “I’ll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!”

The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, “Now, what am I to do with this creature, when I get it home?” when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any further.



So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "if one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire-Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had very long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.



“Cheshire-Puss,” she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. “Come, it’s pleased so far,” thought Alice, and she went on. “Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?”

“That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,” said the Cat.

“I don’t much care where—” said Alice.

“Then it doesn’t matter which way you go,” said the Cat.

“—so long as I get *somewhere*,” Alice added as an explanation.

“Oh, you’re sure to do that,” said the Cat, “if you only walk long enough.”

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. “What sort of people live about here?”

“In *that* direction,” the Cat said, waving its right paw round, “lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction,” waving the other paw, “lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they’re both mad.”

“But I don’t want to go among mad people,” Alice remarked.

“Oh, you ca’n’t help that,” said the Cat: “we’re all mad here. I’m mad. You’re mad.”

“How do you know I’m mad?” said Alice.

“You must be,” said the Cat, “or you wouldn’t have come here.”

Alice didn’t think that proved it at all; however, she went on: “And how do you know that you’re mad?”

“To begin with,” said the Cat, “a dog’s not mad. You grant that?”

“I suppose so,” said Alice.

“Well, then,” the Cat went on, “you see a dog growls when it’s angry, and wags its tail when it’s pleased. Now *I* growl when I’m pleased, and wag my tail when I’m angry. Therefore I’m mad.”

“*I* call it purring, not growling,” said Alice.

“Call it what you like,” said the Cat. “Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?”

“I should like it very much,” said Alice, “but I haven’t been invited yet.”

“You’ll see me there,” said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

“By-the-bye, what became of the baby?” said the Cat. “I’d nearly forgotten to ask.”

“It turned into a pig,” Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

“I thought it would,” said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. “I’ve seen hatters before,” she said to herself: “the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it wo’n’t be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March.” As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

“Did you say ‘pig,’ or ‘fig’?” said the Cat.

“I said ‘pig,’” replied Alice; “and I wish you wouldn’t keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make on quite giddy!”

“All right,” said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.



“Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin,” thought Alice; “but a grin without a cat! It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!”

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself “Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I’d gone to see the Hatter instead!”

Chapter VII

A Mad Tea-Party

THERE WAS a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and the talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.



“You should learn not to make personal remarks,” Alice said with some severity: “it’s very rude.”

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was “Why is a raven like a writing-desk?”

“Come, we shall have some fun now!” thought Alice. “I’m glad they’ve begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that,” she added aloud.

“Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?” said the March Hare.

“Exactly so,” said Alice.

“Then you should say what you mean,” the March Hare went on.

“I do,” Alice hastily replied; “at least—at least I mean what I say—that’s the same thing, you know.”

“Not the same thing a bit!” said the Hatter. “Why, you might just as well say that ‘I see what I eat’ is the same thing as ‘I eat what I see’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the March Hare, “that ‘I like what I get’ is the same thing as ‘I get what I like’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep, “that ‘I breathe when I sleep’ is the same thing as ‘I sleep when I breathe’!”

“It *is* the same thing with you,” said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice

thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied: "that's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He wo'n't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare,) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

*'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'*

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

*'Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'*"



Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep “*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—*” and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

“Well, I’d hardly finished the first verse,” said the Hatter, “when the Queen jumped up and bawled out ‘He’s murdering the time! Off with his head!’”

“How dreadfully savage!” exclaimed Alice.

“And ever since that,” the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, “he wo’n’t do a thing I ask! It’s always six o’clock now.”

A bright idea came into Alice’s head. “Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?” she asked.

“Yes, that’s it,” said the Hatter with a sigh: “it’s always tea-time, and we’ve no time to wash the things between whiles.”

“Then you keep moving round, I suppose?” said Alice.

“Exactly so,” said the Hatter: “as the things get used up.”

“But what happens when you come to the beginning again?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Suppose we change the subject,” the March Hare interrupted, yawning. “I’m getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know one,” said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

“Then the Dormouse shall!” they both cried. “Wake up, Dormouse!” And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. “I wasn’t asleep,” it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, “I heard every word you fellows were saying.”

“Tell us a story!” said the March Hare.

“Yes, please do!” pleaded Alice.

“And be quick about it,” added the Hatter, “or you’ll be asleep again before it’s done.”

“Once upon a time there were three little sisters,” the Dormouse began in a great hurry; “and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—”

“What did they live on?” said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

“They lived on treacle,” said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

“They couldn’t have done that, you know,” Alice gently remarked. “They’d have been ill.”

“So they were,” said the Dormouse; “*very ill*.”

Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much: so she went on: “But why did they live at the bottom of a well?”

“Take some more tea,” the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

“I’ve had nothing yet,” Alice replied in an offended tone, “so I ca’n’t take more.”

“You mean you ca’n’t take *less*,” said the Hatter: “it’s very easy to take *more* than nothing.”

“Nobody asked *your* opinion,” said Alice.

“Who’s making personal remarks now?” the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and

repeated her question. “Why did they live at the bottom of a well?”

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said “It was a treacle-well.”

“There’s no such thing!” Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went “Sh! sh!” and the Dormouse sulkily remarked “If you ca’n’t be civil, you’d better finish the story for yourself.”

“No, please go on!” Alice said very humbly. “I wo’n’t interrupt again. I dare say there may be *one*.”

“One, indeed!” said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. “And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—”

“What did they draw?” said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

“Treacle,” said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

“I want a clean cup,” interrupted the Hatter: “let’s all move one place on.”

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse’s place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: “But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?”

“You can draw water out of a water-well,” said the Hatter; “so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?”

“But they were *in* the well,” Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

“Of course they were”, said the Dormouse: “—well in.”

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

“They were learning to draw,” the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; “and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—”

“Why with an M?” said Alice.

“Why not?” said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little

shriek, and went on: “—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are ‘much of a muchness’—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness!”

“Really, now you ask me,” said Alice, very much confused, “I don’t think—”

“Then you shouldn’t talk,” said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.



“At any rate I’ll never go *there* again!” said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. “It’s the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!”

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. “That’s very curious!” she thought. “But everything’s curious today. I think I may as well go in at once.” And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. “Now, I’ll manage better this time,” she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she went to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and *then*—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

Chapter VIII

The Queen's Croquet-Ground

A LARGE rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and, just as she came up to them, she heard one of them say "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five, in a sulky tone. "Seven jogged my elbow."

On which Seven looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!"



"You'd better not talk!" said Five. "I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded."

"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.

"That's none of *your* business, Two!" said Seven.

"Yes, it *is* his business!" said Five. "And I'll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip-roots instead of onions."

Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun "Well, of all the unjust things—" when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly: the others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began, in a low voice, "Why the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a *red* rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and, if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to—" At this moment, Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs: these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers: these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children: there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognised the White Rabbit: it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and, last of all this grand procession, came THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face like the three gardeners, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions; "and besides, what would be the use of a procession," thought she, "if people had all to lie down on their faces, so that they couldn't see it?" So, she stood still where she was, and waited.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said, severely, "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on: "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

"And who are *these*?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack,

she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

“How should *I* know?” said Alice, surprised at her own courage. “It’s no business of *mine*.”

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, screamed “Off with her head! Off with—”



“Nonsense!” said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said “Consider, my dear: she is only a child!”

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave “Turn them over!”

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

“Get up!” said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.

“Leave off that!” screamed the Queen. “You make me giddy.” And then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, “What *have* you been doing here?”

“May it please your Majesty,” said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, “we were trying—”

“I see!” said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. “Off with their heads!” and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

“You sha’n’t be beheaded!” said Alice, and she put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

“Are their heads off?” shouted the Queen.

“Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!” the soldiers shouted in reply.

“That’s right!” shouted the Queen. “Can you play croquet?”

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

“Yes!” shouted Alice.

“Come on, then!” roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

“It’s—it’s a very fine day!” said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

“Very,” said Alice. “Where’s the Duchess?”

“Hush! Hush!” said the Rabbit in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered “She’s under sentence of execution.”

“What for?” said Alice.

“Did you say ‘What a pity!’?” the Rabbit asked.

“No, I didn’t,” said Alice: “I don’t think it’s at all a pity. I said ‘What for?’”

“She boxed the Queen’s ears—” the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. “Oh, hush!” the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. “The Queen will hear you! You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said—”

“Get to your places!” shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other: however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began.

Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life: it was all ridges and furrows; the balls were live hedgehogs, and the

mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo: she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up in her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing: and, when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.



The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting “Off with his head!” or “Off with her head!” about once in a minute.

Alice began to feel very uneasy: to be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute, “and then,” thought she, “what would become of me? They’re dreadfully fond of beheading people here: the great wonder is, that there’s any one left alive!”

She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air: it puzzled her very much at first, but, after watching it

a minute or two, she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself “It’s the Cheshire-Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to.”

“How are you getting on?” said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. “It’s no use speaking to it,” she thought, “till its ears have come, or at least one of them.” In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

“I don’t think they play at all fairly,” Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, “and they all quarrel so dreadfully one ca’n’t hear oneself speak—and they don’t seem to have any rules in particular: at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you’ve no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there’s the arch I’ve got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen’s hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!?”

“How do you like the Queen?” said the Cat in a low voice.

“Not at all,” said Alice: “she’s so extremely—” Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her, listening: so she went on “—likely to win, that it’s hardly worth while finishing the game.”

The Queen smiled and passed on.

“Who *are* you talking to?” said the King, coming up to Alice, and looking at the Cat’s head with great curiosity.

“It’s a friend of mine—a Cheshire-Cat,” said Alice: “allow me to introduce it.”

“I don’t like the look of it at all,” said the King: “however, it may kiss my hand if it likes.”

“I’d rather not,” the Cat remarked.

“Don’t be impertinent,” said the King, “and don’t look at me like that!” He got behind Alice as he spoke.

“A cat may look at a king,” said Alice. “I’ve read that in some book, but I don’t remember where.”

“Well, it must be removed,” said the King very decidedly; and he called the Queen, who was passing at the moment, “My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!”

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Off with his head!" she said, without even looking round.

"I'll fetch the executioner myself," said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

Alice thought she might as well go back and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's voice in the distance, screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went in search of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog was engaged in a fight with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other: the only difficulty was, that her flamingo was gone across to the other side of the garden, where Alice could see it trying in a helpless sort of way to fly up into a tree.

By the time she had caught the flamingo and brought it back, the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of sight: "but it doesn't matter much," thought Alice, "as all the arches are gone from the side of the ground." So she tucked it away under her arm, that it might not escape again, and went back for a little more conversation with her friend.

When she got back to the Cheshire-Cat, she was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it: there was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.

The moment Alice appeared, she was appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as they all spoke at once, she found it very hard indeed to make out exactly what they said.

The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from: that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

The King's argument was that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.

The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time. she'd have everybody executed, all round. (It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious.)



Alice could think of nothing else to say but “It belongs to the Duchess: you’d better ask *her* about it.”

“She’s in prison,” the Queen said to the executioner: “fetch her here.” And the executioner went off like an arrow.

The Cat’s head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it had entirely disappeared; so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down, looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.

Chapter IX

The Mock Turtle's Story

“YOU CA’N’T think you glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!” said the Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice’s, and they walked off together.



Alice was very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to herself that perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when they met in the kitchen.

“When *I’m* a Duchess,” she said to herself (not in a very hopeful tone though), “I wo’n’t have any pepper in my kitchen *at all*. Soup does very well without—Maybe it’s always pepper that makes people hot-tempered,” she went on, very much pleased at having found out a new kind of rule, “and vinegar that makes them sour—and camomile that makes them bitter—and—and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew *that*: then they wouldn’t be so stingy about it, you know—”

She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startled when she heard her voice close to her ear. "You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I ca'n't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit."

"Perhaps it hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it." And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice's side as she spoke.

Alice did not much like her keeping so close to her: first, because the Duchess was *very* ugly; and secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin on Alice's shoulder, and it was an uncomfortably sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude: so she bore it as well as she could.

"The game's going on rather better now," she said, by way of keeping up the conversation a little.

"'Tis so," said the Duchess: "and the moral of that is—'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!'"

"Somebody said," Alice whispered, "that it's done by everybody minding their own business!"

"Ah, well! It means much the same thing," said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder as she added "and the moral of *that* is—'Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.'"

"How fond she is of finding morals in things!" Alice thought to herself.

"I dare say you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist," the Duchess said, after a pause: "the reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?"

"He might bite," Alice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.

"Very true," said the Duchess: "flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Only mustard isn't a bird," Alice remarked.

"Right, as usual," said the Duchess: "what a clear way you have of putting things!"

"It's a mineral, I *think*," said Alice.

"Of course it is," said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything that Alice said; "there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the

moral of that is—‘The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.’”

“Oh, I know!” exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark. “It’s a vegetable. It doesn’t look like one, but it is.”

“I quite agree with you,” said the Duchess; “and the moral of that is —‘Be what you would seem to be’—or, if you’d like it put more simply —‘Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.’”

“I think I should understand that better,” Alice said very politely, “if I had it written down: but I ca’n’t quite follow it as you say it.”

“That’s nothing to what I could say if I chose,” the Duchess replied, in a pleased tone.

“Pray don’t trouble yourself to say it any longer than that,” said Alice.

“Oh, don’t talk about trouble!” said the Duchess. “I make you a present of everything I’ve said as yet.”

“A cheap sort of present!” thought Alice. “I’m glad people don’t give birthday-presents like that!” But she did not venture to say it out loud.

“Thinking again?” the Duchess asked, with another dig of her sharp little chin.

“I’ve a right to think,” said Alice sharply, for she was beginning to feel a little worried.

“Just about as much right,” said the Duchess, “as pigs have to fly; and the m—”

But here, to Alice’s great surprise, the Duchess’s voice died away, even in the middle of her favourite word “moral,” and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

“A fine day, your Majesty!” the Duchess began in a low, weak voice.

“Now, I give you fair warning,” shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke; “either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time! Take your choice!”

The Duchess took her choice, and was gone in a moment.

“Let’s go on with the game,” the Queen said to Alice; and Alice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-ground.

The other guests had taken advantage of the Queen’s absence, and were resting in the shade: however, the moment they saw her, they hurried back

to the game, the Queen merely remarking that a moment's delay would cost them their lives.

All the time they were playing the Queen never left off quarrelling with the other players, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course had to leave off being arches to do this, so that, by the end of half an hour or so, there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody and under sentence of execution.

Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice "Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"

"No," said Alice. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," said the Queen.

"I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.

"Come on, then," said the Queen, "and he shall tell you his history,"

As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "You are all pardoned." "Come, *that's* a good thing!" she said to herself, for she had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture.) "Up, lazy thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered;" and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen: so she waited.



The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes: then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight: then it chuckled. “What fun!” said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

“What *is* the fun?” said Alice.

“Why, *she*,” said the Gryphon. “It’s all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!”

“Everybody says ‘come on!’ here,” thought Alice, as she went slowly after it: “I never was so ordered about, in all my life, never!”

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. “What is his sorrow?” she asked the Gryphon. And the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, “It’s all his fancy, that: he hasn’t got no sorrow, you know. Come on!”

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

“This here young lady,” said the Gryphon, “she wants for to know your history, she do.”

“I’ll tell it her,” said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: “Sit down, both of you, and don’t speak a word till I’ve finished.”

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, “I don’t see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn’t begin.” But she

waited patiently.

“Once,” said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, “I was a real Turtle.”

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of “Hjckrrh!” from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying “Thank you, Sir, for your interesting story,” but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.



“When we were little,” the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, “we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—”

“Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn’t one?” Alice asked.

“We called him Tortoise because he taught us,” said the Mock Turtle angrily. “Really you are very dull!”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question,” added the Gryphon: and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle “Drive on, old fellow! Don’t be all day about it!” and he went on in these words:—

“Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn’t believe it—”

“I never said I didn’t!” interrupted Alice.

“You did,” said the Mock Turtle.

“Hold your tongue!” added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.

“We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day —”

“I’ve been to a day-school, too,” said Alice. “You needn’t be so proud as all that.”

“With extras?” asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

“Yes,” said Alice: “we learned French and music.”

“And washing?” said the Mock Turtle.

“Certainly not!” said Alice indignantly.

“Ah! then yours wasn’t a really good school,” said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. “Now, at *ours*, they had, at the end of the bill, “French, music, *and washing*—extra.”

“You couldn’t have wanted it much,” said Alice; “living at the bottom of the sea.”

“I couldn’t afford to learn it,” said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. “I only took the regular course.”

“What was that?” inquired Alice.

“Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,” the Mock Turtle replied; “and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.”

“I never heard of ‘Uglification,’ Alice ventured to say. “What is it?”

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. “What! Never heard of uglifying!” it exclaimed. “You know what to beautify is, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said Alice doubtfully: “it means—to—make—anything—prettier.”

“Well, then,” the Gryphon went on, “if you don’t know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.”

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said “What else had you to learn?”

“Well, there was Mystery,” the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers,—“Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.”

“What was *that* like?” said Alice.

“Well, I ca’n’t show it you, myself,” the Mock Turtle said: “I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.”

“Hadn’t time,” said the Gryphon: “I went to the Classics master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.”

“I never went to him,” the Mock Turtle said with a sigh. “He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.”

“So he did, so he did,” said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

“And how many hours a day did you do lessons?” said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

“Ten hours the first day,” said the Mock Turtle: “nine the next, and so on.”

“What a curious plan!” exclaimed Alice.

“That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the Gryphon remarked: “because they lessen from day to day.”

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. “Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?”

“Of course it was,” said the Mock Turtle.

“And how did you manage on the twelfth?” Alice went on eagerly.

“That’s enough about lessons,” the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone. “Tell her something about the games now.”

Chapter X

The Lobster Quadrille

THE MOCK TURTLE sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice, and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon: and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:—

"You may not have lived much under the sea—" ("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—" (Alice began to say "I once tasted—" but checked herself hastily, and said "No, never")—"—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the sea-shore —"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on: then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"—you advance twice—"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "advance twice, set to partners—"

"—change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the—"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"—as far out to sea as you can—"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.



“Change lobsters again!” yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

“Back to land again, and—that’s all the first figure,” said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

“It must be a very pretty dance,” said Alice timidly.

“Would you like to see a little of it?” said the Mock Turtle.

“Very much indeed,” said Alice.

“Come, let’s try the first figure!” said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon.

“We can do without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?”

“Oh, *you* sing,” said the Gryphon. “I’ve forgotten the words.”

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:—

*“‘Will you walk a little faster?’ said a whiting to a snail,
‘There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?’*

*Will you, wo'n't you, will you, wo'n't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, wo'n't you, will you, wo'n't you, wo'n't you join the dance?*

*'You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!'
But the snail replied 'Too far, too far!', and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.*

*Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.*

*"'What matters it how far we go?' his scaly friend replied.
'There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.'*

*Will you, wo'n't you, will you, wo'n't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, wo'n't you, will you, wo'n't you, wo'n't you join the dance?"*

"Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last: "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"

"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they—you've seen them, of course?"

"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn—" she checked herself hastily.

"I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle; "but, if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like."

"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths—and they're all over crumbs."

"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle: "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is—" here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes.—"Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way.

So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes*," the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently: "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please! We don't want *you* with us!'"

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said: "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it, really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle. "Why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly: "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! The adventures first," said the Gryphon in an impatient tone: "explanations take such a dreadful time."

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit. She was a little nervous about it, just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so very wide; but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating "*You are old, Father William,*" to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said "That's very curious!"

"It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Gryphon.

"It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat '*'Tis the voice of the sluggard,*'" said the Gryphon.

"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice. "I might as well be at school at once." However, she got up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster-Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying; and the words came very queer indeed:—

*"'Tis the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.*



*When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark:
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound."*

"That's different from what *I* used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, *I* never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing: she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

“She ca’n’t explain it,” said the Gryphon hastily. “Go on with the next verse.”

“But about his toes?” the Mock Turtle persisted. “How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?”

“It’s the first position in dancing,” Alice said; but was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

“Go on with the next verse,” the Gryphon repeated: “it begins ‘*I passed by his garden.*’”

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

*“I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie:
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat.*

*When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon:
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet by—’”*

“What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff?” the Mock Turtle interrupted, “if you don’t explain it as you go on? It’s by far the most confusing thing *I* ever heard!”

“Yes, I think you’d better leave off,” said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

“Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?” the Gryphon went on. “Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?”

“Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind,” Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, “Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her ‘*Turtle Soup*,’ will you, old fellow?”

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice choked with sobs, to sing this:—

*“Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!”*

Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

*“Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?”*

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!”

“Chorus again!” cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of “The trial’s beginning!” was heard in the distance.

“Come on!” cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

“What trial is it?” Alice panted as she ran; but the Gryphon only answered “Come on!” and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:—

*“Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!”*

Chapter XI

Who Stole the Tarts?

THE KING and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it: they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them—"I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments!" But there seemed to be no chance of this; so she began looking at everything about her to pass away the time.



Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. “That’s the judge,” she said to herself, “because of his great wig.”

The judge, by the way, was the King; and, as he wore his crown over the wig (look at the frontispiece if you want to see how he did it,) he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

“And that’s the jury-box,” thought Alice; “and those twelve creatures,” (she was obliged to say “creatures,” you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds,) “I suppose they are the jurors.” She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it: for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all. However, “jurymen” would have done just as well.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They ca'n't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud, indignant voice; but she stopped hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out "Silence in the court!", and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "Stupid things!" on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he had to ask his neighbour to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in before the trial's over!" thought Alice.

One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This of course, Alice could *not* stand, and she went round the court and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment-scroll, and read as follows:—

*"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!"*



“Consider your verdict,” the King said to the jury.

“Not yet, not yet!” the Rabbit hastily interrupted. “There’s a great deal to come before that!”

“Call the first witness,” said the King; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out “First witness!”

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. “I beg pardon, your Majesty,” he began, “for bringing these in: but I hadn’t quite finished my tea when I was sent for.”

“You ought to have finished,” said the King. “When did you begin?”

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. “Fourteenth of March, I think it

was,” he said.

“Fifteenth,” said the March Hare.

“Sixteenth,” added the Dormouse.

“Write that down,” the King said to the jury; and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

“Take off your hat,” the King said to the Hatter.

“It isn’t mine,” said the Hatter.

“*Stolen!*” the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

“I keep them to sell,” the Hatter added as an explanation. “I’ve none of my own. I’m a hatter.”

Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and began staring at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

“Give your evidence,” said the King; “and don’t be nervous, or I’ll have you executed on the spot.”

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all: he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.



Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

“I wish you wouldn’t squeeze so.” said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. “I can hardly breathe.”

“I ca’n’t help it,” said Alice very meekly: “I’m growing.”

“You’ve no right to grow *here*,” said the Dormouse.

“Don’t talk nonsense,” said Alice more boldly: “you know you’re growing too.”

“Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace,” said the Dormouse: “not in that ridiculous fashion.” And he got up very sulkily and crossed over to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen had never left off staring at the Hatter, and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said, to one of the officers of the court, “Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!” on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook off both his shoes.

“Give your evidence,” the King repeated angrily, “or I’ll have you executed, whether you’re nervous or not.”

“I’m a poor man, your Majesty,” the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, “—and I hadn’t begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea—”

“The twinkling of the *what*?” said the King.

“It *began* with the tea,” the Hatter replied.

“Of course twinkling *begins* with a T!” said the King sharply. “Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!”

“I’m a poor man,” the Hatter went on, “and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said—”

“I didn’t!” the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

“You did!” said the Hatter.

“I deny it!” said the March Hare.

“He denies it,” said the King: “leave out that part.”

“Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said—” the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too: but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.

“After that,” continued the Hatter, “I cut some more bread-and-butter —”

“But what did the Dormouse say?” one of the jury asked.

“That I ca’n’t remember,” said the Hatter.

“You *must* remember,” remarked the King, “or I’ll have you executed.”

The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. “I’m a poor man, your Majesty,” he began.

“You’re a *very* poor *speaker*,” said the King.

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the

mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)

“I’m glad I’ve seen that done,” thought Alice. “I’ve so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, ‘There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,’ and I never understood what it meant till now.”

“If that’s all you know about it, you may stand down,” continued the King.

“I ca’n’t go no lower,” said the Hatter: “I’m on the floor, as it is.”

“Then you may *sit* down,” the King replied.

Here the other guinea-pig cheered, and was suppressed.

“Come, that finished the guinea-pigs!” thought Alice. “Now we shall get on better.”

“I’d rather finish my tea,” said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.

“You may go,” said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.



“—and just take his head off outside,” the Queen added to one of the officers: but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

“Call the next witness!” said the King.

The next witness was the Duchess’s cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

“Give your evidence,” said the King.

“Sha’n’t,” said the cook.

The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, “Your Majesty must cross-examine *this* witness.”

“Well, if I must, I must,” the King said, with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, “What are tarts made of?”

“Pepper, mostly,” said the cook.

“Treacle,” said a sleepy voice behind her.

“Collar that Dormouse,” the Queen shrieked out. “Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!”

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and, by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.

“Never mind!” said the King, with an air of great relief. “Call the next witness.” And, he added, in an undertone to the Queen, “Really, my dear, *you* must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!”

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like, “—for they haven’t got much evidence *yet*,” she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name “Alice!”

Chapter XII

Alice's Evidence

“HERE!” CRIED Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of gold-fish she had accidentally upset the week before.



“Oh, I *beg* your pardon!” she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the gold-fish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

“The trial cannot proceed,” said the King, in a very grave voice, “until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*,” he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; “not that it signifies much,” she said to herself; “I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other.”

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

“What do you know about this business?” the King said to Alice.

“Nothing,” said Alice.

“Nothing *whatever*?” persisted the King.

“Nothing whatever,” said Alice.

“That’s very important,” the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: “*Unimportant*, your Majesty means, of course,” he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

“*Unimportant*, of course, I meant,” the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, “important—unimportant—unimportant—important—” as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down “important,” and some “unimportant.” Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; “but it doesn’t matter a bit,” she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, called out “Silence!”, and read out from his book, “Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*”

Everybody looked at Alice.

“*I’m* not a mile high,” said Alice.

“You are,” said the King.

“Nearly two miles high,” added the Queen.

“Well, I sha’n’t go, at any rate,” said Alice: “besides, that’s not a regular rule: you invented it just now.”

“It’s the oldest rule in the book,” said the King.

“Then it ought to be Number One,” said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. “Consider your verdict,” he said to the jury, in a low trembling voice.

“There’s more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty,” said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry: “this paper has just been picked up.”

“What’s in it?” said the Queen.

“I haven’t opened it yet,” said the White Rabbit; “but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody.”

“It must have been that,” said the King, “unless it was written to nobody, which isn’t usual, you know.”

“Who is it directed to?” said one of the jurymen.

“It isn’t directed at all,” said the White Rabbit; “in fact, there’s nothing written on the *outside*.” He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added “It

isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they ca'n't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt, of course," said the Queen: "so, off with—"

"It doesn't prove anything of the sort!" said Alice. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said, very gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

There was dead silence in the court, whilst the White Rabbit read out these verses:—

*"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.*

*He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?*

*I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,*

Though they were mine before.

*If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.*

*My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.*

*Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."*

"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury—"

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) "I'll give him sixpence. *I* don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

The jury all wrote down on their slates, "*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it," but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, "that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; "I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. '*said I could not swim—*' you ca'n't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

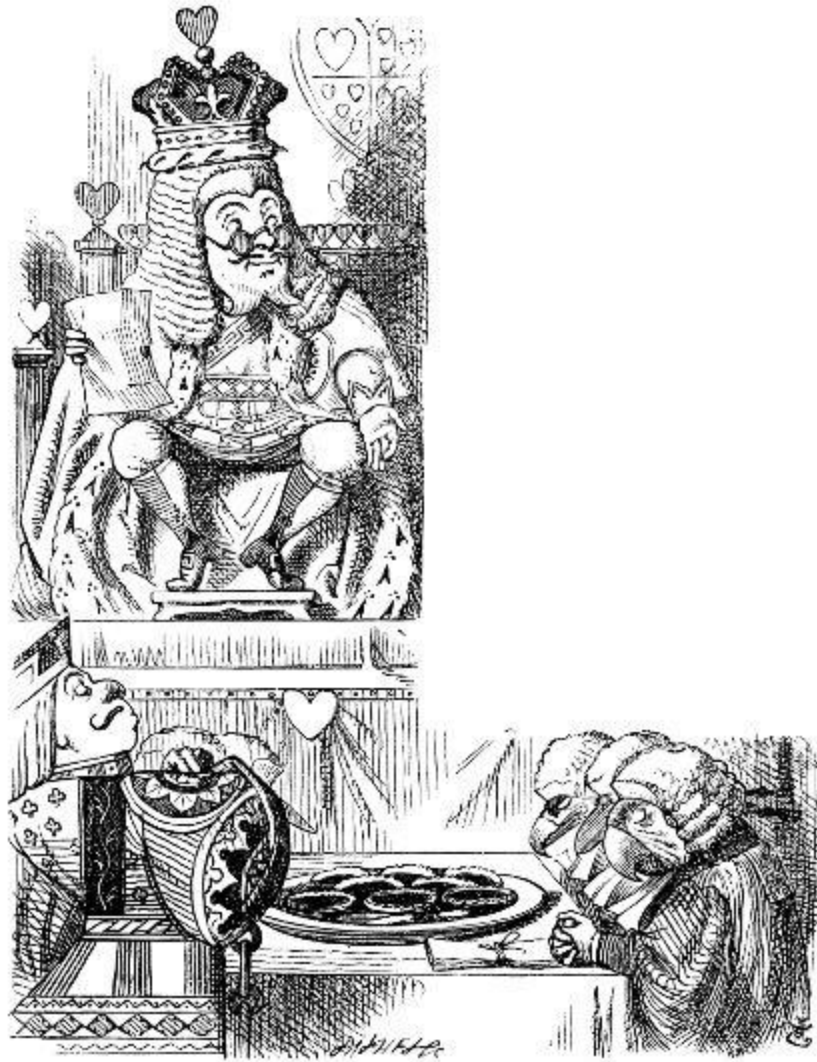
"All right, so far," said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: "'*We know it to be true—*' that's the jury, of course—'*If she should push the matter on—*'—that must be the Queen—'*What would become of you?*'—What, indeed!—'*I gave her one, they gave him two—*'—why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—"

"But, it goes on '*they all returned from him to you,*'" said Alice.

“Why, there they are!” said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. “Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then again—‘*before she had this fit*’— you never had fits, my dear, I think?” he said to the Queen.

“Never!” said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

“Then the words don’t *fit* you,” said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.



“It’s a pun!” the King added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed, “Let the jury consider their verdict,” the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

“No, no!” said the Queen. “Sentence first—verdict afterwards.”

“Stuff and nonsense!” said Alice loudly. “The idea of having the sentence first!”

“Hold your tongue!” said the Queen, turning purple.

“I wo’n’t!” said Alice.

“Off with her head!” the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

“Who cares for *you*?” said Alice, (she had grown to her full size by this time.) “You’re nothing but a pack of cards!”



At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

“Wake up, Alice dear!” said her sister. “Why, what a long sleep you’ve had!”

“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!” said Alice. And she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about: and, when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said “It was a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run in

to your tea: it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:—

First, she dreamed of little Alice herself: once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd-boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all thy other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago; and how she would feel with all their

simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.



PART II

REFLECTIONS ON ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By Kent David Kelly

THE FOLLOWING notes may be of interest to the curious reader who wants to learn more of Alice's secrets. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (much like Carroll himself!) is filled to the brim with inside jokes, witticisms, secret references and clever insinuations. Also, the Victorian nature of the story creates some distance between Alice and the modern reader, which hopefully is mended hereafter. These "secret" notes are arranged in accordance to the appearance of the scenes and instances in the story itself. (Footnotes, I believe, distract from the enjoyment of the story, and tempt the reader to spoil the entertainment as it is happening. Rather, I prefer *not* to intrude between the reader and Alice and Lewis Carroll, but to follow after them instead.)

I ask only that you please do enjoy the secrets of Wonderland. The adventures will continue!

Chapter I

Sitting on the River's Bank: The riverbank that Alice and her sister are sitting on is that of the River Isis, which is the local name of the Thames in Oxfordshire. This region—near Godstow and the beautiful ruins of a nunnery—was a favored holiday and picnic ground in Carroll's time.

The Secret of Alice's Sister (and Other Siblings): The sister in the story is Lorina Charlotte Liddell, Alice's elder sister. Alice had many other siblings—Edward Henry, James Arthur Charles (who only lived to be three), Edith Mary, Albert Edward Arthur (who died at eight weeks), Rhoda Caroline Anne, Violet Constance, Frederick Francis, and Lionel Charles. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the siblings who appear are Lorina (on the riverbank and as the Lory), Edith (as the Eaglet), and Edward Henry (Harry), by the mention of his Latin primer.

The Origins of the White Rabbit: The Rabbit may have been inspired by a painting created by Sir Edwin Henry Landseer, "Scene from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'" After viewing this painting on November 17, 1857, Carroll wrote in his diary, "There are some wonderful points in it ... the white rabbit especially." The painting in question portrays Titania, Bottom, and a host of fairy-land creatures from Shakespeare's classic play.

(White rabbits, of course, are also the classic “apprentices” of stage magicians, popping out of holes and top hats.)

Some Details Concerning Alice and the White Rabbit: He is not often regarded in this manner today, but originally, Carroll intended the White Rabbit to be a caricature of a hurried old man rushing about on errands. In his article “‘Alice’ on the Stage,” Carroll wrote the following when comparing the Rabbit to Alice: “And the White Rabbit, what of *him*? Was he framed on the ‘Alice’ lines, or as a contrast? As a contrast, distinctly. For *her* ‘youth,’ ‘audacity,’ ‘vigour’ and ‘swift directness of purpose,’ read ‘elderly,’ ‘timid,’ ‘feeble,’ and ‘nervously shilly-shallying,’ and you will get *something* of what I meant him to be. I *think* the White Rabbit should wear spectacles. I am sure his voice should quaver, and his knees quiver, and his whole air suggest a total inability to say ‘Boo’ to a goose!”

“I Shall Be Too Late!”: The Rabbit’s sense of urgency has, over time, become quite famous beyond its own reason for being. *Why* is the Rabbit late in returning to Wonderland? This obsession with timekeeping (shared by the Hatter) may be a jest about the Great Tom bell in Tom Tower, which is located near to where both Carroll and Alice lived. Oxford is situated five miles west of Greenwich, and so the bell of Great Tom rings five minutes after the actual hour. If the poor White Rabbit (being a tourist of Oxfordshire while he is above ground) has his own watch set to Great Tom instead of Wonderland, he will always be late!

Dinah, Alice’s Favored Pet: The Liddells’ cat Dinah was an actual pet, originally given to Alice’s sister Lorina. But Alice loved Dinah more than anything. Per Alice Liddell’s reminiscences, the cat “was given to Ina, but became my special pet ... Dinah I was devoted to.” Dinah originally had a male companion, Villikens. The two were named in honor of the characters in a popular Victorian song, “Villikens and His Dinah.” Whether Villikens was the father of Kitty and Snowdrop (featured in *Through the Looking-Glass*) remains an open question.

The Carrollian Dream-Child: Alice changes as she falls down the rabbit-hole. Although the distinction is not often commented upon, it is clear that Alice “in Wonderland” is quite a different person than Alice Pleasance Liddell. Carroll’s illustrations in *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*—the first draft of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*—portrayed Ms. Liddell herself, but they were idealized in a Pre-Raphaelite fashion,

featuring an Alice Liddell with longer hair. We do know for certain that Carroll sought to remove particularly personal identifiers from the published version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. (As another example, he changed the names of two of Alice's actual companions to Ada and Mabel.) In a similar fashion, the blonde, classically-featured Alice of Tenniel's drawings is nothing like Ms. Liddell herself. The illustrated Alice "of Wonderland" is the *dream-child*, the idealized representation of strength and innocence, as written by Carroll and envisioned by Tenniel. The implication may well be that we are bettered by our dreams.

Falling Off the Top of the House: One of our first hints that the Alice books are subversive, and not at all like most Victorian fairy-tales, is that Carroll is referentially grim throughout the story. He quite often takes the time to point out moments of darkness, such as this one. Here he makes it clear that Alice wouldn't say *anything* after falling off the top of the house, because she would probably break her neck and die in the fall!

The Antipathies: Alice is quite close here, actually! What she *really* means is the Antipodes, which is a term that refers (from the English perspective) to Australia and New Zealand. The joke may have been amusing to Victorian readers because "antipathy" means "absolutely without sympathy," and Australia was largely colonized by English criminals!

The Lamps in the Hall: Considering the age of Alice's adventures (the 1860s), these lamps would very likely be gaslight, which would explain why Alice felt so hot beneath their glow. Indeed, it is possible that the poisonous fumes played a part in her discombobulation!

The Secret Doors in the Hall: We are never told but are left to wonder: *where* might the other doors in the hall go to? Given that one of the doors leads into the royal garden, and another comes out inside a tree in the middle of the forest, they could lead anywhere. Possibilities include the homes of various characters (such as the Dodo, the Mouse, and very likely the White Rabbit), or other trees, or places in nearby Looking-Glass Land, or even the corridors of the Palace of Hearts itself. Some might even open onto the Underwater School, which would explain the presence of the Crabs at the Pool of Tears. We shall never know, but it is an interesting puzzle to contemplate!

The Unseen Table: Carroll does not quite tell us why Alice failed to find the three-legged table during her first circuit around the hall. It may be

that the table appeared by magic, or that its transparency caused her not to notice it the first time. Most likely, however, is that Alice is dreaming and her yearning for a way out causes a (dubious) means of exit to appear.

The Loveliest Garden: From the nature of the Queen's croquet-ground, we know that the royal garden is actually a dream-image of the Deanery and Cathedral Gardens, located outside Alice's own home back in Oxford.

"How I Wish I Could Shut Up Like a Telescope": Although it is subtle, the appearance of the "DRINK ME" bottle upon the table is actually caused by Alice wishing here out loud.

A Bottle Marked "Poison": Some of these grim thoughts of children meeting terrible ends come from *Struwwelpeter*, a book featuring the deaths and punishment of naughty children. Alice might also be remembering the unexpurgated edition of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, commonly known today as *Grimm's Fairy Tales*.

"Going Out Like a Candle": Alice's thoughts here are dark indeed. She is contemplating the idea of not just death, but non-existence and absolute annihilation. Carroll, however, pointedly left his religious beliefs out of the Alice works (with the exceptions of prefaces and inserted pamphlets). This concept of nothingness will become key later on, as an older and darker Alice explores Looking-Glass Land.

Pretending to Be Two People: This spirit of duality is present throughout the "Alice" stories. Alice talks to herself, argues with herself, considers her feet as separate entities, and treats herself as both rival and confidante. This identity issue—succinctly summed up as the philosophical question "Who am I?"—lies at the heart of Alice's adventures throughout her own dreaming mind.

Chapter II

"They Must Go By the Carrier": This aside, thoroughly contemporary in Carroll's time, is now an antiquated example of Victorian charm. The carrier, of course, would be the postman; Esq. is short for "Esquire," a title of formal import in polite correspondence; the hearth-rug is the rug which goes in front of the fireplace (favored by both Dinah and Alice); and the fender is a protective screen that fits the base of the fireplace itself.

"How Doth the Little Crocodile": Alice's darker dreaming nature begins to assert itself here, much to her own surprise. The original poem, "How Doth the Little Busy Bee," is a moralizing work stressing the

importance of work and humility. Alice's subconscious improvisation, "How Doth the Little Crocodile," is about predation instead of meekness, deception instead of humility, and subversion instead of the submittal to authority. As we shall see, Alice's true nature tends to come out every time she tries to recite someone else's beliefs!

Bathing-Machines: Carroll, as an absurdist and amused observer of Victorian quirks, loved to talk about bathing-machines. These curious contraptions were wheeled enclosures, which allowed prudish vacationers to bathe in the sea without attracting the unwanted attention of prying eyes.

"O Mouse!": These lines are making fun of the formality found in Harry Liddell's Latin primer (and are also an indirect jab at the classics master, Henry Liddell, who was Harry's and Alice's father). Interestingly, however, there is a subtle distinction here where Alice regards the creature first as "mouse," and then as "Mouse" when she addresses it. Throughout the stories, the capitalization of an animal's name is an honorific assigned to sentient, speaking animals as individuals. Alice here is regarding the Mouse not as a mere animal, but as an intelligent companion worthy of conversation.

"Où Est Ma Chatte?": Literally in French, "Where is my cat?" Alice is innocently trying out the tiny bit of French that she has learned. Of course, this question would be quite upsetting to a mouse, especially one which has had a past of being pursued by cats and dogs!

Torturing the Mouse: Much like Alice was surprised by the grimness of her improvised "Crocodile" poem, here she cannot seem to stop herself from threatening the Mouse with her admiring chatter about the predatory Dinah. She is again showing aggressive tendencies, and is quite horrified to find that she cannot control these subconscious urges from surfacing.

The Duck, the Lory and the Eaglet: In one of his letters, Carroll's friend Robinson Duckworth explained who these three caricatures were written to allude to: "I figure as the 'duck' in the *Adventures*, Lorina Liddell (now Mrs. Skene) is the 'lory' or parrot, Edith Liddell (now no more) is the 'eaglet.'" These four individuals, along with Carroll himself, comprised the boating party which was present when Carroll began improvising the stories which would later become *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

The Dodo in Wonderland: Alice and Lewis Carroll were quite familiar with this most curious of birds. One of the only "surviving" specimens is located in the Oxford University Museum of Natural History, not far from

Alice's home. The Dodo is quite a natural denizen of Wonderland; since he is extinct in the real world, the land of dream is his last refuge!

Lewis Carroll, Dodo Extraordinaire: Carroll suffered from a speech impediment, which caused him to stammer in uncomfortable or stressful situations. As an example, his diary entry for August 31, 1862 includes the following: "... Read service in the afternoon. I got through it all with great success, till I came to read out the first verse of the hymn before the sermon, where the two words 'strife, strengthened,' coming together were too much for me, and I had to leave the verse unfinished." When Carroll would introduce himself, he would sometimes nervously call himself "Do-Do-Dodgson."

Chapter III

"I Must Know Better," "Hold Your Tongue": These two lines are probably parodies of an episode in the novel *Holiday House*, where one Mrs. Crabtree says to the uppity young Master Harry, "Give me no more of your nonsense, Master Harry! I was in the world long before you were born, and must know best; so hold your tongue."

A Most Serious Mouse: Unlike most of the creatures of Wonderland, the Mouse has an exceedingly low tolerance of nonsense. His self-respect and indignation arise from his education, which he is quick to lord over Alice and the others. We are tempted to draw direct parallels to one or more of Carroll's Oxfordian associates, who admired Carroll's success in writing "children's stories," but may have been quite unable to enjoy the fun in the stories themselves!

"The Driest Thing I Know": The Mouse is quoting from *A Short Course of History*, by Havilland Le Mesurier Chepmell. Carroll's mockery of boring lesson books (first Latin, then French, now English) continues merrily apace!

Edith the Eaglet: The Eaglet is a caricature of Alice's younger sister, Edith. As we can see, the Eaglet does not suffer the pomposity of authority figures. She is more than willing to snub those who are putting on adult airs. In heraldry, the eagle stands for courage and action, a watchful bird who is quick to challenge.

"Speak English!": Here we can tell quite a bit about how Edith Liddell may have reacted to Carroll's too-fancy language when it came to storytelling!

A Caucus-Race: This incident is a parody of politics. In a political race, rivals run against one another for election. In a caucus, political allies gather together to discuss, negotiate and strategize. A caucus-race, then, is a political race in which allies bustle about and compete against one another for no real reason at all.

The Formatting of the Mouse's Tale: Due to the limitations of the Kindle and adjustable text sizing, the tail-shaped formatting of the poem can unfortunately not be perfectly reproduced here. This change represents one of the few compromises I have been forced to make in creating the complete electronic *Alice*.

A Long and Sad Tale: In the original version, Mouse's friends were squashed and killed by hungry animals. Carroll must have thought this version was too dark for public consumption, and so we have the Mouse's tale here as a conflict between Mouse and an imperious dog Fury, with the threat of death but not the actual act. We will see that this poem's mockery of the court system foreshadows the trial that serves as the climax to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and also the scene of the Barrister's dream in *The Hunting of the Snark*.

The Mysterious Fury: Although it is not made clear in the poem, Fury was the name of a terrier owned by one of Carroll's friends. The name is also appropriate when we consider the Erinyes, or furies, of Greek mythology. Those furies were demonic spirits of justice and divine retribution who haunted the dreaming ghosts of the netherworld. When we consider the underground nature of Wonderland itself, the allusion is quite a clever one!

She Had Got to the Fifth Bend: Alice is visualizing the Mouse's poem in tail form, bending back and forth. The Mouse, of course, is simply furious because he realizes that Alice has been going off with her own daydreaming, and has forgotten (yet again!) to be sympathetic to his fears.

The Old Crabs: Later, when the Mock Turtle is regaling Alice with tales of the Underwater School, we will learn that this school has a classics master who is an old Crab as well: a caricature of the author of a famous Greek lexicon, Alice's father Henry Liddell. the *female* old Crab is pedantic and chiding of her daughter, and may represent Alice's society-climbing mother, Mrs. Lorina Liddell. Carroll may be taking jabs at those stuffy parents who sometimes forbade him from taking the Liddell sisters boating on the River Isis!

Chapter IV

“As Sure as Ferrets Are Ferrets”: The Rabbit here is hinting at the hunting instinct of wild ferrets, who often clamp their teeth into rabbits’ necks, drain their blood, and even kill them. The White Rabbit’s obvious fear of the Duchess here (and her death threats, which Alice will learn of later) is ominous indeed.

Mary Ann, the Housemaid: Carroll may have chosen this common English name at random, or may have been naming one of Alice’s friends. However, it is more likely that he is providing a winking reference to Mary Ann Hillier. Ms. Hillier worked as a parlor maid for Carroll’s colleague, the pioneering experimental photographer Julia Margaret Cameron. Mary Ann was quite beautiful and was Julia’s favorite model throughout the years when the “Alice” stories were written.

Why Is Mary Ann in Wonderland?: As Carroll pointed out in his character sketch of the White Rabbit, Mr. Rabbit is a bit elderly and has poor vision. Here he has mistaken Alice for Mary Ann, his housemaid. This curious episode leads one to wonder if Mary Ann is a dreamer much like Alice herself, who was unable to wake and was “taken in” by the Rabbit; or, if Mary Ann is a simultaneous dreamer, caught up in the same dream as Alice.

The Fragility of Kid-Gloves: Kid-gloves are made of fine, thin leather and are very comfortable. However, they tear or split easily, and—despite care with olive oil—often need to be replaced. This is likely why the White Rabbit owns multiple pairs.

Going Messages for a Rabbit: Alice is of course referring to the servant’s duty of running messages between houses in the age before telephones! Same-day business (for which the mail was too slow) was always conducted by servants “going messages.” In Wonderland, as we shall see, this duty is performed by the Fish and Frog Footmen as well.

“When I Grow Up, I’ll Write One”: This passage is intriguing because it might imply that Alice had told Lewis Carroll that she was interested in writing her own stories when she got older. This never happened, but Alice was certainly a creative young woman. She was very skilled in sketching and watercolors, and studied under John Ruskin himself. (Many of these works survive.) But she was quite secretive about her talents. If Alice ever wrote a book of her own, it has never come to light.

Cucumber Frames, Digging for Apples: Here we learn a bit about White Rabbit's favorite foods. A cucumber frame is a miniature greenhouse for cultivating cucumbers quickly and in abundance. By digging for apples, Pat is making a jest about the French term for potatoes, *pomme de terre*—"apple of the earth."

"It's an Arrum": Pat here is a caricature of a typical servant in the English countryside: garrulous, well-natured and poorly spoken.

Alas, Poor Bill: Bill, it seems, is a hearty Irish lad, with more loyalty than sense. He's industrious, takes orders well, is fairly clumsy, and when he is hurt, is by no means averse to drink. The name William means "valiant protector": an apt one in this case, considering that the White Rabbit intentionally sends Bill in his place to take care of a dangerous situation! (By the way: From a color illustration in *The Nursery "Alice,"* we can venture a guess that Bill is a common, or viviparous lizard (*Lacerta vivipara*), a species native to England. If this is the case, he is agile, swift, an excellent climber, and none too bright.)

Many Voices All Talking Together: This section of confused babble is written for effect, not for clarity. If it were properly attributed (with some guesswork applied), it would probably go something like this:

White Rabbit: Where's the other ladder?

Pat: Why, I hadn't to bring but one. Bill's got the other.

White Rabbit: Bill! Fetch it here, lad!

Pat: Here, put 'em up at this corner.

Guinea Pig: No, tie 'em together first—they don't reach half high enough yet.

White Rabbit: Oh, they'll do well enough. Don't be particular.

Guinea Pig: Here, Bill! Catch hold of this rope.

Pat: Will the roof bear?

White Rabbit: Mind that loose slate.

Guinea Pig: Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!

Pat: Now, who did that?

Guinea Pig: It was Bill, I fancy.

Pat: Who's to go down the chimney?

Guinea Pig: Nay, I sha'n't! *You* do it!

Pat: *That* I wo'n't, then!

White Rabbit: Bill's got to go down.

Guinea Pig: Here, Bill! The master says you're to go down the chimney!

White Rabbit's Darker Side: When Mr. Rabbit is thwarted on his own territory, he becomes quite imperious indeed. The White Rabbit has many servants, including Bill, Pat, Mary Ann, the guinea pigs and many birds as well. He feels no guilt in ordering his servants about, to clean the dread imposter (Alice) out of his home as quickly as possible. He even threatens to burn the house down with Alice still inside it!

The Subtlety of Pebble Cakes: There is no particular reason why pebbles would turn into "Eat Me" cakes, of course. But Alice had a prior experience with cakes shrinking her, and here she might be subliminally giving the cakes properties they normally would not have. Alice has considerable control over her environment (since it is *her* dream, after all), but does not yet realize that she has mastery over the situation. When she *does* finally realize this, it will be at the trial, and her insistence on control of the situation will lead to her waking up and leaving Wonderland. (In other words, when she realizes she is dreaming, the dream will then end.)

The Enormous Puppy: This creature is quite out of place in Wonderland, as it is one of the few animals unable to speak. It is only enormous, of course, because Alice herself has become quite small again. The puppy might, in fact, be a child of Fury who tormented the Mouse.

Chapter V

The Nature of the Caterpillar: The Caterpillar is a cranky, terse and self-obsessed philosopher. He shows an Oriental influence with his hookah and flowing sleeves. (The sleeves that are part of his body, in fact, hint that he might be a *silkworm* as opposed to a common English caterpillar!) It is quite possible that he is smoking opium, which was an omnipresent drug of choice in Carroll's time. Opium visions are akin to hallucinatory dreams, and Carroll was probably familiar with Thomas de Quincey's 1821 autobiographical account, *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*.

Father William: Carroll's parody here takes aim at a popular moralizing poem. Alice's oration, however, gives us further insight into her own secret nature. *Her Father William* poem is centered on role reversal. Father William's young son is responsible and overly serious, while the old man is playful, childlike and rebellious.

"Allow Me to Sell You a Couple": This is a joke referring to the swarms of Victorian charlatans who would sell "cures" for any ailment. The

implication, of course, is that Father William is spry and active not because of his quack medicine, but because of his attitude. He is young at heart. His offer to sell a “cure” to his overly-serious son is just another point of fatherly mischief.

The Pushy Pigeon: The poor, beleaguered Pigeon may be a caricature of people who believe in justified prejudice. She equates Alice with a serpent, simply because she has a long neck and eats eggs. Of course, considering the situation, her outrage is entirely understandable.

Chapter VI

Two Footmen of Wonderland: The Fish-Footman and the Frog-Footman are classic Carrollian figures. Their goggling eyes and aquatic natures make them “fish out of water,” out of their element and quite at odds with the current fashion and culture of Wonderland. By the 19th century, footmen were somewhat outmoded and were easy targets for jokes. Their formal livery, powdered wigs, stockings and stilted manners were relics of an older age.

The Fish-Footman: This character is probably the result of one of Alice’s “almost-adventures” in real life. When she was young, she wanted to see an advertised fair attraction featuring a “talking fish.” She would probably have been quite disappointed to learn that the fish didn’t actually talk. They do, however, in Wonderland!

The Dumpy and Frumpy Duchess: Carroll’s depiction of the Duchess is probably not based on an historical character. Tenniel’s illustrations, however, are quite ingeniously different from Carroll’s original conception. (There is a reference to the Duchess’s pointed chin in the text, although the illustration shows nothing of the sort.) Tenniel’s Duchess was inspired by a caricature of an old woman drawn by Leonardo da Vinci. This amusing portrait was later developed into a painting by Quentin Matsys, “The Ugly Duchess.” The Duchess’s ridiculously sumptuous headdress and her wrinkled features are taken directly from those sources.

The Pig-Baby: It is interesting that the Duchess has a baby, since this implies that there is a Duke, and that he has only recently departed. Whether he is imprisoned by the Queen of Hearts, or in exile, or simply out on an errand, we cannot say. Carroll’s dislike of boys (perhaps dating back to the abuses he suffered in school) was well known, and as a result his choice of showing the baby boy as half-pig is not surprising!

The Mysterious Cook: The pepper-obsessed Cook is surely one of the most violent characters in Wonderland (superseded, of course, by the Queen of Hearts). Why the Duchess puts up with the Cook's antics is not explained. Considering the violent streak, however, it's entirely possible that the Queen, Duchess and Cook are all related. Her aggression is completely focused on the Duchess, while the Cheshire-Cat feels quite comfortable sitting on the hearth. Whether this all has something to do with the recent disappearance of the Duke (father of the Pig-Baby?) remains wide open to speculation!

From Whence Came the Cheshire-Cat?: One of Carroll's most famous creations, the Cat remains mysterious and simply grins over our attempts at classification. It is possible that Carroll was inspired by a then-contemporary discussion in *Notes and Queries*, where the origin of the phrase "to grin like a Cheshire cat" was discussed at length. The real origin, however, is probably from Charles Kingsley's 1863 story, *The Water-Babies*: "And the otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat." The further idea of a speaking, mischievous, yet helpful cat may also have been inspired by Charles Perrault's classic fairytale, "The Booted Cat," or Puss in Boots.

Up on a Branch: The Cheshire-Cat is sitting in a horse chestnut tree—the very same one, in fact, that grows in the Dean's Garden. The tree lives to this day.

Chapter VII

The Madness of Hares and Hatters: These characters were chosen by Carroll due to two sayings common in his time. "Mad as a March hare" refers to the wild, unpredictable behavior of mating hares in the spring. "Mad as a hatter" is a reference to the neurological damage caused by mercury poisoning. Mercury, before its full dangers were known, was used to cure felt for hat making. The Hare's madness is hopefully temporary, but the Hatter is surely forever mad.

The March Hare Revealed: The March Hare is something of a country squire. He has a strong ego, and his house has been built in his own image (complete with ears!). He distrusts the nobility of Wonderland, and is quick to look down on outsiders (especially the urbane and well-to-do Alice, quite out of her element).

A Portrayal of the Hatter: The Hatter is frequently misunderstood. In many theatrical releases, he is portrayed as a flitting, neurotic character. Carroll, however, seems to have intended the Hatter as a casual rustic man. For example, in a letter regarding the stage portrayal of Alice, he wrote, "... My second small request is that the Hatter may drawl, not hesitate, with long pauses between the words, as if half-asleep." The character then is not wild and frenetic, but rather slow and dreamy. Our impressions of the Hatter are probably informed more by Tenniel's illustrations than by Carroll's own wishes!

The Truth About Dormice: Real-life dormice are often sleepy, because they are nocturnal and hibernate in winter. When we consider the nature of the Mad Tea-Party, in which Father Time has caused an endless loop of daylight that might be in either March or May (or both at once!), we can easily see why the Dormouse is having difficulties with waking.

"Like a Tea Tray in the Sky": This line of the Hatter's improvisation refers to an amusing incident which happened in Carroll's rooms. Helmut Gernsheim, in his excellent book *Lewis Carroll: Photographer*, tells the story this way: "At Christ Church the usually staid don relaxed in the company of little visitors to his large suite of rooms—a veritable children's paradise. There was a wonderful array of dolls and toys, a distorting mirror, a clockwork bear, and a flying bat made by him. This latter was the cause of much embarrassment when, on a hot summer afternoon, after circling the room several times, it suddenly flew out of the window and landed on a tea-tray which a college servant was just carrying across Tom Quad. Startled by this strange apparition, he dropped the tray with a great clatter."

The Dormouse's Story: As part of her dream, the Dormouse may well be drawing information for stories out of Alice's mind. The three sisters, of course, are Lorina (Lorina Charlotte, or L.C., or Elsie), Alice (an anagram for Lacie), and Edith (Tillie, short for Matilda, which was Edith's nickname).

The Treacle Well: The medicinal, or treacle well, exists at Saint Margaret's Church, Binsey. This locale (quite close to Christ Church and the "Wonderland" region of Godstow) was frequented in medieval times by those who hoped to heal themselves with pure mineral waters. Alice certainly knew of the place, and was probably taken there by Carroll.

The Garden of Cool Fountains: This reference may be to the Christ Church Cathedral Garden, adjoining the Dean's Garden. The Liddell girls

were not allowed to enter the Cathedral Garden, but they could see it from their nursery window and always wondered about it. Without doubt, they were intrigued by the “forbidden” beauty of the place and may have wondered what occurred on the grounds!

Chapter VIII

The Red and White Roses: These seemingly innocuous flowers represent the War of the Roses (white for the House of York, and red for the House of Lancaster) in English history. As the red rose is the flower of the Queen of Hearts, we can assume that the white rose is the symbol of some rival lineage of royalty in Wonderland. No wonder the gardeners are nervous about being seen by the Queen before they can change the roses’ color!

Tulips of Madness: The passing reference to tulips as flowers of Wonderland is interesting, since tulips are sometimes regarded as symbols of passionate madness. In the early 1600s, the *tulipomania* took place: A wild surge in tulip buying and speculating that caused bulbs to fetch outrageous prices. When the bubble finally burst in 1637, the result was one of the first and most ridiculous market crashes (which certainly afflicted royalty). Such an insanity-inducing flower is quite appropriate for the garden of the Queen of Hearts!

Five and Seven Said Nothing, but Looked at Two: This is one of Carroll’s hints that an unspoken hierarchy exists among the numbered cards, with ten being the tenth in precedence (and least important), and the Ace being the most senior. In this case, Five and Seven are deferring to their superior to answer Alice. This subtle hierarchy is further supported when we see that the executioner—the most important of all the solders—is the Ace of Clubs.

The Queen, the King and the Knave: These characters are caricatures of iconic royalty. The Queen is imperious and tyrannical, the King is doddering and self-important, and the Knave is a drunken rogue.

The Hierarchy of the Cards: As in the classic card game of Hearts, the Hearts are the ruling suit of Wonderland. Beneath them are the courtiers (the aristocracy, dressed in Diamonds), soldiers (the warrior class, wielding maces, or Clubs) and gardeners (the working class, toiling with Spades). The other Hearts are the royal children of the King and Queen. The nature of the Knave of Hearts is not stated, but we can assume that he is a roguish brother, cousin or nephew of the Queen.

The Courtiers: As mentioned, the courtiers following the Queen of Hearts represent the suit of Diamonds in the card deck. They are scarcely mentioned, but if they are in good graces with the Queen of Hearts and willing to let their own rule be overrun by hers, they are probably fawning sycophants who are quite comfortable in their “high, yet not quite mighty” position of favor. This might be the royal lineage that has the white rose as its symbol.

“I See!”: The Queen here believes that the gardeners are traitors. In changing the color of the roses from white to red, she believes they are trying to hide their allegiance to whichever other royal power in Wonderland has the white rose as his or her symbol. (Possible suspects, as we have seen, include the Kings and Queens of Clubs, Spades and especially the Diamonds.)

“Off With Their Heads!”: The Queen of Hearts may be a parody of Queen “Bloody” Mary. It is also possible that she is from the line of William the Conqueror, who the Mouse was quite fascinated with. It is said that William introduced the grim practice of beheading to England. Of course, the Queen’s fascination with beheadings might also be a reference to English postage stamps, which of course feature Queen Victoria’s disembodied head in profile!

The White Rabbit Peeped Anxiously into Alice’s Face: The White Rabbit is nearly blind, and does not recognize Alice at all. (We will also remember that he mistook her for Mary Ann, and almost walked into her despite her huge size in the Hall of Doors.) Here, the Rabbit is erring on the side of caution. He sees that Alice has been accepted by the Kings and Queens, and so he might suspect that she is a Princess from another land. Perhaps he might be thinking of the Red and White Queens of Looking-Glass Land, just over the hedge.

“Did You Say, ‘What a Pity?’”: Following Carroll’s later descriptions of his characters, we know that the White Rabbit is not only elderly and nearly blind, but also hard of hearing as well!

The Absurdity of Croquet: The Liddell sisters loved the game of croquet, and often played in the Deanery garden. It’s quite possible that the rules confused them and—like most children—they simply devised new and more entertaining rules as they went along. Carroll himself, recognizing the deceptive complexity of the game, invented his own extremely convoluted variant called “Castle Croquet.” While the Queen of Hearts

would have found it delightful, we can only hope that Carroll did not subject the Liddell children too much to his creation!

The Poor Flamingoes and Hedgehogs: Although it is never said outright, there is (as mentioned prior) a strict hierarchy of power in Wonderland. The Queen of Hearts rules over all, while the cards of the other suits (Diamonds, Clubs and Spades) do her bidding. Sentient animals, such as the White Rabbit, are her servants. (Others, such as the Cheshire-Cat, are regarded as rebels or outsiders.) There are few animals in Wonderland who cannot speak, but the flamingoes and hedgehogs certainly fall in this category. As we can see, they are treated as little more than objects of cruel amusement. All of this is consistently implied, but Carroll probably felt it was far too deep and depressing for a story of children's fantasy!

“A Cat May Look at a King”: Alice is quoting an old saying which dates back several centuries. In other words, animals need not show respect for royalty, because royalty is a strictly human condition. The implications of this toward the improper rulership of Wonderland, in which human-like cards control a kingdom populated mostly by sentient beasts, are probably quite ominous to the King of Hearts!

Chapter IX

“How Glad I Am to See You”: The Duchess at this point has just been freed from prison, and perhaps a sentence of execution as well. Observing that Alice has gained some degree of favor with the Queen of Hearts, the mercenary duchess (despite her previous cruelties) instantly allies with Alice to further her own survival.

“And the Moral of That Is...”: The Duchess's incessant and inappropriate moralizing reminds us of Carroll's own mockery of other Victorian children's stories. Many of these stories made a point of “teaching” the child reader, as opposed to simply telling a delightful story. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, on the other hand, is mischievous and subversive (which may well be the secret of its appeal!). Carroll's early poem entitled “My Fairy” (with its moral: “You mustn't”) explored this theme as well.

Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral?: This is one of the first questions routinely asked in the parlor game which is known to us now as “Twenty Questions.”

A Brief History of Mock Turtle Soup: In Victorian times, turtle soup was an expensive delicacy. The middle class—following the “noble” recipe in all other particulars—substituted veal for the meat of the green sea turtle. The resulting dish was called mock turtle soup. Seeing an absurdity he could not resist making fun of, Carroll decided that such meat came from Mock Turtles, complete with calves’ heads! (Of course, this makes the Mock Turtle a symbol of the upward middle class and its students, just as his friend the Gryphon represents the upper class students of Oxford.)

The Gryphon and the Mock Turtle: These two characters are affectionate parodies of students who never made anything of themselves after leaving college. The Gryphon sleeps all day and has poor grammar. The Mock Turtle, in a far worse state, feels exceedingly sorry for himself and laments not only the things he did, but also the things he never got around to doing. They are an interesting pair because they are both hybrid creatures, made up of mixtures of animal parts that are purely fantastical in nature. Perhaps they have no future because they can only exist in the impossibility of Wonderland.

The Gryphon of the Underwater School: The coat of arms for Trinity College, Oxford, features a gryphon prominently. As such, the Gryphon of Wonderland could be seen as the heraldic symbol of the Underwater School. It may be that Carroll was poking fun at students who pride themselves on representing the school and its history, yet care little for their own studies.

The Origin of the Mock Turtle?: There is an entry in Carroll’s diary for May 9, 1861 which may have served as a partial inspiration for the overly earnest Mock Turtle: “... The former gave an amusing account of having seen Oliver Wendell Holmes in a fishmonger’s, lecturing extempore on the head of a freshly killed turtle, whose eyes and jaws still showed muscular action: the lecture of course being all ‘cram,’ but accepted as sober earnest by the mob outside.”

Reeling, Writhing...: The courses taught in the Underwater School are idle puns on the lessons taught in every school (“Reeling” instead of “reading,” “Writhing” instead of “writing” and so forth). To children such as Alice, of course, such lessons could easily be regarded as nonsense!

The Nature of the Conger Eel: From the description of the artistic courses provided (“Drawling” instead of “drawing,” “Stretching” instead of “sketching,” and “Fainting in Coils” instead of “painting in oils”), we know

that the Conger Eel is probably a caricature of the Liddells' tutor of the arts, John Ruskin. Ruskin was quite the famous (and eccentric!) artist of the age. When Carroll first met Ruskin, however, he was not impressed. He wrote on October 27, 1857, "At Common Room breakfast met, for the first time, John Ruskin. I had a little conversation with him, but not enough to bring out anything characteristic or striking in him. His appearance was rather disappointing—a general feebleness of expression, with no commanding air, or any external signs of deep thought, as one would have expected to see in such a man." It is interesting to think that this bland impression may have immortalized Ruskin as an eel with a fixed expression!

The Old Crab: As hinted earlier, the particular crabby classics master in question is none other than Henry Liddell, Dean of Christ Church and Alice's father. He is probably related by marriage to the old female Crab which Alice met at the Pool of Tears!

Chapter X

The Challenge of the Quadrille: The quadrille is an exacting formal dance, in which pairs move in such a way that figures are formed by the relative positions of other couples. (The closest American equivalent would be square dancing.) A variant called the Lancer's Quadrille was all the rage in Carroll's time, and so the Lobster Quadrille is a mockery of that intricate dance's grave importance to high society.

The Lobsters at the Dance: English soldiers in the 1700s and 1800s were known as redcoats, due to their scarlet uniforms. In Victorian times, English officers (of the Lancers particularly) were known as excellent dancers. Most likely, this is due to the stately and measured forms of court dance, and the similarity of such dances to parade maneuvers. The Lobsters of Wonderland would be an obvious representation (to Victorian readers) of British ballroom officers parading about in preening self-obsession.

The Ridiculousness of Dancing: This episode may be a parody of Alice's dancing skill, and Carroll's lack of same. Carroll once wrote in a letter, "I never dance, unless I am allowed to do it in my own peculiar way. There is no use trying to describe it: it has to be seen to be believed. The last house I tried it in, the floor fell through ... Did you ever see a rhinoceros and hippopotamus ... trying to dance a minuet together?"

"The Further Off from England ...": These lines of the song refer to the English Channel. Since Wonderland exists underground in the subterranean reaches of Oxfordshire, we can speculate that the seas of

Wonderland are quite similar to those of England. (As we shall see in the later “Alice” stories, however, it is likely that the Isle of the Jabberwock lies to the west of Looking-Glass Land and Wonderland, not to the east!)

Blacking and Whiting: Carroll here is making a mild pair of jokes. A whiting is a common food fish in England, often served in fish and chips. Blacking is the sooty substance that is used to cover scuffs on black boots. Under the sea, where everything is done differently, whiting “does the boots and shoes” instead of blacking. Since whiting is also a fish, it “logically” follows that the whiting (fish) are servants who work as boot shiners for the Underwater School. Confusing? But of course!

Chapter XI

A Caricature of Justice: After Carroll had completed the writing of *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*, he added more intricate scenes for publication, including the now-famous trial for the tarts. On March 5, 1863 (after *Under Ground* had been completed), Carroll published a parody entitled “The Majesty of Justice.” This poem includes the lines: “They say that justice is a Queen / A Queen of awful Majesty.” It is likely that this line of thought led to the elaboration of the trial scene as it appears in *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*.

The Nervous Hatter: The Hatter is nervous because he does not want the Queen of Hearts to recognize him. In March, he had sung poorly at the Queen’s royal concert, and thus received a sentence of execution. He is relying on the Queen’s lack of reason and memory to ensure his own survival, but with every passing minute the danger of her recognition grows more dire!

Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth: A casual reading seems to indicate that the March Hare and Dormouse are simply wrong, and are trying to cast doubt on the Hatter to save their own skins. Actually, however, it is quite possible that they are all correct from their own points of view, since they were trapped in the Mad Tea-Party by Father Time and Hatter’s watch had broken. Any of these dates would then be correct, because their actions were continuously repeating.

Alice Growing on Her Own: Quite literally, Alice is growing up on her own as she sits in the court. As her conviction that the cards’ entreaties are nonsense grows stronger, she gains confidence, courage and control over her dreams. She no longer needs food or drink (elements of the illusion) to

change her size; in defying the adult characters of the stories, she is growing up regardless!

The Art of Suppression: Carroll here is having a bit of fun with the Latin roots of the English language. “Suppress” comes from the Latin “*suppressus*,” which means literally “to press down upon.”

Chapter XII

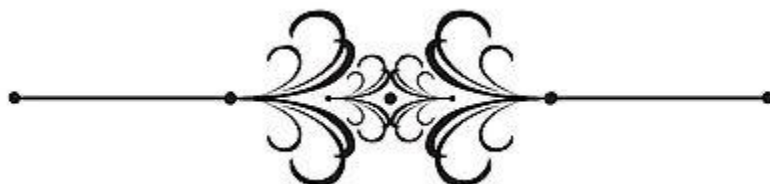
Alice’s Evidence: Carroll’s nonsense poem, “She’s All My Fancy Painted Him,” is a breezy parody of idle gossip about others’ affairs. Its appearance here as evidence highlights the absurd nature of hearsay, opinion and irrelevant discourse in a court of law. All of which, of course, serve to enhance the madness and unquestionable power of the King and Queen of Hearts!

Being Made Entirely of Cardboard: Carroll here is telling us that the Knave of Hearts is, indeed, an overgrown playing card. Of course this is completely at odds with Tenniel’s illustrations, where the “face” cards are shown as purely anthropomorphic figures wearing the regalia of card symbols. This confusion stems from Carroll’s *own* original illustrations of the royal card figures, which are found in *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*.

Aftermath in Wonderland: There is one very curious question which is never resolved by Carroll’s narrative: What happens to Wonderland after Alice’s departure, as she vanishes into thin air, leaving chaos in her wake? We can never know for certain, but it is unlikely that the Queen of Hearts would have retained her power after being so blatantly thwarted by a mere child. There are the four royal lineages in Wonderland (Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs and Spades), and Alice’s disruption “shuffles the deck,” so that any of the other families might reign supreme thereafter.

The Sighted and the Eyeless: Lorina’s thoughts of Wonderland, and her assurance that it would all fade away when she opened her eyes, is one of the key perceptive moments in Carroll’s “Alice” stories. Alice is the dream-child, fully capable of running away with her imagination and falling into the worlds of make believe. Lorina, on the other hand, is far more pragmatic. She is able to appreciate the nature of Wonderland’s whimsy, but she can only envision it when she closes her eyes. An interesting parallel can be drawn to an 1856 painting created by Carroll’s acquaintance, Sir John Everett Millais, entitled “The Blind Girl.” Millais’s painting portrays

two sisters sitting beneath a double rainbow. The younger girl, with the gift of sight, is describing the beauty of the rainbows to her sister, who is blind.



Speculative Chronology of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

By Kent David Kelly

THROUGH GATHERING and considering *all* of the references to time in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, it is possible to create a rough timeline of Alice's adventures. The following is of course hypothetical, but it is interesting!

1859: This may possibly be the year of Alice's exploration of Wonderland, since (in the story) she is exactly seven years old.

March 1, 1859: The March Hare goes mad. Right on schedule!

March 13, 1859: The Hatter sings (poorly!) at the Queen's royal concert. Father Time is insulted, and the Queen threatens the Hatter with death. The Hatter and March Hare (and possibly the Dormouse) flee to March Hare's house.

March 14, 1859 (6:00 PM): The Mad Tea-Party begins, as the Hatter, March Hare and Dormouse are caught in the "time trap" of Father Time.

April, 1859: The Pigeon, avoiding the serpents of Wonderland once again, lays her new clutch of eggs in the highest tree of the forest.

May 2, 1859: The March Hare, using bread-and-butter, tries to fix Hatter's watch and accidentally breaks it instead.

May 3, 1859: The Seven of Spades accidentally brings tulip-roots to the Duchess's Cook instead of onions. The Queen of Hearts threatens to have him beheaded.

May 4, 1859 (Morning): Alice celebrates her seventh birthday by going to a picnic with her sister Lorina on the bank of the River Isis. (Quite possibly, they boat there with Lewis Carroll.) Alice sees the White Rabbit and chases it down the rabbit-hole into Wonderland.

May 4, 1859 (Mid- to Late Morning): Alice falls down the well, explores the Hall of Doors, falls into the Pool of Tears, and runs in the caucus-race.

May 4, 1859 (Late Morning to Noon): Alice explores White Rabbit's house and escapes, evades the enormous puppy, talks to the Caterpillar, explains herself to the Pigeon, and comes to the house of the Duchess.

May 4, 1859 (Noon): The Queen of Hearts sends out invitations for the day's game of croquet.

May 4, 1859 (Early Afternoon): Alice meets the Duchess, the Cook, the Pig-Baby and the Cheshire-Cat.

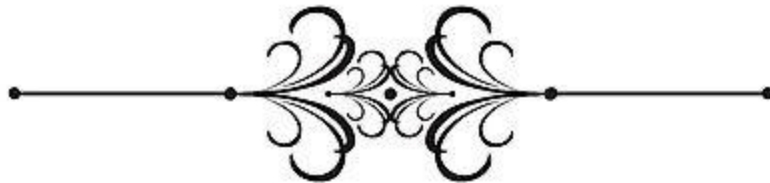
May 4, 1859 (Mid-Afternoon): Alice meets the March Hare, Dormouse and Hatter at the Mad Tea-Party. (Technically, there was a “time warp” holding this repeating event eternally at 6:00 PM, as the tea-party had been going on since March. But from Alice’s perspective, the party took place in the afternoon.)

May 4, 1859 (Late Afternoon): Alice enters the royal gardens and plays croquet. She then goes to the seashore, and meets the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle.

May 4, 1859 (Early Evening): Alice attends the trial in the royal court.

May 4, 1859 (6:00 PM): Alice wakes, leaving Wonderland and returning to the shores of the River Isis, just in time for tea. (In regards to Victorian convention, this may have been 5:00 or 6:00 PM. 6:00 PM is more likely, considering the Hatter’s comments during the Mad Tea-Party. The intervention of a mischievous Father Time, restarting time at 6:00 PM just where he last froze it, is likely!)

October?, 1859: The Hatter and the March Hare flee into Looking-Glass Land, and become Anglo-Saxon Messengers for the White King. (The month is guessed at, based on allusions in *Through the Looking-Glass*, where we are about to continue our journey.)



PART III

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE

Introduction

CONSIDERING the wild success enjoyed by the release of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* beginning in 1865, it may (to the outside observer) be something of a wonder in itself that the sequel did not appear until 1871. The practical reason for the delay, of course, was that Carroll maintained his position at Oxford, and this (compounded by several other hobbies, such as photography, invention and logical theory) gave him precious little “free” time in which to write the sequel. Making matters even more difficult, there were problems with his illustrator Tenniel's schedule, printing mishaps, and various other considerations as well.

The true heart of the matter, however, is deeper still. Carroll had a falling out with the Liddell family (the reasons for which are still unclear, but seem to center on his relationship with the maturing Alice and Lorina), and it must have pained him to know that the world was pining for an “Alice” whose company he himself was no longer able to enjoy. Fate has a way of arranging the inevitable, however, and events were conspiring to bring Alice's adventures to the fore once again.

In 1867, Carroll had an intriguing meeting with an entirely *different* Alice, a young girl named Alice Raikes. The themes of this conversation certainly informed the writing of *Through the Looking-Glass*. Ms. Raikes later recalled this encounter as follows:

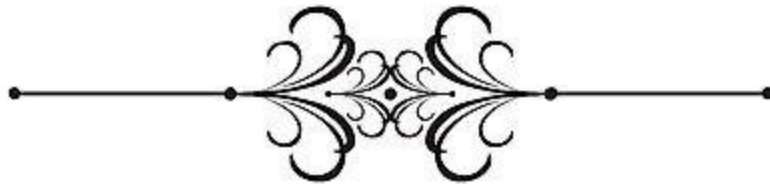
“One day, hearing my name, he [Lewis Carroll] called me to him saying, ‘So you are another Alice. I'm very fond of Alices. Would you like to come and see something which is rather puzzling?’ We followed him into the house which opened, as ours did, into a room full of furniture with a tall mirror standing across one corner.

“‘Now,’ he said, giving me an orange, ‘First tell me which hand you have got that in.’ ‘The right,’ I said. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘go and stand before that glass, and tell me which hand the little girl you see there has got it in.’ After some perplexed contemplation, I said, ‘The left hand.’ ‘Exactly,’ he

said, ‘and how do you explain that?’ I couldn’t explain it, but seeing that some solution was expected, I ventured, ‘If I was on the other side of the glass, wouldn’t the orange still be in my right hand?’ I remember his laugh. ‘Well done, little Alice,’ he said. ‘The best answer I’ve had yet.’”

A fuller account of the creative forces driving the creation of *Through the Looking-Glass* can be found in the Chronology at the end of this work, and in the Reflections following the text. For now, it is enough for the reader to understand that the themes of *Through the Looking-Glass* are somewhat darker, and reflect upon Carroll’s mindset at this time in his life: the loss of old friends, the hurry of children to grow up (and the further urgency the industrial world puts upon them), hints of death and mortality and the inevitability of Time. There is humor to be found, certainly, and the logical wit of *Through the Looking-Glass* is even more clever and incisive than that in *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. For the reader who is exploring these stories in rapid sequence however, these encroaching themes of darkness will be all the more apparent.

And with that, I welcome you to the train-threaded world of Looking-Glass Land. All aboard, and pleasant journey!



**THROUGH THE
LOOKING-GLASS,
AND WHAT
ALICE FOUND THERE**

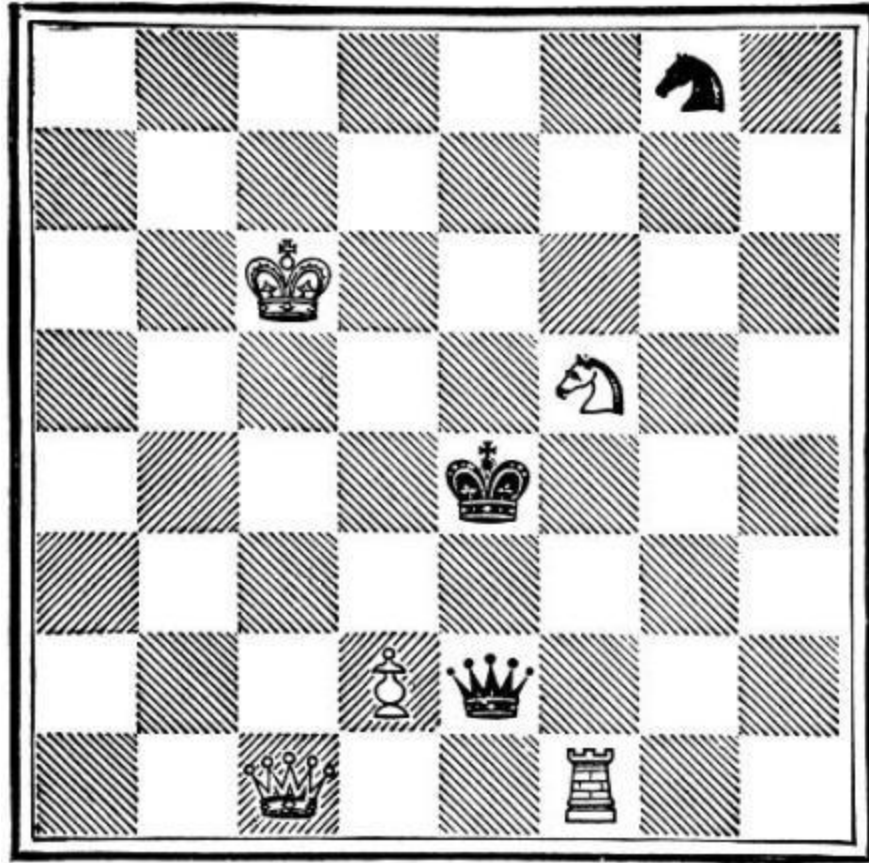
By
LEWIS CARROLL

With Illustrations By
JOHN TENNIEL



THE CHESS PROBLEM

White Pawn (Alice) to play, and win in eleven moves.



Alice, 1st Move: Alice meets Red Queen.

Chessmen, 1st Move: Red Queen to King Rook's 4th square.

Alice, 2nd Move: Alice through White Queen's 3rd square (by railway).

Chessmen, 2nd Move: White Queen to Queen Bishop's 4th square (after shawl).

Alice, 3rd Move: Alice meets White Queen (with shawl).

Chessmen, 3rd Move: White Queen to Queen Bishop's 5th square (becomes sheep).

Alice, 4th Move: Alice to White Queen's 5th square (shop, river, shop).

Chessmen, 4th Move: White Queen to King Bishop's 8th square (leaves egg on shelf).

Alice, 5th Move: Alice to White Queen's 6th square (Humpty Dumpty).

Chessmen, 5th Move: White Queen to Queen Bishop's 8th square (flying from Red Knight).

Alice, 6th Move: Alice to White Queen's 7th square (forest).

Chessmen, 6th Move: Red Knight to Red King's 2nd square (check).

Alice, 7th Move (White Knight, acting chivalrously on Alice's behalf):
White Knight takes Red Knight.

Chessmen, 7th Move: White Knight to King Bishop's 5th square.

Alice, 8th Move: Alice to White Queen's 8th square (coronation).

Chessmen, 8th Move: Red Queen to Red King's square (examination).

Alice, 9th Move: Alice becomes Queen.

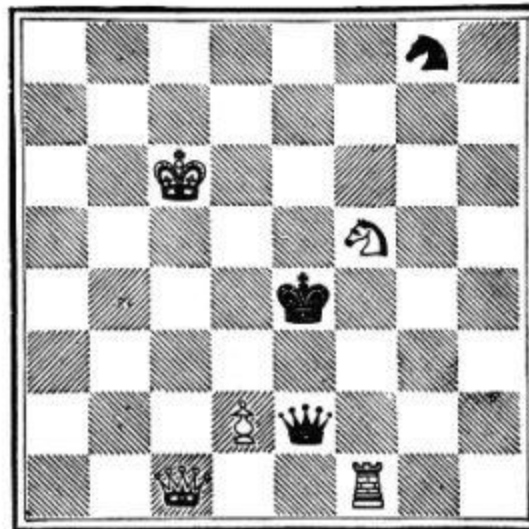
Chessmen, 9th Move: Red and White Queens castle.

Alice, 10th Move: Alice castles (feast).

Chessmen, 10th Move: White Queen to Queen Rook's 6th square
(soup).

Alice, 11th and Final Move: Alice takes Red Queen and wins.

RED



WHITE.

White Pawn (Alice) to play, and win in eleven moves.

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and Tweedledee)	149	4. W. Q. to K. B.'s 8th (leaves egg on	
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11. Alice takes R.Q. & wins	230		

PREFACE TO 1896 EDITION

AS THE CHESS-PROBLEM, given on the previous page, has puzzled some of my readers, it may be well to explain that it is correctly worked out, so far as the *moves* are concerned. The *alternation* of Red and White is perhaps not so strictly observed as it might be, and the “castling” of the three Queens is merely a way of saying that they entered the palace; but the “check” of the White King at move 6, the capture of the Red Knight at move 7, and the final “checkmate” of the Red King, will be found, by any one who will take the trouble to set the pieces and play the moves as directed, to be strictly in accordance with the laws of the game.

The new words, in the poem “Jabberwocky,” have given rise to some differences of opinion as to their pronunciation; so it may be well to give instructions on *that* point also. Pronounce “slithy” as if it were the words “sly, the”: make the “g” *hard* in “gyre” and “gimble”: and pronounce “rath” to rhyme with “bath.”

For the sixty-first thousand, fresh electrotypes have been taken from the wood-blocks (which, never having been used for printing from, are in as good condition as when first cut in 1871), and the whole book has been set up afresh with new type. If the artistic qualities of this reissue fall short, in any particular, of those possessed by the original issue, it will not be for want of painstaking on the part of author, publisher, or printer.

I take this opportunity of announcing that the Nursery “Alice,” hitherto priced at four shillings, net, is now to be had on the same terms as the ordinary shilling picture-books—although I feel sure that it is, in every quality (except the *text* itself, in which I am not qualified to pronounce), greatly superior to them. Four shillings was a perfectly reasonable price to charge, considering the very heavy initial outlay I had incurred: still, as the Public have practically said, “We will *not* give more than a shilling for a picture-book, however artistically got-up,” I am content to reckon my outlay on the book as so much dead loss, and, rather than let the little ones, for whom it was written, go without it, I am selling it at a price which is, to me, much the same thing as *giving* it away.

Christmas, 1896

PREFATORY POEM

*Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.*

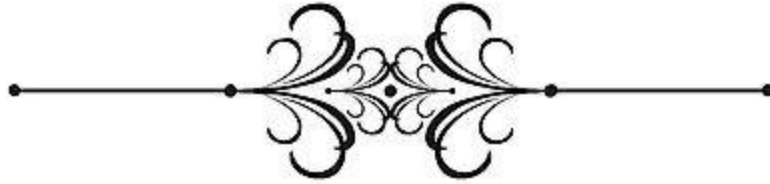
*I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter—
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.*

*A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing—
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing—
Whose echoes live in memory yet.
Though envious years would say “forget.”*

*Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near.*

*Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness—
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow
And childhood's nest of gladness,
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.*

*And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For “happy summer days” gone by,
And vanish’d summer glory—
It shall not touch with breath of bale,
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.*



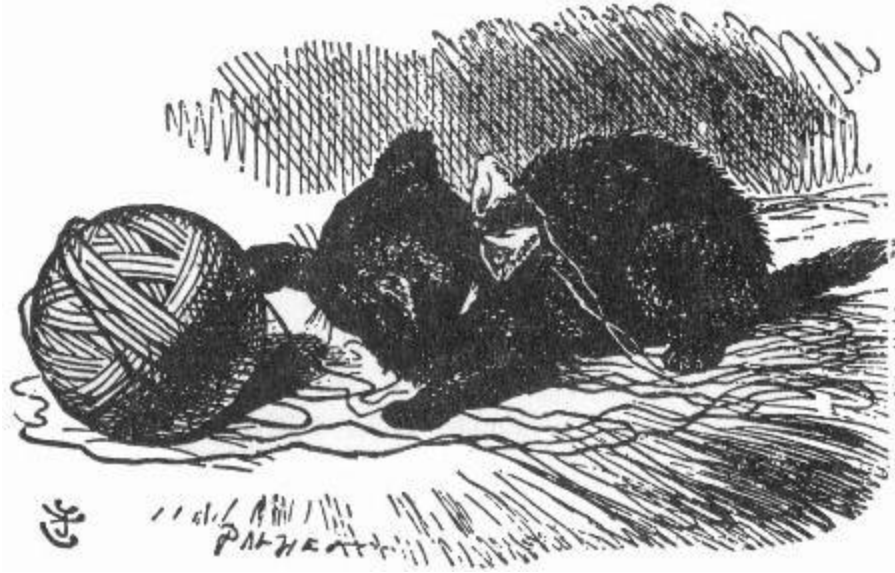
Chapter I

Looking-Glass House

ONE THING WAS certain, that the *white* kitten had had nothing to do with it:—it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering); so you see that it *couldn't* have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose: and just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great arm-chair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again; and there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.



“Oh, you wicked little thing!” cried Alice, catching up the kitten, and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. “Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You *ought*, Dinah, you know you ought!” she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage—and then she scrambled back into the arm-chair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn’t get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help, if it might.



“Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?” Alice began. “You’d have guessed if you’d been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn’t. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire—and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we’ll go and see the bonfire to-morrow.” Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten’s neck, just to see how it would look: this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

“Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty,” Alice went on as soon as they were comfortably settled again, “when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you’d have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What

have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me!" she went on, holding up one finger. "I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you ca'n't deny it, Kitty: I heard you! What's that you say?" (pretending that the kitten was speaking.) "Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's *your* fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you'd shut them tight up, it wouldn't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty too? Now for number three: you unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking!

"That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week. Suppose they had saved up all *my* punishments!" she went on, talking more to herself than the kitten. "What *would* they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner; then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn't mind *that* much! I'd far rather go without them than eat them!

"Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow *loves* the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, "Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again." And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about—whenever the wind blows—oh, that's very pretty!" cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. "And I do so *wish* it was true! I'm sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

"Kitty, can you play chess? Now, don't smile, my dear, I'm asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it: and when I said "Check!" you purred! Well, it *was* a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn't been for that nasty Knight, that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty, dear, let's pretend—" And here I wish I could tell you half the things Alice used to say, beginning with her favourite phrase "Let's pretend." She had had quite a long argument with her sister only the day before—all because Alice had

begun with “Let’s pretend we’re kings and queens;” and her sister, who liked being very exact, had argued that they couldn’t, because there were only two of them, and Alice had been reduced at last to say, “Well, you can be one of them then, and *I’ll* be all the rest.” And once she had really frightened her old nurse by shouting suddenly in her ear, “Nurse! Do let’s pretend that I’m a hungry hyaena, and you’re a bone!”

But this is taking us away from Alice’s speech to the kitten. “Let’s pretend that you’re the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you’d look exactly like her. Now do try, there’s a dear!” And Alice got the Red Queen off the table, and set it up before the kitten as a model for it to imitate: however, the thing didn’t succeed, principally, Alice said, because the kitten wouldn’t fold its arms properly. So, to punish it, she held it up to the looking-glass, that it might see how sulky it was—“and if you’re not good directly,” she added, “I’ll put you through into looking-glass House. How would you like *that*?”

“Now, if you’ll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I’ll tell you all my ideas about Looking-Glass House. First, there’s the room you can see through the glass—that’s just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair—all but the bit behind the fireplace. Oh! I do so wish I could see *that* bit! I want so much to know whether they’ve a fire in the winter: you never *can* tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too—but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well then, the books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way; I know that, because I’ve held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

“How would you like to live in Looking-Glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they’d give you milk in there? Perhaps Looking-Glass milk isn’t good to drink—But oh, Kitty! now we come to the passage. You can just see a little *peep* of the passage in Looking-Glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it’s very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond. Oh, Kitty! how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-Glass House! I’m sure it’s got, oh! such beautiful things in it! Let’s pretend there’s a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let’s pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it’s turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It’ll be easy enough to get through—” She was up on

the chimney-piece while she said this, though she hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass *was* beginning to melt away, just like a bright silvery mist.



In another moment Alice was through the glass, and had jumped lightly down into the looking-glass room. The very first thing she did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and she was quite pleased to find that there was a real one, blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. "So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room," thought Alice: "warmer, in fact, because there'll be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it'll be, when they see me through the glass in here, and ca'n't get at me!"

Then she began looking about, and noticed that what could be seen from the old room was quite common and uninteresting, but that all the rest was a different as possible. For instance, the pictures on the wall next the fire seemed to be all alive, and the very clock on the chimney-piece (you know

you can only see the back of it in the looking-glass) had got the face of a little old man, and grinned at her.



“They don’t keep this room so tidy as the other,” Alice thought to herself, as she noticed several of the chessmen down in the hearth among the cinders: but in another moment, with a little “Oh!” of surprise, she was down on her hands and knees watching them. The chessmen were walking about, two and two!



“Here are the Red King and the Red Queen,” Alice said (in a whisper, for fear of frightening them), “and there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel—and here are two Castles walking arm in arm—I don’t think they can hear me,” she went on, as she put her head closer down, “and I’m nearly sure they ca’n’t see me. I feel somehow as if I were invisible—”

Here something began squeaking on the table behind Alice, and made her turn her head just in time to see one of the White Pawns roll over and begin kicking: she watched it with great curiosity to see what would happen next.

“It is the voice of my child!” the White Queen cried out as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders. “My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!” and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

“Imperial fiddlestick!” said the King, rubbing his nose, which had been hurt by the fall. He had a right to be a *little* annoyed with the Queen, for he was covered with ashes from head to foot.

Alice was very anxious to be of use, and, as the poor little Lily was nearly screaming herself into a fit, she hastily picked up the Queen and set her on the table by the side of her noisy little daughter.

The Queen gasped, and sat down: the rapid journey through the air had quite taken away her breath, and for a minute or two she could do nothing but hug the little Lily in silence. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little, she called out to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, “Mind the volcano!”

“What volcano?” said the King, looking up anxiously into the fire, as if he thought that was the most likely place to find one.

“Blew—me—up,” panted the Queen, who was still a little out of breath. “Mind you come up—the regular way—don’t get blown up!”

Alice watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till at last she said, “Why, you’ll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate. I’d far better help you, hadn’t I?” But the King took no notice of the question: it was quite clear that he could neither hear her nor see her.

So Alice picked him up very gently, and lifted him across more slowly than she had lifted the Queen, that she mightn’t take his breath away: but, before she put him on the table, she thought she might as well dust him a little, he was so covered with ashes.

She said afterwards that she had never seen in all her life such a face as the King made, when he found himself held in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted: he was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger, and rounder and rounder, till her hand shook so with laughing that she nearly let him drop upon the floor.



“Oh! *please* don’t make such faces, my dear!” she cried out, quite forgetting that the King couldn’t hear her. “You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don’t keep your mouth so wide open! All the ashes will get into it—there, now I think you’re tidy enough!” she added, as she smoothed his hair, and set him upon the table near the Queen.

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still: and Alice was a little alarmed at what she had done, and went round the room to see if she could find any water to throw over him. However, she could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when she got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the Queen were talking together in a frightened whisper—so low, that Alice could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying, “I assure, you my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!”

To which the Queen replied, “You haven’t got any whiskers.”

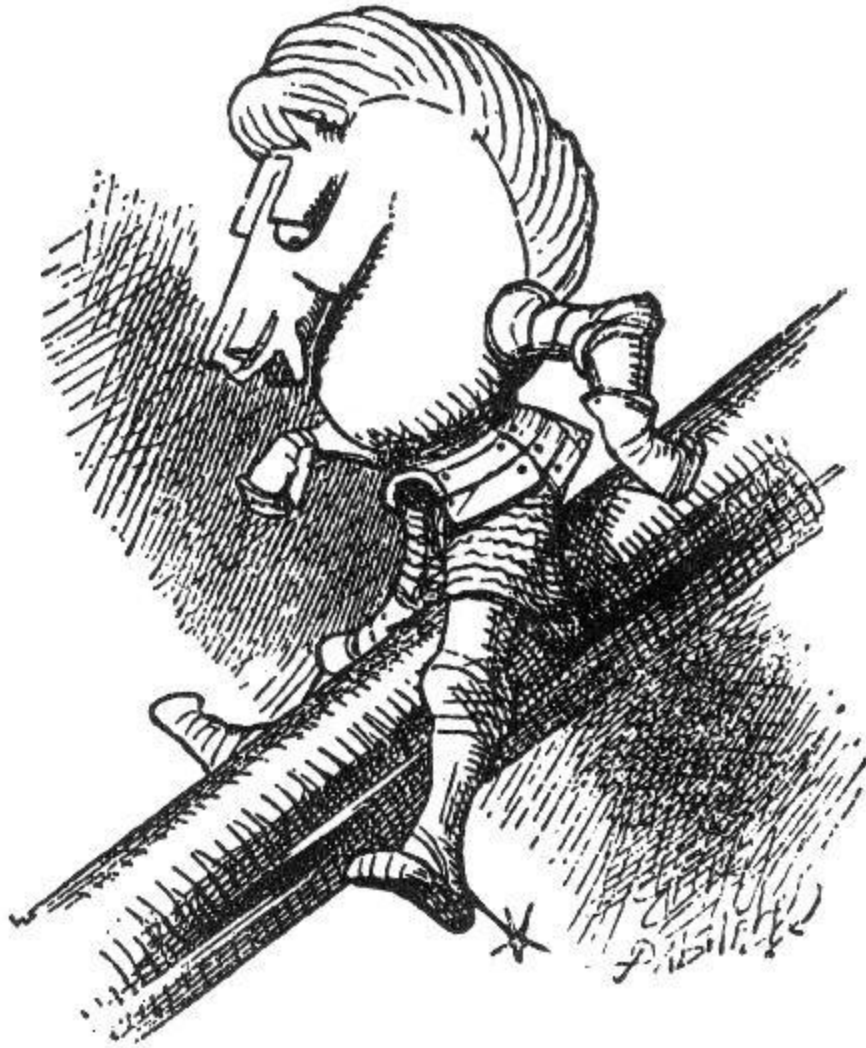
“The horror of that moment,” the King went on, “I shall never, *never* forget!”

“You will, though,” the Queen said, “if you don’t make a memorandum of it.”

Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him.

The poor King look puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything; but Alice was too strong for him, and at last he panted out, “My dear! I really must get a thinner pencil. I ca’n’t manage this one a bit; it writes all manner of things that I don’t intend—”

“What manner of things?” said the Queen, looking over the book (in which Alice had put “*The White Knight is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly.*”)



“That’s not a memorandum of your feelings!”

There was a book lying near Alice on the table, and while she sat watching the White King (for she was still a little anxious about him, and had the ink all ready to throw over him, in case he fainted again), she turned over the leaves, to find some part that she could read, “—for it’s all in some language I don’t know,” she said to herself.

It was like this:

.YKCOWREBB AJ

*sevot yhtils eht dna ,gillirb sawT”
;ebaw eht ni elbmig dna eryg diD
,sevogorob eht erew ysmim lla*

.ebargtuo shtar emom eht dnA

She puzzled over this for some time, but at last a bright thought struck her.

“Why, it’s a looking-glass book, of course! And if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again.”

This was the poem that Alice read.

JABBERWOCKY

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

*“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”*

*He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.*

*And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!*



*One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.*

*“And has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.*

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;*

*All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

“It seems very pretty,” she said when she had finished it, “but it’s *rather* hard to understand!” (You see she didn’t like to confess, ever to herself, that she couldn’t make it out at all.) “Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don’t exactly know what they are! However, *somebody* killed *something*: that’s clear, at any rate—”

“But oh!” thought Alice, suddenly jumping up, “if I don’t make haste I shall have to go back through the looking-glass, before I’ve seen what the rest of the house is like! Let’s have a look at the garden first!” She was out of the room in a moment, and ran down stairs—or, at least, it wasn’t exactly running, but a new invention of hers for getting down stairs quickly and easily, as Alice said to herself. She just kept the tips of her fingers on the hand-rail, and floated gently down without even touching the stairs with her feet; then she floated on through the hall, and would have gone straight out at the door in the same way, if she hadn’t caught hold of the door-post. She was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way.

Chapter II

The Garden of Live Flowers

“I SHOULD SEE the garden far better,” said Alice to herself, “if I could get to the top of that hill: and here’s a path that leads straight to it—at least, no, it doesn’t do that—” (after going a few yards along the path, and turning several sharp corners), “but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It’s more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, *this* turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it doesn’t! This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I’ll try it the other way.”

And so she did: wandering up and down, and trying turn after turn, but always coming back to the house, do what she would. Indeed, once, when she turned a corner rather more quickly than usual, she ran against it before she could stop herself.

“It’s no use talking about it,” Alice said, looking up at the house and pretending it was arguing with her. “I’m not going in again yet. I know I should have to get through the looking-glass again—back into the old room—and there’d be an end of all my adventures!”

So, resolutely turning back upon the house, she set out once more down the path, determined to keep straight on till she got to the hill. For a few minutes all went on well, and she was just saying, “I really *shall* do it this time—” when the path gave a sudden twist and shook itself (as she described it afterwards), and the next moment she found herself actually walking in at the door.

“Oh, it’s too bad!” she cried. “I never saw such a house for getting in the way! Never!”

However, there was the hill full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time she came upon a large flower-bed, with a border of daisies, and a willow-tree growing in the middle.

“O Tiger-lily!” said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, “I *wish* you could talk!”



“We *can* talk,” said the Tiger-lily: “when there’s anybody worth talking to.”

Alice was so astonished that she could not speak for a minute: it quite seemed to take her breath away. At length, as the Tiger-lily only went on waving about, she spoke again, in a timid voice—almost in a whisper. “And can *all* the flowers talk?”

“As well as *you* can,” said the Tiger-lily. “And a great deal louder.”

“It isn’t manners for us to begin, you know,” said the Rose, “and I really was wondering when you’d speak! Said I to myself, ‘Her face has got *some* sense in it, thought it’s not a clever one!’ Still, you’re the right colour, and that goes a long way.”

“I don’t care about the colour,” the Tiger-lily remarked. “If only her petals curled up a little more, she’d be all right.”

Alice didn’t like being criticized, so she began asking questions. “Aren’t you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?”

“There’s the tree in the middle,” said the Rose: “what else is it good for?”

“But what could it do, if any danger came?” Alice asked.

“It says ‘Bough-wough!’ cried a Daisy: “that’s why its branches are called boughs!”

“Didn’t you know *that*?” cried another Daisy, and here they all began shouting together, till the air seemed quite full of little shrill voices. “Silence, every one of you!” cried the Tiger-lily, waving itself passionately from side to side, and trembling with excitement. “They know I ca’n’t get at them!” it panted, bending its quivering head towards Alice, “or they wouldn’t dare to do it!”

“Never mind!” Alice said in a soothing tone, and stooping down to the daisies, who were just beginning again, she whispered, “If you don’t hold your tongues, I’ll pick you!”

There was silence in a moment, and several of the pink daisies turned white.

“That’s right!” said the Tiger-lily. “The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it’s enough to make one wither to hear the way they go on!”

“How is it you can all talk so nicely?” Alice said, hoping to get it into a better temper by a compliment. “I’ve been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk.”

“Put your hand down, and feel the ground,” said the Tiger-lily. “Then you’ll know why.”

Alice did so. “It’s very hard,” she said; “but I don’t see what that has to do with it.”

“In most gardens,” the Tiger-lily said, “they make the beds too soft—so that the flowers are always asleep.”

This sounded a very good reason, and Alice was quite pleased to know it. “I never thought of that before!” she said.

“It’s *my* opinion that you never think *at all*,” the Rose said in a rather severe tone.

“I never saw anybody that looked stupider,” a Violet said, so suddenly, that Alice quite jumped; for it hadn’t spoken before.

“Hold *your* tongue!” cried the Tiger-lily. “As if *you* ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what’s going on in the world, that if you were a bud!”

“Are there any more people in the garden besides me?” Alice said, not choosing to notice the Rose’s last remark.

“There’s one other flower in the garden that can move about like you,” said the Rose. “I wonder how you do it—” (“You’re always wondering,” said the Tiger-lily), “but she’s more bushy than you are.”

“Is she like me?” Alice asked eagerly, for the thought crossed her mind, “There’s another little girl in the garden, somewhere!”

“Well, she has the same awkward shape as you,” the Rose said, “but she’s redder—and her petals are shorter, I think.”

“Her petals are done up close, almost like a dahlia,” said the Tiger-lily: “not tumbled about anyhow, like yours.”

“But that’s not *your* fault,” the Rose added kindly. “You’re beginning to fade, you know—and then one ca’n’t help one’s petals getting a little untidy.”

Alice didn’t like this idea at all: so, to change the subject, she asked “Does she ever come out here?”

“I daresay you’ll see her soon,” said the Rose. “She’s one of the kind that has nine spikes, you know.”

“Where does she wear them?” Alice asked with some curiosity.

“Why all round her head, of course,” the Rose replied. “I was wondering *you* hadn’t got some too. I thought it was the regular rule.”

“She’s coming!” cried the Larkspur. “I hear her footstep, thump, thump, thump, along the gravel-walk!”

Alice looked round eagerly, and found that it was the Red Queen. “She’s grown a good deal!” was her first remark. She had indeed: when Alice first found her in the ashes, she had been only three inches high—and here she was, half a head taller than Alice herself!

“It’s the fresh air that does it,” said the Rose: “wonderfully fine air it is, out here.”

“I think I’ll go and meet her,” said Alice, for, though the flowers were interesting enough, she felt that it would be far grander to have a talk with a real Queen.

“You ca’n’t possibly do that,” said the Rose: “I should advise you to walk the other way.”

This sounded nonsense to Alice, so she said nothing, but set off at once towards the Red Queen. To her surprise, she lost sight of her in a moment, and found herself walking in at the front-door again.

A little provoked, she drew back, and after looking everywhere for the Queen (whom she spied out at last, a long way off), she thought she would

try the plan, this time, of walking in the opposite direction.

It succeeded beautifully. She had not been walking a minute before she found herself face to face with the Red Queen, and full in sight of the hill she had been so long aiming at.

“Where do you come from?” said the Red Queen. “And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don’t twiddle your fingers all the time.”



Alice attended to all these directions, and explained, as well as she could, that she had lost her way.

“I don’t know what you mean by *your* way,” said the Queen: “all the ways about here belong to *me*—but why did you come out here at all?” she added in a kinder tone. “Curtsey while you’re thinking what to say. It saves time.”

Alice wondered a little at this, but she was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. “I’ll try it when I go home,” she thought to herself, “the next time I’m a little late for dinner.”

“It’s time for you to answer now,” the Queen said, looking at her watch: “open your mouth a *little* wider when you speak, and always say “your Majesty.””

“I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty—”

“That’s right,” said the Queen, patting her on the head, which Alice didn’t like at all: “though, when you say “garden”—*I’ve* seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness.”

Alice didn’t dare to argue the point, but went on: “—and I thought I’d try and find my way to the top of that hill—”

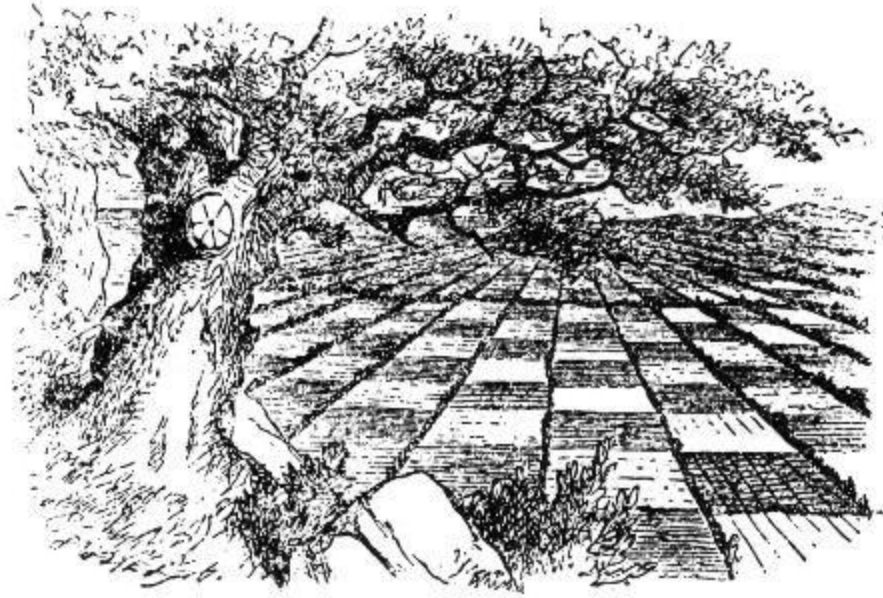
“When you say “hill,” the Queen interrupted, “*I* could show you hills, in comparison with which you’d call that a valley.”

“No, I shouldn’t,” said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last: “a hill *ca’n’t* be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense—”

The Red Queen shook her head. “You may call it ‘nonsense’ if you like,” she said, “but *I’ve* heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!”

Alice curtseyed again, as she was afraid from the Queen’s tone that she was a *little* offended: and they walked on in silence till they got to the top of the little hill.

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country—and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.



“I declare it’s marked out just like a large chessboard!” Alice said at last. “There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are!” she added in a tone of delight, and her heart began to beat quick with excitement as she went on. “It’s a great huge game of chess that’s being played—all over the world—if this *is* the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I *wish* I was one of them! I wouldn’t mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though of course I should *like* to be a Queen, best.”

She glanced rather shyly at the real Queen as she said this, but her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said “That’s easily managed. You can be the White Queen’s Pawn, if you like, as Lily’s too young to play; and you’re in the Second Square to begin with: when you get to the Eighth Square you’ll be a Queen—” Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to run.



Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her: and still the Queen kept crying “Faster! Faster!” but Alice felt she *could not* go faster, thought she had not breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. “I wonder if all the things move along with us?” thought poor puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried, “Faster! Don’t try to talk!”

Not that Alice had any idea of doing *that*. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath: and still the Queen cried “Faster! Faster!” and dragged her along. “Are we nearly there?” Alice managed to pant out at last.

“Nearly there!” the Queen repeated. “Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!” And they ran on for a time in silence, with the wind whistling in Alice’s ears, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied.

“Now! Now!” cried the Queen. “Faster! Faster!” And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, “You may rest a little now.”

Alice looked round her in great surprise. “Why, I do believe we’ve been under this tree the whole time! Everything’s just as it was!”

“Of course it is,” said the Queen. “What would you have it?”

“Well, in *our* country,” said Alice, still panting a little, “you’d generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we’ve been doing.”

“A slow sort of country!” said the Queen. “Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!”

“I’d rather not try, please!” said Alice. “I’m quite content to stay here—only I *am* so hot and thirsty!”

“I know what *you’d* like!” the Queen said good-naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket. “Have a biscuit?”

Alice thought it would not be civil to say “No,” though it wasn’t at all what she wanted. So she took it, and ate it as well as she could: and it was *very* dry; and she thought she had never been so nearly choked in all her life.

“While you’re refreshing yourself,” said the Queen, “I’ll just take the measurements.” And she took a ribbon out of her pocket, marked in inches, and began measuring the ground, and sticking little pegs in here and there.

“At the end of two yards,” she said, putting in a peg to mark the distance, “I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?”

“No, thank you,” said Alice: “one’s *quite* enough!”

“Thirst quenched, I hope?” said the Queen.

Alice did not know what to say to this, but luckily the Queen did not wait for an answer, but went on. “At the end of *three* yards I shall repeat them—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of *four*, I shall say good-bye. And at the end of *five*, I shall go!”

She had got all the pegs put in by this time, and Alice looked on with great interest as she returned to the tree, and then began slowly walking down the row.

At the two-yard peg she faced round, and said, “A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you’ll go *very* quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you’ll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. Well, *that* square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water—the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?”

“I—I didn’t know I had to make one—just then,” Alice faltered out.

“You *should* have said,” the Queen went on in a tone of grave reproof, “‘It’s extremely kind of you to tell me all this’”—however, we’ll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest—however, one of the Knights will show you the way—and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it’s all feasting and fun!” Alice got up and curtsied, and sat down again.

At the next peg the Queen turned again, and this time she said, “Speak in French when you ca’n’t think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!” She did not wait for Alice to curtsy this time, but walked on quickly to the next peg, where she turned for a moment to say “Good-bye,” and then hurried on to the last.

How it happened, Alice never knew, but exactly as she came to the last peg, she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or whether she ran quickly into the wood (“and she *can* run very fast!” thought Alice), there was no way of guessing, but she was gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time for her to move.

Chapter III

Looking-Glass Insects

OF COURSE the first thing to do was to make a grand survey of the country she was going to travel through. “It’s something very like learning geography,” thought Alice, as she stood on tiptoe in hopes of being able to see a little further. “Principal rivers—there *are* none. Principal mountains—I’m on the only one, but I don’t think it’s got any name. Principal towns—why, what *are* those creatures, making honey down there? They ca’n’t be bees—nobody ever saw bees a mile off, you know—” and for some time she stood silent, watching one of them that was bustling about among the flowers, poking its proboscis into them, “just as if it was a regular bee,” thought Alice.

However, this was anything but a regular bee: in fact it was an elephant—as Alice soon found out, though the idea quite took her breath away at first. “And what enormous flowers they must be!” was her next idea. “Something like cottages with the roofs taken off, and stalks put to them—and what quantities of honey they must make! I think I’ll go down and—no, I wo’n’t *just* yet, “ she went on, checking herself just as she was beginning to run down the hill, and trying to find some excuse for turning shy so suddenly. “It’ll never do to go down among them without a good long branch to brush them away—and what fun it’ll be when they ask me how I like my walk. I shall say—““Oh, I like it well enough—”” (here came the favourite little toss of the head), ““only it was so dusty and hot, and the elephants did tease so!””

“I think I’ll go down the other way,” she said after a pause: “and perhaps I may visit the elephants later on. Besides, I do so want to get into the Third Square!”

So with this excuse she ran down the hill and jumped over the first of the six little brooks.

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“Tickets, please!” said the Guard, putting his head in at the window. In a moment everybody was holding out a ticket: they were about the same size as the people, and quite seemed to fill the carriage.

“Now then! Show your ticket, child!” the Guard went on, looking angrily at Alice. And a great many voices all said together (“like the chorus of a song,” thought Alice), “Don’t keep him waiting, child! Why, his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute!”

“I’m afraid I haven’t got one,” Alice said in a frightened tone: “there wasn’t a ticket-office where I came from.” And again the chorus of voices went on. “There wasn’t room for one where she came from. The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!”

“Don’t make excuses,” said the Guard: “you should have bought one from the engine-driver.” And once more the chorus of voices went on with “The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!”

Alice thought to herself, “Then there’s no use in speaking.” The voices didn’t join in this time, as she hadn’t spoken, but to her great surprise, they all *thought* in chorus (I hope you understand what thinking in chorus means—for I must confess that *I* don’t), “Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a word!”

“I shall dream about a thousand pounds tonight, I know I shall!” thought Alice.

All this time the Guard was looking at her, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass. At last he said, “You’re travelling the wrong way,” and shut up the window and went away.



“So young a child,” said the gentleman sitting opposite to her (he was dressed in white paper), “ought to know which way she’s going, even if she doesn’t know her own name!”

A Goat, that was sitting next to the gentleman in white, shut his eyes and said in a loud voice, “She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, even if she doesn’t know her alphabet!”

There was a Beetle sitting next to the Goat (it was a very queer carriage-full of passengers altogether), and, as the rule seemed to be that they should all speak in turn, *he* went on with “She’ll have to go back from here as luggage!”

Alice couldn’t see who was sitting beyond the Beetle, but a hoarse voice spoke next. “Change engines—” it said, and was obliged to leave off.

“It sounds like a horse,” Alice thought to herself. And an extremely small voice, close to her ear, said, “You might make a joke on that—something about “horse” and “hoarse,” you know.”

Then a very gentle voice in the distance said, “She must be labelled “Lass, with care,” you know.”

And after that other voices went on (What a number of people there are in the carriage!” thought Alice), saying “She must go by post, as she’s got a

head on her.” “She must be sent as a message by the telegraph.” “She must draw the train herself the rest of the way,” and so on.

But the gentleman dressed in white paper leaned forwards and whispered in her ear, “Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops.”

“Indeed I sha’n’t!” Alice said rather impatiently. “I don’t belong to this railway journey at all—I was in a wood just now—and I wish I could get back there!”

“You might make a joke on that,” said the little voice close to her ear: “something about ‘you *would* if you could,’ you know.”

“Don’t tease so,” said Alice, looking about in vain to see where the voice came from; “if you’re so anxious to have a joke made, why don’t you make one yourself?”

The little voice sighed deeply: it was *very* unhappy, evidently, and Alice would have said something pitying to comfort it, “if it would only sigh like other people!” she thought. But this was such a wonderfully small sigh, that she wouldn’t have heard it at all, if it hadn’t come *quite* close to her ear. The consequence of this was that it tickled her ear very much, and quite took off her thoughts from the unhappiness of the poor little creature.

“I know you are a friend,” the little voice went on; “a dear friend, and an old friend. And you wo’n’t hurt me, though I *am* an insect.”

“What kind of insect?” Alice inquired a little anxiously. What she really wanted to know was, whether it could sting or not, but she thought this wouldn’t be quite a civil question to ask.

“What, then you don’t—” the little voice began, when it was drowned by a shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up in alarm, Alice among the rest.

The Horse, who had put his head out of the window, quietly drew it in and said, “It’s only a brook we have to jump over.” Everybody seemed satisfied with this, though Alice felt a little nervous at the idea of trains jumping at all. “However, it’ll take us into the Fourth Square, that’s some comfort!” she said to herself. In another moment she felt the carriage rise straight up into the air, and in her fright she caught at the thing nearest to her hand, which happened to be the Goat’s beard.

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But the beard seemed to melt away as she touched it, and she found herself sitting quietly under a tree—while the Gnat (for that was the insect she had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning her with its wings.

It certainly was a *very* large Gnat: “about the size of a chicken,” Alice thought. Still, she couldn’t feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

“—then you don’t like all insects?” the Gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

“I like them when they can talk,” Alice said. “None of them ever talk, where I come from.”

“What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where *you* come from?” the Gnat inquired.

“I don’t *rejoice* in insects at all,” Alice explained, “because I’m rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them.”

“Of course they answer to their names?” the Gnat remarked carelessly.

“I never knew them do it.”

“What’s the use of their having names,” the Gnat said, “if they wo’n’t answer to them?”

“No use to *them*,” said Alice; “but it’s useful to the people who name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?”

“I ca’n’t say,” the Gnat replied. “Further on, in the wood down there, they’ve got no names—however, go on with your list of insects: you’re wasting time.”

“Well, there’s the Horse-fly,” Alice began, counting off the names on her fingers.

“All right,” said the Gnat: “half way up that bush, you’ll see a Rocking-horse-fly, if you look. It’s made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch.”



“What does it live on?” Alice asked, with great curiosity.

“Sap and sawdust,” said the Gnat. “Go on with the list.”

Alice looked up at the Rocking-horse-fly with great interest, and made up her mind that it must have been just repainted, it looked so bright and sticky; and then she went on.

“And there’s the Dragon-fly.”

“Look on the branch above your head,” said the Gnat, “and there you’ll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy.”



“And what does it live on?”

“Frumenty and mince pie,” the Gnat replied; “and it makes its nest in a Christmas-box.”

“And then there’s the Butterfly,” Alice went on, after she had taken a good look at the insect with its head on fire, and had thought to herself, “I wonder if that’s the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles—because they want to turn into Snap-dragon-flies!”

“Crawling at your feet,” said the Gnat (Alice drew her feet back in some alarm), “you may observe a Bread-and-butter-fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.”



“And what does *it* live on?”

“Weak tea with cream in it.”

A new difficulty came into Alice’s head. “Supposing it couldn’t find any?” she suggested.

“Then it would die, of course.”

“But that must happen very often,” Alice remarked thoughtfully.

“It always happens,” said the Gnat.

After this, Alice was silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amused itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head: at last it settled again and remarked, “I suppose you don’t want to lose your name?”

“No, indeed,” Alice said, a little anxiously.

“And yet I don’t know,” the Gnat went on in a careless tone: “only think how convenient it would be if you could manage to go home without it! For instance, if the governess wanted to call you to your lessons, she would call out ‘Come here—,’ and there she would have to leave off, because there wouldn’t be any name for her to all, and of course you wouldn’t have to go, you know.”

“That would never do, I’m sure,” said Alice: “the governess would never think of excusing me lessons for that. If she couldn’t remember my name, she’d call me ‘Miss!’ as the servants do.”

“Well, if she said ‘Miss,’ and didn’t say anything more,” the Gnat remarked, “of course you’d miss your lessons. That’s a joke. I wish *you* had

made it.”

“Why do you wish I had made it?” Alice asked. “It’s a very bad one.”

But the Gnat only sighed deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.

“You shouldn’t make jokes,” Alice said, “if it makes you so unhappy.”

Then came another of those melancholy little sighs, and this time the poor Gnat really seemed to have sighed itself away, for, when Alice looked up, there was nothing whatever to be seen on the twig, and, as she was getting quite chilly with sitting still so long she got up and walked on.

She very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it: it looked much darker than the last wood, and Alice felt a little timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, she made up her mind to go on: “for I certainly wo’n’t go *back*,” she thought to herself, and this was the only way to the Eighth Square.

“This must be the wood,” she said thoughtfully to herself, “where things have no names. I wonder what’ll become of *my* name when I go in? I shouldn’t like to lose it at all—because they’d have to give me another and it would be almost certain to be an ugly one. But then the fun would be, trying to find the creature that had got my old name! That’s just like the advertisements, you know, when people lose dogs—‘*answers to the name of “Dash:” had on a brass collar*’—just fancy calling everything you met “Alice,” till one of them answered! Only they wouldn’t answer at all, if they were wise.”

She was rambling on in this way when she reached the wood: it looked very cool and shady. “Well, at any rate it’s a great comfort,” she said as she stepped under the trees, “after being so hot, to get into the—into *what*?” she went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. “I mean to get under the—under the—under *this*, you know!” putting her hand on the trunk of the tree. “What *does* it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it’s got no name—why, to be sure it hasn’t!”

She stood silent for a minute, thinking: then she suddenly began again. “Then it really *has* happened, after all! And now, who am I? I *will* remember, if I can! I’m determined to do it!” But being determined didn’t help much, and all she could say, after a great deal of puzzling, was, “L, I *know* it begins with L!”

Just then a Fawn came wandering by: it looked at Alice with its large gentle eyes, but didn’t seem at all frightened. “Here then! Here then!” Alice

said as she held out her hand and tried to stroke it; but it only started back a little, and then stood looking at her again.

“What do you call yourself?” the Fawn said at last. Such a soft sweet voice it had!

“I wish I knew!” thought poor Alice. She answered, rather sadly, “Nothing, just now.”

“Think again,” it said: “that wo’n’t do.”

Alice thought, but nothing came of it. “Please, would you tell me what *you* call yourself?” she said timidly. “I think that might help a little.”

“I’ll tell you, of you’ll move a little further on,” the Fawn said. “I ca’n’t remember *here*.”



So they walked on together through the wood, Alice with her arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, till they came out into another open field, and here the Fawn gave a sudden bound into the air, and shook itself free from Alice's arms. "I'm a Fawn!" it cried out in a voice of delight, "and, dear me! you're a human child!" A sudden look of alarm came into its beautiful brown eyes, and in another moment it had darted away at full speed.

Alice stood looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost her dear little fellow-traveller so suddenly. "However, I know my name now," she said, "that's *some* comfort. Alice—Alice—I won't forget it again. And now, which of these finger-posts ought I to follow, I wonder?"

It was not a very difficult question to answer, as there was only one road through the wood, and the two finger-posts both pointed along it. "I'll settle it," Alice said to herself, "when the road divides and they point different ways."

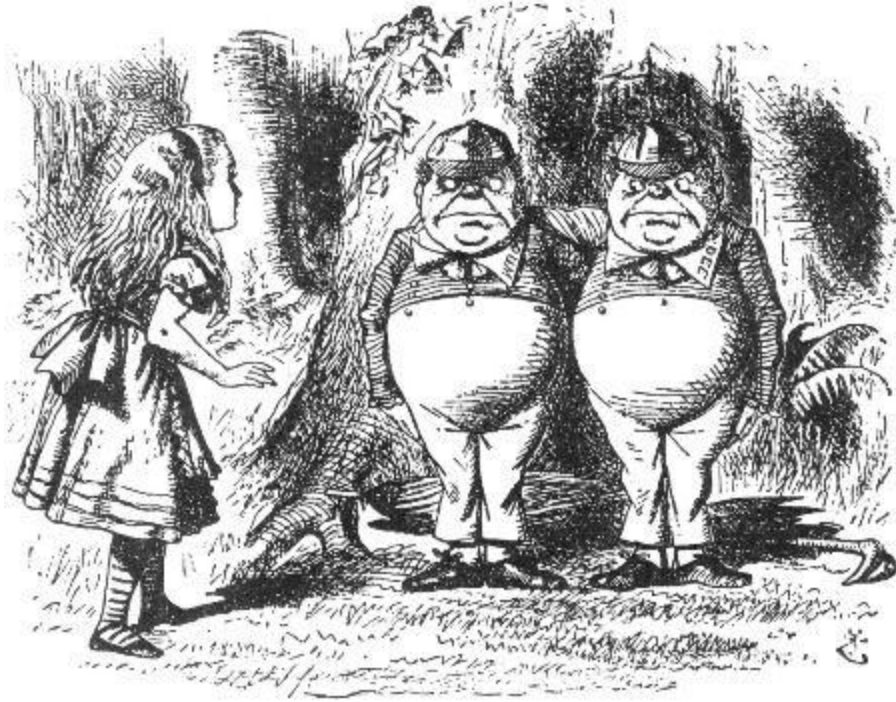
But this did not seem likely to happen. She went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divided there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked "TO TWEEDLEDUM'S HOUSE" and the other "TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE."

"I do believe," said Alice at last, "that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before—But I ca'n't stay there long. I'll just call and say 'How d'ye do?' and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get the Eighth Square before it gets dark!" So she wandered on, talking to herself as she went, till, on turning a sharp corner, she came upon two fat little men, so suddenly that she could not help starting back, but in another moment she recovered herself, feeling sure that they must be

Chapter IV

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

THEY WERE standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck, and Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had "DUM" embroidered on his collar, and the other "DEE." "I suppose they've each got "TWEEDLE" round at the back of the collar," she said to herself.



They stood so still that she quite forgot they were alive, and she was just going round to see if the word “TWEEDLE” was written at the back of each collar, when she was startled by a voice coming from the one marked “DUM”.

“If you think we’re wax-works,” he said, “you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren’t made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow.”

“Contrariwise,” added the one marked “DEE”, “if you think we’re alive, you ought to speak.”

“I’m sure I’m very sorry,” was all Alice could say; for the words of the old song kept ringing through her head like the ticking of a clock, and she could hardly help saying them out loud:

*“Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.*

*Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar-barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.”*

“I know what you’re thinking about,” said Tweedledum; “but it isn’t so, nohow.”

“Contrariwise,” continued Tweedledee, “if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn’t, it ain’t. That’s logic.”

“I was thinking,” Alice said politely, “which is the best way out of this wood: it’s getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?”

But the fat little men only looked at each other and grinned.

They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that Alice couldn’t help pointing her finger at Tweedledum, and saying “First Boy!”

“Nohow!” Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

“Next Boy!” said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee, though she felt quite certain he would only shout out “Contrariwise!” and so he did.

“You’ve begun wrong!” cried Tweedledum. “The first thing in a visit is to say ‘How d’ye do?’ and shake hands!” And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Alice did not like shaking hands with either of them first, for fear of hurting the other one’s feelings; so, as the best way out of the difficulty, she took hold of both hands at once: the next moment they were dancing round in a ring. This seemed quite natural (she remembered afterwards), and she was not even surprised to hear music playing: it seemed to come from the tree under which they were dancing, and it was done (as well as she could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks.

“But it certainly *was* funny,” (Alice said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of all this), “to find myself singing ‘*Here we go round the mulberry bush.*’ I don’t know when I began it, but somehow I felt as if I’d been singing it a long long time!”

The other two dancers were fat, and very soon out of breath. “Four times round is enough for one dance,” Tweedledum panted out, and they left off dancing as suddenly as they had begun: the music stopped at the same moment.

Then they let go of Alice’s hands, and stood looking at her for a minute: there was a rather awkward pause, as Alice didn’t know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with. “It would never

do to say ‘How d’ye do?’ now,” she said to herself: “we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!”

“I hope you’re not much tired?” she said at last.

“Nohow. And thank you very much for asking,” said Tweedledum.

“So much obliged!” added Tweedledee. “You like poetry?”

“Ye-es, pretty well—*some* poetry,” Alice said doubtfully. “Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?”

“What shall I repeat to her?” said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice’s question.

“‘*The Walrus and the Carpenter*’” is the longest,” Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

Tweedledee began instantly:

“The sun was shining—”

Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. “If it’s very long,” she said, as politely as she could, “would you please tell me first which road—”

Tweedledee smiled gently, and began again:

*“The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.*

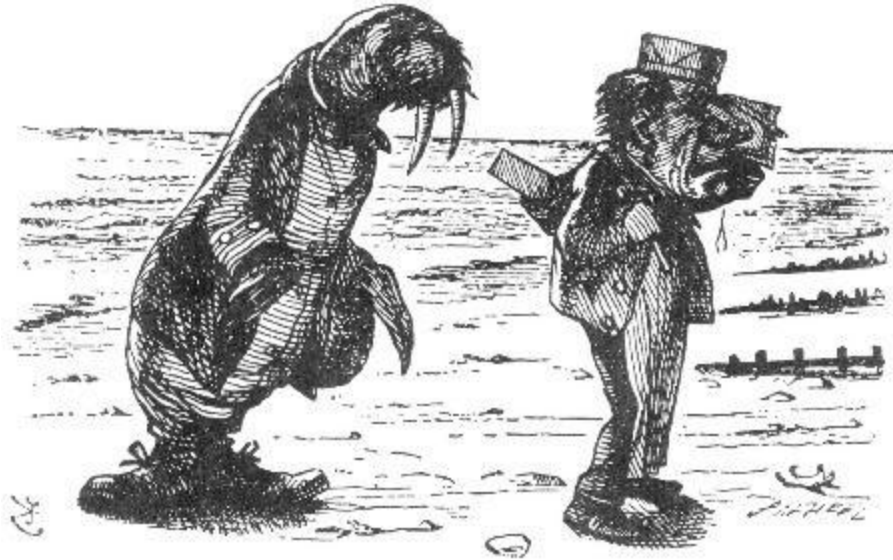
*The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
‘It’s very rude of him,’ she said,
‘to come and spoil the fun!’*

*The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—*

There were no birds to fly.

*The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand.
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'*

*'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
'that they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.*



*'O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.'*

*The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.*

*But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.*

*Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,*

*And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.*

*The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.*



*'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'to talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'*

*'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,
'Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!'
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.*

*'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.'*

*'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
'After such kindness, that would be*

*A dismal thing to do!’
‘The night is fine,’ the Walrus said.
‘Do you admire the view?’*

*‘It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!’
The Carpenter said nothing but
‘Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I’ve had to ask you twice!’*

*‘It seems a shame,’ the Walrus said,
‘to play them such a trick.
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!’
The Carpenter said nothing but
‘The butter’s spread too thick!’*

*‘I weep for you,’ the Walrus said:
‘I deeply sympathise.’
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.*

*‘O Oysters,’ said the Carpenter,
‘You’ve had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?’
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one.’”*



“I like the Walrus best,” said Alice: “because he was a *little* sorry for the poor oysters.”

“He ate more than the Carpenter, though,” said Tweedledee. “You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn’t count how many he took: contrariwise.”

“That was mean!” Alice said indignantly. “Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn’t eat so many as the Walrus.”

“But he ate as many as he could get,” said Tweedledum.

This was a puzzler. After a pause, Alice began, “Well! They were *both* very unpleasant characters—” Here she checked herself in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to her like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. “Are there any lions or tigers about here?” she asked timidly.

“It’s only the Red King snoring,” said Tweedledee.

“Come and look at him!” the brothers cried, and they each took one of Alice’s hands, and led her up to where the King was sleeping.



“Isn’t he a *lovely* sight?” said Tweedledum.

Alice couldn’t say honestly that he was. He had a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loud—“fit to snore his head off!” as Tweedledum remarked.

“I’m afraid he’ll catch cold with lying on the damp grass,” said Alice, who was a very thoughtful little girl.

“He’s dreaming now,” said Tweedledee: “and what do you think he’s dreaming about?”

Alice said “Nobody can guess that.”

“Why, about *you*!” Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. “And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you’d be?”

“Where I am now, of course,” said Alice.

“Not you!” Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. “You’d be nowhere. Why, you’re only a sort of thing in his dream!”

“If that there King was to wake,” added Tweedledum, “you’d go out—bang!—just like a candle!”

“I shouldn’t!” Alice exclaimed indignantly. “Besides, if *I*’m only a sort of thing in his dream, what are *you*, I should like to know?”

“Ditto,” said Tweedledum.

“Ditto, ditto!” cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn’t help saying “Hush! You’ll be waking him, I’m afraid, if you make so much noise.”

“Well, it’s no use *your* talking about waking him,” said Tweedledum, “when you’re only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you’re not real.”

“I *am* real!” said Alice, and began to cry.

“You wo’n’t make yourself a bit realer by crying,” Tweedledee remarked: “there’s nothing to cry about.”

“If I wasn’t real,” Alice said—half laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous—“I shouldn’t be able to cry.”

“I hope you don’t suppose those are real tears?” Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

“I know they’re talking nonsense,” Alice thought to herself: “and it’s foolish to cry about it.” So she brushed away her tears, and went on, as cheerfully as she could, “At any rate I’d better be getting out of the wood, for really it’s coming on very dark. Do you think it’s going to rain?”

Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looked up into it. “No, I don’t think it is,” he said: “at least—not under *here*. Nohow.”

“But it may rain *outside*?”

“It may—if it chooses,” said Tweedledee: “we’ve no objection. Contrariwise.”

“Selfish things!” thought Alice, and she was just going to say “Good-night” and leave them, when Tweedledum sprang out from under the umbrella, and seized her by the wrist.

“Do you see *that*?” he said, in a voice choking with passion, and his eyes grew large and yellow all in a moment, as he pointed with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under the tree.

“It’s only a rattle,” Alice said, after a careful examination of the little white thing. “Not a rattle-*snake*, you know,” she added hastily, thinking that he was frightened: “only an old rattle—quite old and broken.”

“I knew it was!” cried Tweedledum, beginning to stamp about wildly and tear his hair. “It’s spoilt, of course!” Here he looked at Tweedledee, who immediately sat down on the ground, and tried to hide himself under the umbrella.



Alice laid her hand upon his arm and said, in a soothing tone, “You needn’t be so angry about an old rattle.”

“But it *isn’t* old!” Tweedledum cried, in a greater fury than ever. “It’s *new*, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice NEW RATTLE!” and his voice rose to a perfect scream.

All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it: which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off Alice’s attention from the angry brother. But he couldn’t quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundling up in the umbrella, with only his head out: and there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes—“looking more like a fish than anything else,” Alice thought.

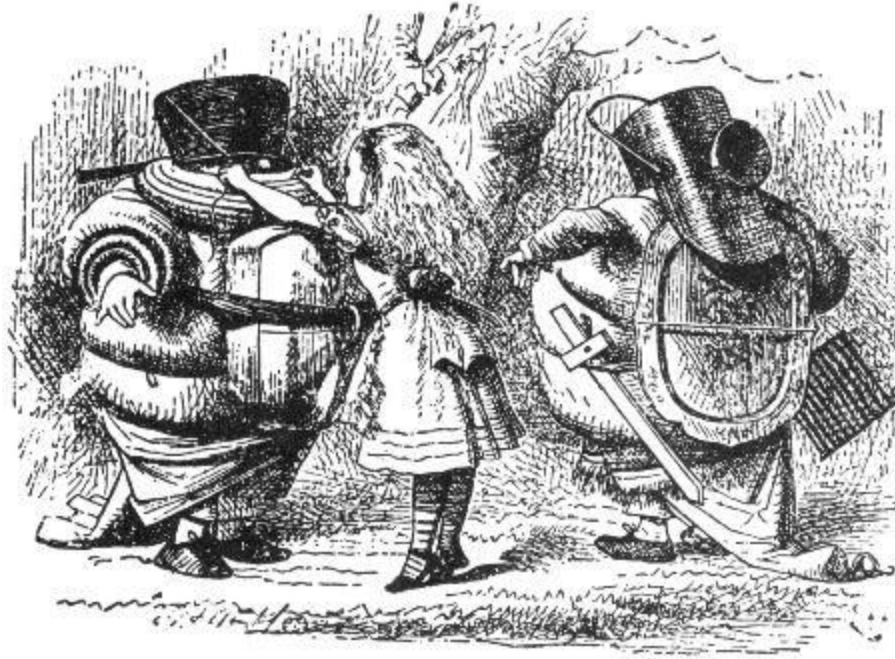
“Of course you agree to have a battle?” Tweedledum said in a calmer tone.

“I suppose so,” the other sulkily replied, as he crawled out of the umbrella: “only *she* must help us to dress up, you know.”

So the two brothers went off hand-in-hand into the wood, and returned in a minute with their arms full of things—such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers, and coal-scuttles. “I hope you’re a good hand at pinning and tying strings?” Tweedledum remarked. “Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other.”

Alice said afterwards she had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life—the way those two bustled about—and the quantity

of things they put on—and the trouble they gave her in tying strings and fastening buttons—“Really they’ll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they’re ready!” she said to herself, as she arranged a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee, “to keep his head from being cut off,” as he said.



“You know,” he added very gravely, “it’s one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one’s head cut off.”

Alice laughed loud: but she managed to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.

“Do I look very pale?” said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on. (He *called* it a helmet, though it certainly looked much more like a saucepan.)

“Well—yes—a *little*,” Alice replied gently.

“I’m very brave, generally,” he went on in a low voice: “only to-day I happen to have a headache.”

“And *I*’ve got a toothache!” said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark. “I’m far worse than you!”

“Then you’d better not fight to-day,” said Alice, thinking it a good opportunity to make peace.

“We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don’t care about going on long,” said Tweedledum. “What’s the time now?”

Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said “Half-past four.”

“Let’s fight till six, and then have dinner,” said Tweedledum.

“Very well,” the other said, rather sadly: “and *she* can watch us—only you’d better not come *very* close,” he added: “I generally hit every thing I can see—when I get really excited.”

“And *I* hit everything within reach,” cried Tweedledum, “whether I can see it or not!”

Alice laughed. “You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think,” she said.

Tweedledum looked round him with a satisfied smile. “I don’t suppose,” he said, “there’ll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we’ve finished!”

“And all about a rattle!” said Alice, still hoping to make them a *little* ashamed of fighting for such a trifle.

“I shouldn’t have minded it so much,” said Tweedledum, “if it hadn’t been a new one.”

“I wish the monstrous crow would come!” thought Alice.

“There’s only one sword, you know,” Tweedledum said to his brother: “but *you* can have the umbrella—it’s quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It’s getting as dark as it can.”

“And darker,” said Tweedledee.

It was getting dark so suddenly that Alice thought there must be a thunderstorm coming on. “What a thick black cloud that is!” she said. “And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it’s got wings!”

“It’s the crow!” Tweedledum cried out in a shrill voice of alarm; and the two brothers took to their heels and were out of sight in a moment.

Alice ran a little way into the wood, and stopped under a large tree. “It can never get at me *here*,” she thought: “it’s far too large to squeeze itself in among the trees. But I wish it wouldn’t flap its wings so—it makes quite a hurricane in the wood—here’s somebody’s shawl being blown away!”

Chapter V

Wool and Water

SHE CAUGHT the shawl as she spoke and looked about for the owner: in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly went to meet her with the shawl.

"I'm very glad I happened to be in the way," Alice said, as she helped her to put on her shawl again.

The White Queen only looked at her in a helpless frightened sort of way, and kept repeating something in a whisper to herself that sounded like "Bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter," and Alice felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself. So she began rather timidly: "Am I addressing the White Queen?"

"Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing," the Queen said. "It isn't my notion of the thing, at all."

Alice thought it would never do to have an argument at the very beginning of their conversation, so she smiled and said "if your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can."

"But I don't want it done at all!" groaned the poor Queen. "I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours."

It would have been all the better, as it seemed to Alice, if she had got some one else to dress her, she was so dreadfully untidy. "Every single thing's crooked," Alice thought to herself, "and she's all over pins!—May I put your shawl straight for you?" she added aloud.

"I don't know what's the matter with it!" the Queen said, in a melancholy voice. "It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!"

"It *ca'n't* go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side," Alice said, as she gently put it right for her; "and dear me, what a state your hair is in!"

"The brush has got entangled in it!" the Queen said with a sigh. "And I lost the comb yesterday."

Alice carefully released the brush, and did her best to get the hair into order. "Come, you look rather better now!" she said, after altering most of the pins. "But really you should have a lady's-maid!"



“I’m sure I’ll take you with pleasure!” the Queen said. “Twopence a week and jam every other day.”

Alice couldn’t help laughing, as she said “I don’t want you to hire *me*—and I don’t care for jam.”

“It’s very good jam,” said the Queen.

“Well, I don’t want any to-day, at any rate.”

“You couldn’t have it if you *did* want it,” the Queen said. “The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day.”

“It *must* come sometimes to ‘jam to-day,’” Alice objected.

“No, it ca’n’t,” said the Queen. “It’s jam every *other* day: to-day isn’t any other day, you know.”

“I don’t understand you,” said Alice. “It’s dreadfully confusing!”

“That’s the effect of living backwards,” the Queen said kindly: “it always makes one a little giddy at first —”

“Living backwards!” Alice repeated in great astonishment. “I never heard of such a thing!”

“—but there’s one great advantage in it, that one’s memory works both ways.”

“I’m sure *mine* only works one way,” Alice remarked. “I ca’n’t remember things before they happen.”

“It’s a poor sort of memory that only works backwards,” the Queen remarked.

“What sort of things do you remember best?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Oh, things that happened the week after next,” the Queen replied in a careless tone. “For instance, now,” she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger as she spoke, “there’s the King’s Messenger. He’s in prison now, being punished: and the trial doesn’t even begin till next Wednesday: and of course the crime comes last of all.”



“Suppose he never commits the crime?” said Alice.

“That would be all the better, wouldn’t it?” the Queen said, as she bound the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon.

Alice felt there was no denying *that*. “Of course it would be all the better,” she said: “but it wouldn’t be all the better his being punished.”

“You’re wrong *there*, at any rate,” said the Queen. “Were *you* ever punished?”

“Only for faults,” said Alice.

“And you were all the better for it, I know!” the Queen said triumphantly.

“Yes, but then I *had* done the things I was punished for,” said Alice: “that makes all the difference.”

“But if you *hadn’t* done them,” the Queen said, “that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!” Her voice went higher with each “better,” till it got quite to a squeak at last.

Alice was just beginning to say “There’s a mistake somewhere—,” when the Queen began screaming, so loud that she had to leave the sentence unfinished. “Oh, oh, oh!” shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. “My finger’s bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!”

Her screams were so exactly like the whistle of a steam-engine, that Alice had to hold both her hands over her ears.

“What is the matter?” she said, as soon as there was a chance of making herself heard. “Have you pricked your finger?”

“I haven’t pricked it *yet*,” the Queen said, “but I soon shall—oh, oh, oh!”

“When do you expect to do it?” Alice said, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

“When I fasten my shawl again,” the poor Queen groaned out: “the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!” As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried to clasp it again.

“Take care!” cried Alice. “You’re holding it all crooked!” And she caught at the brooch; but it was too late: the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

“That accounts for the bleeding, you see,” she said to Alice with a smile. “Now you understand the way things happen here.”

“But why don’t you scream now?” Alice asked, holding her hands ready to put over her ears again.

“Why, I’ve done all the screaming already,” said the Queen. “What would be the good of having it all over again?”

By this time it was getting light. “The crow must have flown away, I think,” said Alice: “I’m so glad it’s gone. I thought it was the night coming on.”

“I wish I could manage to be glad!” the Queen said. “Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!”

“Only it is so *very* lonely here!” Alice said in a melancholy voice; and, at the thought of her loneliness, two large tears came rolling down her cheeks.

“Oh, don’t go on like that!” cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. “Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you’ve come to-day. Consider what o’clock it is. Consider anything, only don’t cry!”

Alice could not help laughing at this, even in the midst of her tears. “Can you keep from crying by considering things?” she asked.

“That’s the way it’s done,” the Queen said with great decision: “nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let’s consider your age to begin with—how old are you?”

“I’m seven and a half, exactly.”

“You needn’t say ‘exactly,’” the Queen remarked. “I can believe it without that. Now I’ll give *you* something to believe. I’m just one hundred and one, five months and a day.”

“I ca’n’t believe *that!*” said Alice.

“Ca’n’t you?” the Queen said in a pitying tone. “Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes.”

Alice laughed. “There’s no use trying,” she said “one *ca’n’t* believe impossible things.”

“I daresay you haven’t had much practice,” said the Queen. “When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again!”

The brooch had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen’s shawl across a little brook. The Queen spread out her arms again and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it herself. “I’ve got it!” she cried in a triumphant tone. “Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!”

“Then I hope your finger is better now?” Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen.

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“Oh, much better!” cried the Queen, her voice rising into a squeak as she went on. “Much be-etter! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!” The last word ended in a long bleat, so like a sheep that Alice quite started.

She looked at the Queen, who seemed to have suddenly wrapped herself up in wool. Alice rubbed her eyes, and looked again. She couldn't make out what had happened at all. Was she in a shop? And was that really—was it really a *sheep* that was sitting on the other side of the counter? Rub as she would, she could make nothing more of it: she was in a little dark shop, leaning with her elbows on the counter, and opposite to her was an old Sheep, sitting in an arm-chair, knitting, and every now and then leaving off to look at her through a great pair of spectacles.



“What is it you want to buy?” the Sheep said at last, looking up for a moment from her knitting.

“I don’t *quite* know yet,” Alice said very gently. “I should like to look all round me first, if I might.”

“You may look in front of you, and on both sides, if you like,” said the Sheep; “but you ca’n’t look *all* round you—unless you’ve got eyes at the back of your head.”

But these, as it happened, Alice had *not* got: so she contented herself with turning round, looking at the shelves as she came to them.

The shop seemed to be full of all manner of curious things—but the oddest part of it all was that, whenever she looked hard at any shelf, to make out exactly what it had on it, that particular shelf was always quite empty: though the others round it were crowded as full as they could hold.

“Things flow about so here!” she said at last in a plaintive tone, after she had spent a minute or so in vainly pursuing a large bright thing that looked sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and was always in the shelf next above the one she was looking at. “And this one is the most provoking of all—but I’ll tell you what—” she added, as a sudden thought struck her. “I’ll follow it up to the very top shelf of all. It’ll puzzle it to go through the ceiling, I expect!”

But even this plan failed: the “thing” went through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it were quite used to it.

“Are you a child or a teetotum?” the Sheep said, as she took up another pair of needles. “You’ll make me giddy soon, if you go on turning round like that.” She was now working with fourteen pairs at once, and Alice couldn’t help looking at her in great astonishment.

“How *can* she knit with so many?” the puzzled child thought to herself. “She gets more and more like a porcupine every minute!”

“Can you row?” the Sheep asked, handing her a pair of knitting-needles as she spoke.

“Yes, a little—but not on land—and not with needles —” Alice was beginning to say, when suddenly the needles turned into oars in her hands, and she found they were in a little boat, gliding along between banks: so there was nothing for it but to do her best.



“Feather!” cried the Sheep, as she took up another pair of needles.

This didn’t sound like a remark that needed any answer: so Alice said nothing, but pulled away. There was something very queer about the water, she thought, as every now and then the oars got fast in it, and would hardly come out again.

“Feather! Feather!” the Sheep cried again, taking more needles. “You’ll be catching a crab directly.”

“A dear little crab!” thought Alice. “I should like that.”

“Didn’t you hear me say ‘Feather?’” the Sheep cried angrily, taking up quite a bunch of needles.

“Indeed I did,” said Alice: “you’ve said it very often—and very loud. Please where *are* the crabs?”

“In the water, of course!” said the Sheep, sticking some of the needles into her hair, as her hands were full. “Feather, I say!”

“Why do you say ‘Feather’ so often?” Alice asked at last, rather vexed. “I’m not a bird!”

“You are,” said the Sheep: “you’re a little goose.”

This offended Alice a little, so there was no more conversation for a minute or two, while the boat glided gently on, sometimes among beds of weeds (which made the oars stick fast in the water, worse than ever), and

sometimes under trees, but always with the same tall riverbanks frowning over their heads.

“Oh, please! There are some scented rushes!” Alice cried in a sudden transport of delight. “There really are—and *such* beauties!”

“You needn’t say ‘please’ to *me* about ’em,” the Sheep said, without looking up from her knitting: “I didn’t put ’em there, and I’m not going to take ’em away.”

“No, but I meant—please, may we wait and pick some?” Alice pleaded. “If you don’t mind stopping the boat for a minute.”

“How am I to stop it?” said the Sheep. “If you leave off rowing, it’ll stop of itself.”

So the boat was left to drift down the stream as it would, till it glided gently in among the waving rushes. And then the little sleeves were carefully rolled up, and the little arms were plunged in elbow-deep, to get hold of the rushes a good long way down before breaking them off—and for a while Alice forgot all about the Sheep and the knitting, as she bent over the side of the boat, with just the ends of her tangled hair dipping into the water—while with bright eager eyes she caught at one bunch after another of the darling scented rushes.

“I only hope the boat wo’n’t tipple over!” she said to herself. “Oh, *what* a lovely one! Only I couldn’t quite reach it.” And it certainly *did* seem a little provoking (“almost as if it happened on purpose,” she thought) that, though she managed to pick plenty of beautiful rushes as the boat glided by, there was always a more lovely one that she couldn’t reach.

“The prettiest are always further!” she said at last with a sigh at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, she scrambled back into her place, and began to arrange her new-found treasures.

What mattered it to her just then that the rushes had begun to fade, and to lose all their scent and beauty, from the very moment that she picked them? Even real scented rushes, you know, last only a very little while—and these, being dream-rushes, melted away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet—but Alice hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about.

They hadn’t gone much farther before the blade of one of the oars got fast in the water and *wouldn’t* come out again (so Alice explained it afterwards), and the consequence was that the handle of it caught her under

the chin, and, in spite of a series of little shrieks of “Oh, oh, oh!” from poor Alice, it swept her straight off the seat, and down among the heap of rushes.

However, she wasn’t a bit hurt, and was soon up again: the Sheep went on with her knitting all the while, just as if nothing had happened. “That was a nice crab you caught!” she remarked, as Alice got back into her place, very much relieved to find herself still in the boat.

“Was it? I didn’t see it,” said Alice, peeping cautiously over the side of the boat into the dark water. “I wish it hadn’t let go—I should so like a little crab to take home with me!” But the Sheep only laughed scornfully, and went on with her knitting.

“Are there many crabs here?” said Alice.

“Crabs, and all sorts of things,” said the Sheep: “plenty of choice, only make up your mind. Now, what *do* you want to buy?”

“To buy!” Alice echoed in a tone that was half astonished and half frightened—for the oars, and the boat, and the river, had vanished all in a moment, and she was back again in the little dark shop.

“I should like to buy an egg, please,” she said timidly.

“How do you sell them?”

“Fivepence farthing for one—twopence for two,” the Sheep replied.

“Then two are cheaper than one?” Alice said in a surprised tone, taking out her purse.

“Only you *must* eat them both, if you buy two,” said the Sheep.

“Then I’ll have *one*, please,” said Alice, as she put the money down on the counter. For she thought to herself, “They mightn’t be at all nice, you know.”

The Sheep took the money, and put it away in a box: then she said “I never put things into people’s hands—that would never do—you must get it for yourself.” And so saying, she went off to the other end of the shop, and set the egg upright on a shelf.

“I wonder *why* it wouldn’t do?” thought Alice, as she groped her way among the tables and chairs, for the shop was very dark towards the end. “The egg seems to get further away the more I walk towards it. Let me see, is this a chair? Why, it’s got branches, I declare! How very odd to find trees growing here! And actually here’s a little brook! Well, this is the very queerest shop I ever saw!”

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So she went on, wondering more and more at every step, as everything turned into a tree the moment she came up to it, and she quite expected the egg to do the same.

Chapter VI

Humpty Dumpty

HOWEVER, THE EGG only got larger and larger, and more and more human: when she had come within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth; and, when she had come close to it, she saw clearly that it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself. “It ca’n’t be anybody else!” she said to herself. “I’m as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face!”

It might have been written a hundred times, easily, on that enormous face. Humpty Dumpty was sitting, with his legs crossed like a Turk, on the top of a high wall—such a narrow one that Alice quite wondered how he could keep his balance—and, as his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn’t take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure, after all.

“And how exactly like an egg he is!” she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him, for she was every moment expecting him to fall.

“It’s very provoking,” Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, “to be called an egg—very!”

“I said you *looked* like an egg, Sir,” Alice gently explained. “And some eggs are very pretty, you know,” she added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of compliment.

“Some people,” said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from her as usual, “have no more sense than a baby!”

Alice didn’t know what to say to this: it wasn’t at all like conversation, she thought, as he never said anything to *her*; in fact, his last remark was evidently addressed to a tree—so she stood and softly repeated to herself:

*“Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King’s horses and all the King’s men
Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.”*

“That last line is much too long for the poetry,” she added, almost out loud, forgetting that Humpty Dumpty would hear her.

“Don’t stand chattering to yourself like that,” Humpty Dumpty said, looking at her for the first time, “but tell me your name and your business.”

“My *name* is Alice, but —”

“It’s a stupid name enough!” Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. “What does it mean?”

“*Must* a name mean something?” Alice asked doubtfully.

“Of course it must,” Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh: “*my* name means the shape I am—and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost.”

“Why do you sit out here all alone?” said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

“Why, because there’s nobody with me!” cried Humpty Dumpty. “Did you think I didn’t know the answer to *that*? Ask another.”

“Don’t you think you’d be safer down on the ground?” Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. “That wall is so *very* narrow!”



“What tremendously easy riddles you ask!” Humpty Dumpty growled out. “Of course I don’t think so! Why, if ever I *did* fall off—which there’s no chance of—but *if* I did —” Here he pursed up his lips, and looked so solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing. “*If* I did fall,” he went on, “the King has promised me—ah, you may turn pale, if you like! You didn’t think I was going to say that, did you? The King has promised me—with his very own mouth—to—to —”

“To send all his horses and all his men,” Alice interrupted, rather unwisely.

“Now I declare that’s too bad!” Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. “You’ve been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn’t have known it!”

“I haven’t indeed!” Alice said very gently. “It’s in a book.”

“Ah, well! They may write such things in a *book*,” Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. “That’s what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I’m one that has spoken to a King, *I* am: mayhap you’ll never see such another: and, to show you I’m not proud, you may shake hands with me!” And he grinned almost from ear to ear, as he leant forwards (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall in doing so) and offered Alice his hand. She watched him a little anxiously as she took it. “If he smiled much more the ends of his mouth might meet behind,” she thought: “And then I don’t know what would happen to his head! I’m afraid it would come off!”

“Yes, all his horses and all his men,” Humpty Dumpty went on. “They’d pick me up again in a minute, they would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast: let’s go back to the last remark but one.”

“I’m afraid I ca’n’t quite remember it,” Alice said, very politely.

“In that case we start afresh,” said Humpty Dumpty, “and it’s my turn to choose a subject —” (“He talks about it just as if it was a game!” thought Alice.) “So here’s a question for you. How old did you say you were?”

Alice made a short calculation, and said “Seven years and six months.”

“Wrong!” Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. “You never said a word like it!”

“I thought you meant ‘How old *are* you?’” Alice explained.

“If I’d meant that, I’d have said it,” said Humpty Dumpty.

Alice didn’t want to begin another argument, so she said nothing.

“Seven years and six months!” Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. “An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you’d asked *my* advice, I’d have said ‘Leave off at seven’—but it’s too late now.”

“I never ask advice about growing,” Alice said indignantly.

“Too proud?” the other enquired.

Alice felt even more indignant at this suggestion. “I mean,” she said, “that one ca’n’t help growing older.”

“*One* ca’n’t, perhaps,” said Humpty Dumpty; “but two can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven.”

“What a beautiful belt you’ve got on!” Alice suddenly remarked. (They had had quite enough of the subject of age, she thought: and, if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects, it was her turn now.) “At least,” she corrected herself on second thoughts, “a beautiful cravat, I should have said—no, a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon!” she added in dismay, for Humpty

Dumpty looked thoroughly offended, and she began to wish she hadn't chosen that subject. "If only I knew," she thought to herself, "which was neck and which was waist!"

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, though he said nothing for a minute or two. When he *did* speak again, it was in a deep growl.

"It is a—*most—provoking—thing*," he said at last, "when a person doesn't know a cravat from a belt!"

"I know it's very ignorant of me," Alice said, in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented.

"It's a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There now!"

"Is it really?" said Alice, quite pleased to find that she had chosen a good subject after all.

"They gave it me," Humpty Dumpty continued thoughtfully, as he crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round it, "they gave it me—for an un-birthday present."

"I beg your pardon?" Alice said with a puzzled air.

"I'm not offended," said Humpty Dumpty.

"I mean, what *is* an un-birthday present?"

"A present given when it isn't your birthday, of course."

Alice considered a little. "I like birthday presents best," she said at last.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "How many days are there in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five," said Alice.

"And how many birthdays have you?"

"One."

"And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five what remains?"

"Three hundred and sixty-four, of course."

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. "I'd rather see that done on paper," he said.

Alice couldn't help smiling as she took out her memorandum-book, and worked the sum for him:

365

1

364

Humpty Dumpty took the book and looked at it carefully. “That seems to be done right—” he began.

“You’re holding it upside down!” Alice interrupted.

“To be sure I was!” Humpty Dumpty said gaily as she turned it round for him. “I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that *seems* to be done right—though I haven’t time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents —”

“Certainly,” said Alice.

“And only *one* for birthday presents, you know. There’s glory for you!”

“I don’t know what you mean by ‘glory,’” Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. “Of course you don’t—till I tell you. I meant ‘there’s a nice knock-down argument for you!’”

“But ‘glory’ doesn’t mean ‘a nice knock-down argument,’” Alice objected.

“When *I* use a word,” Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, “it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.”

“The question is,” said Alice, “whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.”

“The question is,” said Humpty Dumpty, “which is to be master—that’s all.”

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything; so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. “They’ve a temper, some of them—particularly verbs: they’re the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That’s what *I* say!”

“Would you tell me please,” said Alice, “what that means?”

“Now you talk like a reasonable child,” said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. “I meant by ‘impenetrability’ that we’ve had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you’d mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don’t mean to stop here all the rest of your life.”

“That’s a great deal to make one word mean,” Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

“When I make a word do a lot of work like that,” said Humpty Dumpty, “I always pay it extra.”

“Oh!” said Alice. She was too much puzzled to make any other remark.

“Ah, you should see ’em come round me of a Saturday night,” Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head gravely from side to side, “for to get their wages, you know.”

(Alice didn’t venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I ca’n’t tell *you*.)

“You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir,” said Alice. “Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called ‘Jabberwocky?’”

“Let’s hear it,” said Humpty Dumpty. “I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—and a good many that haven’t been invented just yet.”

This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse:

*“’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.”*

“That’s enough to begin with,” Humpty Dumpty interrupted: “there are plenty of hard words there. ‘*Brillig*’ means four o’clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin *broiling* things for dinner.”

“That’ll do very well,” said Alice: “and ‘*slithy*?’”

“Well, ‘*slithy*’ means “lithe and slimy.” “Lithe” is the same as ‘active.’ You see it’s like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word.”

“I see it now,” Alice remarked thoughtfully: “and what are ‘*toves*?’”

“Well, ‘*toves*’ are something like badgers—they’re something like lizards—and they’re something like corkscrews.”

“They must be very curious-looking creatures.”

“They are that,” said Humpty Dumpty; “also they make their nests under sun-dials—also they live on cheese.”

“And what’s to ‘*gyre*’ and to ‘*gimble*?’”

“To ‘*gyre*’ is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To ‘*gimble*’ is to make holes like a gimlet.”

“And ‘*the wabe*’ is the grass-plot round a sun-dial, I suppose?” said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

“Of course it is. It’s called ‘*wabe*,’ you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it—”

“And a long way beyond it on each side,” Alice added.

“Exactly so. Well then, ‘*mimsy*’ is “flimsy and miserable” (there’s another portmanteau for you). And a ‘*borogove*’ is a thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop.”

“And then ‘*mome raths*’?” said Alice. “I’m afraid I’m giving you a great deal of trouble.”

“Well, a ‘*rath*’ is a sort of green pig: but ‘*mome*’ I’m not certain about. I think it’s short for ‘from home’—meaning that they’d lost their way, you know.”



“And what does ‘*outgrabe*’ mean?”

“Well ‘*outgribing*’ is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you’ll hear it done, maybe—down in the wood yonder—and, when you’ve once heard it, you’ll be *quite* content. Who’s been repeating all that hard stuff to you?”

“I read it in a book,” said Alice. “But I had some poetry repeated to me much easier than that, by—Tweedledee, I think.”

“As to poetry, you know,” said Humpty Dumpty, stretching out one of his great hands, “I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that —”

“Oh, it needn’t come to that!” Alice hastily said, hoping to keep him from beginning.

“The piece I’m going to repeat,” he went on without noticing her remark, “was written entirely for your amusement.”

Alice felt that in that case she really *ought* to listen to it; so she sat down, and said “Thank you” rather sadly.

*In winter, when the fields are white,
I sing this song for your delight—*

only I don't sing it," he added, as an explanation.

"I see you don't," said Alice.

"If you can see whether I'm singing or not, you've sharper eyes than most," Humpty Dumpty remarked severely. Alice was silent.

*"In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean."*

"Thank you very much," said Alice.

*"In summer, when the days are long,
Perhaps you'll understand the song:
In Autumn, when the leaves are brown,
Take pen and ink, and write it down."*

"I will, if I can remember it so long," said Alice.

"You needn't go on making remarks like that," Humpty Dumpty said: "they're not sensible, and they put me out."

*"I sent a message to the fish:
I told them 'This is what I wish.'
The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me."*

*The little fishes' answer was
'We cannot do it, Sir, because—'*

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Alice.

"It gets easier further on," Humpty Dumpty replied.

*"I sent to them again to say
'It will be better to obey.'
The fishes answered, with a grin,
'Why, what a temper you are in!'"*

*I told them once, I told them twice:
They would not listen to advice.
I took a kettle large and new,*

Fit for the deed I had to do.

*My heart went hop, my heart went thump:
I filled the kettle at the pump.
Then some one came to me and said,
'the little fishes are in bed.'*

*I said to him, I said it plain,
'then you must wake them up again.'
I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear."*



Humpty Dumpty raised his voice almost to a scream as he repeated this verse, and Alice thought with a shudder, “I wouldn’t have been the messenger for *anything!*”

*“But he was very stiff and proud;
He said ‘You needn’t shout so loud!’
And he was very proud and stiff;
He said ‘I’d go and wake them, if —”*

*I took a corkscrew from the shelf;
I went to wake them up myself.
And when I found the door was locked,*

I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

*And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but—*

There was a long pause.

“Is that all?” Alice timidly asked.

“That’s all,” said Humpty Dumpty. “Good-bye.”

This was rather sudden, Alice thought: but, after such a *very* strong hint that she ought to be going, she felt that it would hardly be civil to stay. So she got up, and held out her hand. “Good-bye, till we meet again!” she said as cheerfully as she could.

“I shouldn’t know you again if we *did* meet,” Humpty Dumpty replied in a discontented tone, giving her one of his fingers to shake: “you’re so exactly like other people.”

“The face is what one goes by, generally,” Alice remarked in a thoughtful tone.

“That’s just what I complain of,” said Humpty Dumpty. “Your face is the same as everybody has—the two eyes, so —” (marking their places in the air with his thumb) “nose in the middle, mouth under. It’s always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be *some* help.”

“It wouldn’t look nice,” Alice objected. But Humpty Dumpty only shut his eyes, and said “Wait till you’ve tried.”

Alice waited a minute to see if he would speak again, but, as he never opened his eyes or took any further notice of her, she said “Good-bye!” once more, and, getting no answer to this, she quietly walked away: but she couldn’t help saying to herself, as she went, “of all the unsatisfactory—” (she repeated this aloud, as it was a great comfort to have such a long word to say) “of all the unsatisfactory people I *ever* met—” She never finished the sentence, for at this moment a heavy crash shook the forest from end to end.

Chapter VII

The Lion and the Unicorn

THE NEXT MOMENT soldiers came running through the wood, at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest. Alice got behind a tree, for fear of being run over, and watched them go by.

She thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him, so that the ground was soon covered with little heaps of men.



Then came the horses. Having four feet, these managed rather better than the foot-soldiers; but even *they* stumbled now and then; and it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly. The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get out of the wood into an open place, where she found the white King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

“I’ve sent them all!” the King cried in a tone of delight, on seeing Alice. “Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the wood?”

“Yes, I did,” said Alice: “several thousand, I should think.”

“Four thousand two hundred and seven, that’s the exact number,” the King said, referring to his book. “I couldn’t send all the horses, you know, because two of them are wanted in the game. And I haven’t sent the two Messengers, either. They’re both gone to the town. Just look along the road, and tell me if you can see either of them.”

“I see nobody on the road,” said Alice.

“I only wish *I* had such eyes,” the King remarked in a fretful tone. “To be able to see Nobody! And at the distance too! Why, it’s as much as *I* can do to see real people, by this light!”

All this was lost on Alice, who was still looking intently along the road, shading her eyes with one hand. “I see somebody now!” she exclaimed at last. “But he’s coming very slowly—and what curious attitudes he goes into!”

(For the Messenger kept skipping up and down, and wriggling like an eel, as he came along, with his great hands spread out like fans on each side.)

“Not at all,” said the King. “He’s an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he’s happy. His name is Haigha.” (He pronounced it so as to rhyme with “mayor”.)

“I love my love with an H,” Alice couldn’t help beginning, “because he is Happy. I hate him with an H, because he is Hideous. I fed him with—with—Ham-sandwiches and Hay. His name is Haigha, and he lives —”

“He lives on the Hill,” the King remarked simply, without the least idea that he was joining in the game, while Alice was still hesitating for the name of a town beginning with H. “The other Messenger’s called Hatta. I must have two, you know—to come and go. One to come, and one to go.”

“I beg your pardon?” said Alice.

“It isn’t respectable to beg,” said the King.

“I only meant that I didn’t understand,” said Alice. “Why one to come and one to go?”

“Don’t I tell you?” the King repeated impatiently. “I must have *two*—to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry.”

At this moment the Messenger arrived: he was far too much out of breath to say a word, and could only wave his hands about, and make the most fearful faces at the poor King.

“This young lady loves you with an H,” the King said, introducing Alice in the hope of turning off the Messenger’s attention from himself—but it was of no use—the Anglo-Saxon attitudes only got more extraordinary every moment, while the great eyes rolled wildly from side to side.

“You alarm me!” said the King. “I feel faint—Give me a ham-sandwich!”

On which the Messenger, to Alice’s great amusement, opened a bag that hung round his neck, and handed a sandwich to the King, who devoured it greedily.

“Another sandwich!” said the King.

“There’s nothing but hay left now,” the Messenger said, peeping into the bag.



“Hay, then,” the King murmured in a faint whisper.

Alice was glad to see that it revived him a good deal. “There’s nothing like eating hay when you’re faint,” he remarked to her, as he munched away.

“I should think throwing cold water over you would be better,” Alice suggested: “—or some sal-volatile.”

“I didn’t say there was nothing *better*,” the King replied. “I said there was nothing *like* it.” Which Alice did not venture to deny.

“Who did you pass on the road?” the King went on, holding out his hand to the Messenger for some hay.

“Nobody,” said the Messenger.

“Quite right,” said the King: “this young lady saw him too. So of course Nobody walks slower than you.”

“I do my best,” the Messenger said in a sullen tone. “I’m sure nobody walks much faster than I do!”

“He ca’n’t do that,” said the King, “or else he’d have been here first. However, now you’ve got your breath, you may tell us what’s happened in the town.”

“I’ll whisper it,” said the Messenger, putting his hands to his mouth in the shape of a trumpet and stooping so as to get close to the King’s ear.

Alice was sorry for this, as she wanted to hear the news too. However, instead of whispering, he simply shouted, at the top of his voice, “They’re at it again!”

“Do you call *that* a whisper?” cried the poor King, jumping up and shaking himself. “If you do such a thing again I’ll have you buttered! It went through and through my head like an earthquake!”

“It would have to be a very tiny earthquake!” thought Alice. “Who are at it again?” she ventured to ask.

“Why the Lion and the Unicorn, of course,” said the King.

“Fighting for the crown?”

“Yes, to be sure,” said the King: “and the best of the joke is, that it’s *my* crown all the while! Let’s run and see them.” And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the old song:

*“The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town.”*

“Does—the one—that wins—get the crown?” she asked, as well as she could, for the run was putting her quite out of breath.

“Dear me, no!” said the King. “What an idea!”

“Would you—be good enough—” Alice panted out, after running a little further, “to stop a minute—just to get—one’s breath again?”

“I’m *good* enough,” the King said, “only I’m not strong enough. You see, a minute goes by so fearfully quick. You might as well try to stop a Bandersnatch!”

Alice had no more breath for talking; so they trotted on in silence, till they came into sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn were fighting. They were in such a cloud of dust, that at first Alice could not make out which was which; but she soon managed to distinguish the Unicorn by his horn.

They placed themselves close to where Hatta, the other Messenger, was standing watching the fight, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other.

“He’s only just out of prison, and he hadn’t finished his tea when he was sent in,” Haigha whispered to Alice: “and they only give them oyster-shells

in there—so you see he's very hungry and thirsty. How are you, dear child?" he went on, putting his arm affectionately round Hatta's neck.

Hatta looked round and nodded, and went on with his bread-and-butter.

"Were you happy in prison, dear child?" said Haigha.

Hatta looked round once more, and this time a tear or two trickled down his cheek; but not a word would he say.

"Speak, ca'n't you!" Haigha cried impatiently. But Hatta only munched away, and drank some more tea.



“Speak, wo’n’t you!” cried the King. “How are they getting on with the fight?”

Hatta made a desperate effort, and swallowed a large piece of bread-and-butter. “They’re getting on very well,” he said in a choking voice: “each of them has been down about eighty-seven times.”

“Then I suppose they’ll soon bring the white bread and the brown?” Alice ventured to remark.

“It’s waiting for ’em now,” said Hatta; “this is a bit of it as I’m eating.”

There was a pause in the fight just then, and the Lion and the Unicorn sat down, panting, while the King called out “Ten minutes allowed for refreshments!” Haigha and Hatta set to work at once, carrying round trays of white and brown bread. Alice took a piece to taste, but it was *very* dry.

“I don’t think they’ll fight any more to-day,” the King said to Hatta: “go and order the drums to begin.” And Hatta went bounding away like a grasshopper.

For a minute or two Alice stood silent, watching him. Suddenly she brightened up. “Look, look!” she cried, pointing eagerly. “There’s the White Queen running across the country! She came flying out of the wood over yonder—How fast those Queens *can* run!”

“There’s some enemy after her, no doubt,” the King said, without even looking round. “That wood’s full of them.”

“But aren’t you going to run and help her?” Alice asked, very much surprised at his taking it so quietly.

“No use, no use!” said the King. “She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! But I’ll make a memorandum about her, if you like—She’s a dear good creature,” he repeated softly to himself, as he opened his memorandum-book. “Do you spell ‘creature’ with a double ‘e’?”

At this moment the Unicorn sauntered by them, with his hands in his pockets. “I had the best of it this time?” he said to the King, just glancing at him as he passed.

“A little—a little,” the King replied, rather nervously. “You shouldn’t have run him through with your horn, you know.”

“It didn’t hurt him,” the Unicorn said carelessly, and he was going on, when his eye happened to fall upon Alice: he turned round instantly, and stood for some time looking at her with an air of the deepest disgust.

“What—is—this?” he said at last.

“This is a child!” Haigha replied eagerly, coming in front of Alice to introduce her, and spreading out both his hands towards her in an Anglo-Saxon attitude. “We only found it to-day. It’s as large as life, and twice as natural!”

“I always thought they were fabulous monsters!” said the Unicorn. “Is it alive?”

“It can talk,” said Haigha solemnly.

The Unicorn looked dreamily at Alice, and said “Talk, child.”

Alice could not help her lips curling up into a smile as she began: “Do you know, I always thought Unicorns were fabulous monsters, too? I never saw one alive before!”

“Well, now that we *have* seen each other,” said the Unicorn, “if you’ll believe in me, I’ll believe in you. Is that a bargain?”

“Yes, if you like,” said Alice.

“Come, fetch out the plum-cake, old man!” the Unicorn went on, turning from her to the King. “None of your brown bread for me!”

“Certainly—certainly!” the King muttered, and beckoned to Haigha. “Open the bag!” he whispered. “Quick! Not that one—that’s full of hay!”

Haigha took a large cake out of the bag, and gave it to Alice to hold, while he got out a dish and carving-knife. How they all came out of it Alice couldn’t guess. It was just like a conjuring trick, she thought.



The Lion had joined them while this was going on: he looked very tired and sleepy, and his eyes were half shut. "What's this!" he said, blinking lazily at Alice, and speaking in a deep hollow tone that sounded like the tolling of a great bell.

"Ah, what is it, now?" the Unicorn cried eagerly. "You'll never guess! *I* couldn't."

The Lion looked at Alice wearily. "Are you animal—or vegetable—or mineral?" he said, yawning at every other word.

"It's a fabulous monster!" the Unicorn cried out, before Alice could reply.

"Then hand round the plum-cake, Monster," the Lion said, lying down and putting his chin on his paws. "And sit down, both of you," (to the King and the Unicorn): "fair play with the cake, you know!"

The King was evidently very uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures; but there was no other place for him.

"What a fight we might have for the crown, *now!*" the Unicorn said, looking slyly up at the crown, which the poor King was nearly shaking off his head, he trembled so much.

"I should win easy," said the Lion.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the Unicorn.

“Why, I beat you all round the town, you chicken!” the Lion replied angrily, half getting up as he spoke.

Here the King interrupted, to prevent the quarrel going on: he was very nervous, and his voice quite quivered. “All round the town?” he said. “That’s a good long way. Did you go by the old bridge, or the market-place? You get the best view by the old bridge.”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” the Lion growled out as he lay down again. “There was too much dust to see anything. What a time the Monster is, cutting up that cake!”

Alice had seated herself on the bank of a little brook, with the great dish on her knees, and was sawing away diligently with the knife. “It’s very provoking!” she said, in reply to the Lion (she was getting quite used to being called ‘the Monster’). “I’ve cut several slices already, but they always join on again!”

“You don’t know how to manage looking-glass cakes,” the Unicorn remarked. “Hand it round first, and cut it afterwards.”

This sounded nonsense, but Alice very obediently got up, and carried the dish round, and the cake divided itself into three pieces as she did so. “Now cut it up,” said the Lion, as she returned to her place with the empty dish.

“I say, this isn’t fair!” cried the Unicorn, as Alice sat with the knife in her hand, very much puzzled how to begin. “The Monster has given the Lion twice as much as me!”

“She’s kept none for herself, anyhow,” said the Lion. “Do you like plum cake, Monster?”

But before Alice could answer him, the drums began.



Where the noise came from, she couldn't make out: the air seemed full of it, and it rang through and through her head till she felt quite deafened. She started to her feet and sprang across the little brook in her terror,

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and had just time to see the Lion and the Unicorn rise to their feet, with angry looks at being interrupted in their feast, before she dropped to her knees, and put her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar.

“If that doesn’t ‘drum them out of town,’” she thought to herself,
“nothing ever will!”

Chapter VIII

“It’s My Own Invention”

AFTER A WHILE the noise seemed gradually to die away, till all was dead silence, and Alice lifted up her head in some alarm. There was no one to be seen, and her first thought was that she must have been dreaming about the Lion and the Unicorn and those queer Anglo-Saxon Messengers. However, there was the great dish still lying at her feet, on which she had tried to cut the plum-cake, “So I wasn’t dreaming, after all,” she said to herself, “unless—unless we’re all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it’s *my* dream, and not the Red King’s! I don’t like belonging to another person’s dream,” she went on in a rather complaining tone: “I’ve a great mind to go and wake him, and see what happens!”

At this moment her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of “Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!” and a Knight, dressed in crimson armour, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly: “You’re my prisoner!” the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more “You’re my —” but here another voice broke in “Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!” and Alice looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice’s side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done: then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

“She’s *my* prisoner, you know!” the Red Knight said at last.

“Yes, but then *I* came and rescued her!” the White Knight replied.

“Well, we must fight for her, then,” said the Red Knight, as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle, and was something the shape of a horse’s head) and put it on.

“You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course?” the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet too.

“I always do,” said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that Alice got behind a tree to be out of the way

of the blows.

“I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are,” she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place. “One Rule seems to be, that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse; and, if he misses, he tumbles off himself—and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy—What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off them just as if they were tables!”



Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads; and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side. When they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" said the White Knight, as he came up panting.

"I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen."

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the White Knight. "I'll see you safe to the end of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however she managed to shake him out of it at last.

“Now one can breathe more easily,” said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.



He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you're admiring my little box," the Knight said in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain ca'n't get in."

"But the things can get *out*," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it

into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

"In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey."

"But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle," said Alice.

"Yes, it's a very good bee-hive," the Knight said in a discontented tone, "one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which."

"I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for," said Alice. "It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back."

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the Knight; "but, if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about."

"You see," he went on after a pause, "it's as well to be provided for *everything*. That's the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet."

"But what are they for?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"To guard against the bites of sharks," the Knight replied. "It's an invention of my own. And now help me on. I'll go with you to the end of the wood—What's that dish for?"

"It's meant for plum-cake," said Alice.

"We'd better take it with us," the Knight said. "It'll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag."

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the knight was so very awkward in putting in the dish: the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. "It's rather a tight fit, you see," he said, as they got it in at last; "there are so many candlesticks in the bag." And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

"I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?" he continued, as they set off.

"Only in the usual way," Alice said, smiling.

"That's hardly enough," he said, anxiously. "You see the wind is so very strong here. It's as strong as soup."

“Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?” Alice inquired.

“Not yet,” said the Knight. “But I’ve got a plan for keeping it from *falling* off.”

“I should like to hear it, very much.”

“First you take an upright stick,” said the Knight. “Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs *down*—things never fall *upwards*, you know. It’s a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like.”

It didn’t sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was *not* a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and, whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and, as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk quite close to the horse.



“I’m afraid you’ve not had much practice in riding,” she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. “What makes you say that?” he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice’s hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

“Because people don’t fall off quite so often, when they’ve had much practice.”

“I’ve had plenty of practice,” the Knight said very gravely: “plenty of practice!”

Alice could think of nothing better to say than “Indeed?” but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

“The great art of riding,” the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, “is to keep—” Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, “I hope no bones are broken?”

“None to speak of,” the Knight said, as if he didn’t mind breaking two or three of them. “The great art of riding, as I was saying, is—to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know —”

He let go the bridle, and stretched out both his arms to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse’s feet.

“Plenty of practice!” he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. “Plenty of practice!”

“It’s too ridiculous!” cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. “You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!”

“Does that kind go smoothly?” the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse’s neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

“Much more smoothly than a live horse,” Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

“I’ll get one,” the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. “One or two—several.”

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. “I’m a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?”

“You *were* a little grave,” said Alice.

“Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate—would you like to hear it?”

“Very much indeed,” Alice said politely.

“I’ll tell you how I came to think of it,” said the Knight. “You see, I said to myself ‘the only difficulty is with the feet: the head is high enough already.’ Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate—then the head’s high enough—then I stand on my head—then the feet are high enough, you see—then I’m over, you see.”

“Yes, I suppose you’d be over when that was done,” Alice said thoughtfully: “but don’t you think it would be rather hard?”

“I haven’t tried it yet,” the Knight said, gravely; “so I ca’n’t tell for certain—but I’m afraid it *would* be a little hard.”

He looked so vexed at the idea, that Alice changed the subject hastily. “What a curious helmet you’ve got!” she said cheerfully. “Is that your invention too?”

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. “Yes,” he said; “but I’ve invented a better one than that—like a sugar-loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a *very* little way to fall, you see—But there *was* the danger of falling *into* it, to be sure. That happened to me once—and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet.”

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. “I’m afraid you must have hurt him,” she said in a trembling voice, “being on the top of his head.”

“I had to kick him, of course,” the Knight said, very seriously. “And then he took the helmet off again—but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as—as lightning, you know.”

“But that’s a different kind of fastness,” Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. “It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!” he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle, and fell headlong into a deep ditch.



Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she was afraid that he really *was* hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone. “All kinds of fastness,” he repeated: “but it was careless of him to put another man’s helmet on—with the man in it, too.”

“How *can* you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?” Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. “What does it matter where my body happens to be?” he said. “My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head-downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things.”

“Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did,” he went on after a pause, “was inventing a new pudding during the meat-course.”

“In time to have it cooked for the next course?” said Alice. “Well, that *was* quick work, certainly!”

“Well, not the *next* course,” the Knight said in a slow thoughtful tone: “no, certainly not the next *course*.”

“Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn’t have two pudding-courses in one dinner?”

“Well, not the *next* day,” the Knight repeated as before: “not the next *day*. In fact,” he went on, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower, “I don’t believe that pudding ever *was* cooked! In fact, I

don't believe that pudding ever *will* be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."

"What did you mean it to be made of?" Alice asked, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

"It began with blotting-paper," the Knight answered with a groan.

"That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid —"

"Not very nice *alone*," he interrupted, quite eagerly: "but you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things—such as gunpowder and sealing-wax. And here I must leave you." They had just come to the end of the wood.

Alice could only look puzzled: she was thinking of the pudding.

"You are sad," the Knight said in an anxious tone: "let me sing you a song to comfort you."

"Is it very long?" Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

"It's long," said the Knight, "but it's very, *very* beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it—either it brings the *tears* into their eyes, or else —"

"Or else what?" said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

"Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called '*Haddocks' Eyes*'."

"Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?" Alice said, trying to feel interested.

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is *called*. The name really is '*The Aged Aged Man*'."

"Then I ought to have said 'That's what the *song* is called'?" Alice corrected herself.

"No, you oughtn't: that's quite another thing! The *song* is called '*Ways and Means*': but that's only what it's called, you know!"

"Well, what *is* the song, then?" said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

"I was coming to that," the Knight said. "The song really *is* '*A-sitting On a Gate*': and the tune's my own invention."

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck: then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle foolish face, as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey Through The Looking-Glass, this was the one that she always remembered most clearly.

Years afterwards she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday—the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight—the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armour in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her—the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at her feet—and the black shadows of the forest behind—all this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leant against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half-dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

“But the tune *isn't* his own invention,” she said to herself: “it’s ‘*I give thee all, I can no more*’.” She stood and listened very attentively, but no tears came into her eyes.

*“I’ll tell thee everything I can:
There’s little to relate.
I saw an aged aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.*

*‘Who are you, aged man?’ I said,
‘And how is it you live?’
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.*



*He said 'I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.*

*I sell them unto men,' he said,
'Who sail on stormy seas;
And that's the way I get my bread —
A trifle, if you please.'*

*But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.*

*So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried 'Come, tell me how you live!'
And thumped him on the head.*

*His accents mild took up the tale:
He said 'I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze;*

*And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowlands' Macassar-Oil —
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil.'*

*But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.*

*I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue:
'Come, tell me how you live,' I cried,
'And what it is you do!'*

*He said 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.*

*And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.'*

*'I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs:
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.*

*And that's the way' (he gave a wink)
'By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink*

Your Honour's noble health.'

*I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.*

*I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.*

*And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—*

*Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo—*

*That summer evening long ago,
A-sitting on a gate."*

As the Knight sang the last words of the ballad, he gathered up the reins, and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come. "You've only a few yards to go," he said, "down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen—But you'll stay and see me off first?"

he added as Alice turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I sha'n't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road! I think it'll encourage me, you see."

"Of course I'll wait," said Alice: "and thank you very much for coming so far—and for the song—I liked it very much."

"I hope so," the Knight said doubtfully: "but you didn't cry so much as I thought you would."

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. "It wo'n't take long to see him *off*, I expect," Alice said to herself, as she stood watching him. "There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily—that comes of having so many things hung round the horse—" So she went on talking to herself, as she watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and then she waved her handkerchief to him, and waited till he was out of sight.

"I hope it encouraged him," she said, as she turned to run down the hill: "and now for the last brook, and to be a Queen! How grand it sounds!" A very few steps brought her to the edge of the brook. "The Eighth Square at last!" she cried as she bounded across,

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and threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, with little flowerbeds dotted about it here and there. "Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?" she exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all around her head.

"But how *can* it have got there without my knowing it?" she said to herself, as she lifted it off, and set in on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.



Chapter IX

Queen Alice

“WELL, THIS *is* grand!” said Alice. “I never expected I should be a Queen so soon—and I’ll tell you what it is, your Majesty,” she went on, in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), “It’ll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!”

So she got up and walked about—rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off: but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her, “and if I really am a Queen,” she said as she sat down again, “I shall be able to manage it quite well in time.”

Everything was happening so oddly that she didn’t feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side: she would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over. “Please, would you tell me—” she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

“Speak when you’re spoken to!” the Queen sharply interrupted her.



“But if everybody obeyed that rule,” said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, “and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—”

“Ridiculous!” cried the Queen. “Why, don’t you see, child—” here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. “What do you mean by ‘If you really are a Queen’? What right have you to call yourself so? You ca’n’t be a Queen, you know, till you’ve passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.”

‘I only said ‘if’!’ poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two Queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, “She says she only said ‘if’—”

“But she said a great deal more than that!” the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. “Oh, ever so much more than that!”

“So you did, you know,” the Red Queen said to Alice. “Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards.”

“I’m sure I didn’t mean—” Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

“That’s just what I complain of! You *should* have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning—and a child’s more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn’t deny that, even if you tried with both hands.”

“I don’t deny things with my *hands*,” Alice objected.

“Nobody said you did,” said the Red Queen. “I said you couldn’t if you tried.”

“She’s in that state of mind”, said the White Queen, “that she wants to deny *something*—only she doesn’t know what to deny!”

“A nasty, vicious temper,” the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying, to the White Queen, “I invite you to Alice’s dinner-party this afternoon.”

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said “And I invite *you*.”

“I didn’t know I was to have a party at all,” said Alice; “but, if there is to be one, I think *I* ought to invite the guests.”

“We gave you the opportunity of doing it,” the Red Queen remarked; “but I daresay you’ve not had many lessons in manners yet?”

“Manners are not taught in lessons,” said Alice. “Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort.”

“Can you do Addition?” the White Queen asked. “What’s one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?”

“I don’t know,” said Alice. “I lost count.”

“She ca’n’t do Addition,” the Red Queen interrupted, “Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight.”

“Nine from eight I ca’n’t, you know,” Alice replied very readily: “but —”

“She ca’n’t do Subtraction,” said the White Queen. “Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what’s the answer to that?”

“I suppose—” Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. “Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?”

Alice considered. “The bone wouldn’t remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog wouldn’t remain: it would come to bite me—and I’m sure *I* shouldn’t remain!”

“Then you think nothing would remain?” said the Red Queen.

“I think that’s the answer.”

“Wrong, as usual,” said the Red Queen: “the dog’s temper would remain.”

“But I don’t see how—”

“Why, look here!” the Red Queen cried. “The dog would lose its temper, wouldn’t it?”

“Perhaps it would,” Alice replied cautiously.

“Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!” the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, “They might go different ways.” But she couldn’t help thinking to herself “What dreadful nonsense we *are* talking!”

“She ca’n’t do sums a *bit*!” the Queens said together, with great emphasis.

“Can *you* do sums?” Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for she didn’t like being found fault with so much.

The Queen gasped and shut her eyes. “I can do Addition,” she said, “if you give me time—but I ca’n’t do Subtraction under any circumstances!”

“Of course you know your A B C?” said the Red Queen.

“To be sure I do,” said Alice.

“So do I,” the White Queen whispered: “we’ll often say it over together, dear. And I’ll tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Isn’t *that* grand? However, don’t be discouraged. You’ll come to it in time.”

Here the Red Queen began again. “Can you answer useful questions?” she said. “How is bread made?”

“I know *that*!” Alice cried eagerly. “You take some flour—”

“Where do you pick the flower?” the White Queen asked: “In a garden, or in the hedges?”

“Well, it isn’t *picked* at all,” Alice explained: “it’s *ground*—”

“How many acres of ground?” said the White Queen. “You mustn’t leave out so many things.”

“Fan her head!” the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. “She’ll be feverish after so much thinking.” So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

“She’s all right again now,” said the Red Queen. “Do you know Languages? What’s the French for fiddle-de-dee?”

“Fiddle-de-dee’s not English,” Alice replied gravely.

“Who ever said it was?” said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. “If you’ll tell me what language ‘fiddle-de-dee’ is, I’ll tell you the French for it!” she

exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said, “Queens never make bargains.”

“I wish Queens never asked questions,” Alice thought to herself.

“Don’t let us quarrel,” the White Queen said in an anxious tone. “What is the cause of lightning?”

“The cause of lightning,” Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, “is the thunder—no, no!” she hastily corrected herself. “I meant the other way.”

“It’s too late to correct it,” said the Red Queen: “when you’ve once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences.”

“Which reminds me—” the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, “we had *such* a thunder-storm last Tuesday—I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know.”

Alice was puzzled. “In *our* country,” she remarked, “there’s only one day at a time.”

The Red Queen said “That’s a poor thin way of doing things. Now *here*, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together—for warmth, you know.”

“Are five nights warmer than one night, then?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Five times as warm, of course.”

“But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule—”

“Just so!” cried the Red Queen. “Five times as warm, *and* five times as cold—just as I’m five times as rich as you are, *and* five times as clever!”

Alice sighed and gave it up. “It’s exactly like a riddle with no answer!” she thought.

“Humpty Dumpty saw it too,” the White Queen went on in a low voice, more as if she were talking to herself. “He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand—”

“What did he want?” said the Red Queen.

“He said he *would* come in,” the White Queen went on, “because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn’t such a thing in the house, that morning.”

“Is there generally?” Alice asked in an astonished tone.

“Well, only on Thursdays,” said the Queen.

“I know what he came for,” said Alice: “he wanted to punish the fish, because—”

Here the White Queen began again. “It was such a thunderstorm, you ca’n’t think!” (“She *never* could, you know,” said the Red Queen.) “And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps—and knocking over the tables and things—till I was so frightened, I couldn’t remember my own name!”

Alice thought to herself, “I never should try to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?” but she did not say this aloud, for fear of hurting the poor Queen’s feelings.

“Your Majesty must excuse her,” the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen’s hands in her own, and gently stroking it: “she means well, but she ca’n’t help saying foolish things as a general rule.”

The White Queen looked timidly at Alice, who felt she *ought* to say something kind, but really couldn’t think of anything at the moment.

“She never was really well brought up,” the Red Queen went on: “but it’s amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she’ll be!” But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

“A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers—would do wonders with her—”

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice’s shoulder. “I *am* so sleepy!” she moaned.

“She’s tired, poor thing!” said the Red Queen. “Smooth her hair—lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby.”

“I haven’t got a nightcap with me,” said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction: “and I don’t know any soothing lullabies.”

“I must do it myself, then,” said the Red Queen, and she began:

*“Hush-a-by lady, in Alice’s lap!
Till the feast’s ready, we’ve time for a nap.
When the feast’s over, we’ll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!”*

“And now you know the words,” she added, as she put her head down on Alice’s other shoulder, “just sing it through to *me*. I’m getting sleepy, too.” In another moment both Queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.



“What *am* I to do?” exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. “I don’t think it *ever* happened before, that any one had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the History of England—it couldn’t, you know, because there never was more than one Queen at a time. Do wake up, you heavy things!” she went on in an impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

The snoring got more distinct every minute, and sounded more like a tune: at last she could even make out words, and she listened so eagerly that, when the two great heads suddenly vanished from her lap, she hardly missed them.

She was standing before an arched doorway, over which were the words QUEEN ALICE in large letters, and on each side of the arch there was a bell-handle; one was marked “Visitors’ Bell”, and the other “Servants’ Bell.”

“I’ll wait till the song’s over,” thought Alice, “and then I’ll ring the—the—*which* bell must I ring?” she went on, very much puzzled by the names.

“I’m not a visitor, and I’m not a servant. There ought to be one marked ‘Queen,’ you know—”

Just then the door opened a little way, and a creature with a long beak put its head out for a moment and said “No admittance till the week after next!” and shut the door again with a bang.

Alice knocked and rang in vain for a long time; but at last a very old Frog, who was sitting under a tree, got up and hobbled slowly towards her: he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

“What is it, now?” the Frog said in a deep hoarse whisper.

Alice turned round, ready to find fault with anybody. “Where’s the servant whose business it is to answer the door?” she began angrily.

“Which door?” said the Frog.

Alice almost stamped with irritation at the slow drawl in which he spoke. “*This* door, of course!”



The Frog looked at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute: then he went nearer and rubbed it with his thumb, as if he were trying whether the paint would come off: then he looked at Alice.

“To answer the door?” he said. “What’s it been asking of?” He was so hoarse that Alice could scarcely hear him.

“I don’t know what you mean,” she said.

“I speaks English, doesn’t I?” the Frog went on. “Or are you deaf? What did it ask you?”

“Nothing!” Alice said impatiently. “I’ve been knocking at it!”

“Shouldn’t do that—shouldn’t do that—” the Frog muttered. “Wexes it, you know.” Then he went up and gave the door a kick with one of his great feet. “You let it alone,” he panted out, as he hobbled back to his tree, “and it’ll let you alone, you know.”

At this moment the door was flung open, and a shrill voice was heard singing:

*“To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said
‘I’ve a sceptre in hand, I’ve a crown on my head;
Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!’”*

And hundreds of voices joined in the chorus:

*“Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!”*

Then followed a confused noise of cheering, and Alice thought to herself “Thirty times three makes ninety. I wonder if any one’s counting?” In a minute there was silence again, and the same shrill voice sang another verse:

*“‘O Looking-Glass creatures,’ quoth Alice, ‘draw near!
'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!’”*

Then came the chorus again:

*“Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink:
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine—
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!”*

“Ninety times nine!” Alice repeated in despair. “Oh, that’ll never be done! I’d better go in at once—” and in she went, and there was a dead silence the moment she appeared.

Alice glanced nervously along the table, as she walked up the large hall, and noticed that there were about fifty guests, of all kinds: some were animals, some birds, and there were even a few flowers among them. “I’m glad they’ve come without waiting to be asked,” she thought: “I should never have known who were the right people to invite!”

There were three chairs at the head of the table: the Red and White Queens had already taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Alice sat down in it, rather uncomfortable at the silence, and longing for some one to speak.

At last the Red Queen began. "You've missed the soup and fish," she said. "Put on the joint!" And the waiters set a leg of mutton before Alice, who looked at it rather anxiously, as she had never had to carve a joint before.

"You look a little shy; let me introduce you to that leg of mutton," said the Red Queen. "Alice—Mutton: Mutton—Alice." The leg of mutton got up in the dish and made a little bow to Alice; and Alice returned the bow, not knowing whether to be frightened or amused.



“May I give you a slice?” she said, taking up the knife and fork, and looking from one Queen to the other.

“Certainly not,” the Red Queen said, very decidedly: “it isn’t etiquette to cut anyone you’ve been introduced to. Remove the joint!” And the waiters carried it off, and brought a large plum-pudding in its place.

“I wo’n’t be introduced to the pudding, please,” Alice said, rather hastily, “or we shall get no dinner at all. May I give you some?”

But the Red Queen looked sulky, and growled “Pudding—Alice: Alice—Pudding. Remove the pudding!” and the waiters took it away so quickly that Alice couldn’t return its bow.

However, she didn’t see why the Red Queen should be the only one to give orders; so, as an experiment, she called out “Waiter! Bring back the

pudding!” and there it was again in a moment, like a conjuring-trick. It was so large that she couldn’t help feeling *a little* shy with it, as she had been with the mutton; however, she conquered her shyness by a great effort, and cut a slice and handed it to the Red Queen.

“What impertinence!” said the Pudding. “I wonder how you’d like it, if I were to cut a slice out of *you*, you creature!”

It spoke in a thick, suety sort of voice, and Alice hadn’t a word to say in reply: she could only sit and look at it and gasp.

“Make a remark,” said the Red Queen: “it’s ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!”

“Do you know, I’ve had such a quantity of poetry repeated to me to-day,” Alice began, a little frightened at finding that, the moment she opened her lips, there was dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon her; “and it’s a very curious thing, I think—every poem was about fishes in some way. Do you know why they’re so fond of fishes, all about here?”

She spoke to the Red Queen, whose answer was a little wide of the mark. “As to fishes,” she said, very slowly and solemnly, putting her mouth close to Alice’s ear, “her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle—all in poetry—all about fishes. Shall she repeat it?”

“Her Red Majesty’s very kind to mention it,” the White Queen murmured into Alice’s other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon. “It would be *such* a treat! May I?”

“Please do,” Alice said very politely.

The White Queen laughed with delight, and stroked Alice’s cheek. Then she began:

“‘First, the fish must be caught.’

That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.

‘Next, the fish must be bought.’

That is easy: a penny, I think would have bought it.

‘Now cook me the fish!’

That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.

‘Let it lie in a dish!’

That is easy, because it already is in it.

‘Bring it here! Let me sup!’

*It is easy to set such a dish on the table.
'Take the dish-cover up!'
Ah, that is so hard that I fear I'm unable!*

*For it holds it like glue—
Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:
Which is easiest to do,
Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?"*

"Take a minute to think about it, and then guess," said the Red Queen. "Meanwhile, we'll drink your health—Queen Alice's health!" she screamed at the top of her voice, and all the guests began drinking it directly, and very queerly they managed it: some of them put their glasses upon their heads like extinguishers, and drank all that trickled down their faces—others upset the decanters, and drank the wine as it ran off the edges of the table—and three of them (who looked like kangaroos) scrambled into the dish of roast mutton, and began eagerly lapping up the gravy, "just like pigs in a trough!" thought Alice.

"You ought to return thanks in a neat speech," the Red Queen said, frowning at Alice as she spoke.

"We must support you, you know," the White Queen whispered, as Alice got up to do it, very obediently, but a little frightened.

"Thank you very much," she whispered in reply, "but I can do quite well without."

"That wouldn't be at all the thing," the Red Queen said very decidedly: so Alice tried to submit to it with a good grace.

("And they *did* push so!" she said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of the feast. "You would have thought they wanted to squeeze me flat!")

In fact it was rather difficult for her to keep in her place while she made her speech: the two Queens pushed her so, one on each side, that they nearly lifted her up into the air. "I rise to return thanks—" Alice began: and she really *did* rise as she spoke, several inches; but she got hold of the edge of the table, and managed to pull herself down again.

"Take care of yourself!" screamed the White Queen, seizing Alice's hair with both her hands. "Something's going to happen!"

And then (as Alice afterwards described it) all sorts of things happened in a moment. The candles all grew up to the ceiling, looking something like a bed of rushes with fireworks at the top. As to the bottles, they each took a pair of plates, which they hastily fitted on as wings, and so, with forks for legs, went fluttering about in all directions: "and very like birds they look," Alice thought to herself, as well as she could in the dreadful confusion that was beginning.

At this moment she heard a hoarse laugh at her side, and turned to see what was the matter with the White Queen; but, instead of the Queen, there was the leg of mutton sitting in the chair. "Here I am!" cried a voice from the soup tureen, and Alice turned again, just in time to see the Queen's broad good-natured face grinning at her for a moment over the edge of the tureen, before she disappeared into the soup.

There was not a moment to be lost. Already several of the guests were lying down in the dishes, and the soup-ladle was walking up the table towards Alice's chair, and beckoning to her impatiently to get out of its way.

"I ca'n't stand this any longer!" she cried, as she jumped up and seized the tablecloth with both hands: one good pull, and plates, dishes, guests and candles came crashing down together in a heap on the floor.



“And as for *you*,” she went on, turning fiercely upon the Red Queen, whom she considered as the cause of all the mischief—but the Queen was no longer at her side—she had suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and was now on the table, merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which was trailing behind her.

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she was far too much excited to be surprised at anything now. “As for *you*,” she repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, “I’ll shake you into a kitten, that I will!”

Chapter X

Shaking

SHE TOOK HER off the table as she spoke, and shook her backwards and forwards with all her might.



The Red Queen made no resistance whatever: only her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green: and still, as Alice went on shaking her, she kept on growing shorter—and fatter—and softer—and rounder—and—

Chapter XI

Waking

—and it really *was* a kitten, after all.



Chapter XII

Which Dreamed It?

“YOUR RED MAJESTY shouldn’t purr so loud,” Alice said, rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity. “You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you’ve been along with me, Kitty—all through the Looking-Glass world. Did you know it, dear?”

It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (Alice had once made the remark) that, whatever you say to them, they *always* purr. “If they would only purr for ‘yes,’ and mew for ‘no,’ or any rule of that sort,” she had said, “so that one could keep up a conversation! But how *can* you talk with a person if they always say the same thing?”

On this occasion the kitten only purred: and it was impossible to guess whether it meant ‘yes’ or ‘no.’

So Alice hunted among the chessmen on the table till she had found the Red Queen: then she went down on her knees on the hearth-rug, and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other. “Now, Kitty!” she cried, clapping her hands triumphantly. “Confess that was what you turned into!”

(“But it wouldn’t look at it,” she said, when she was explaining the thing afterwards to her sister: “it turned away its head, and pretended not to see it: but it looked a *little* ashamed of itself, so I think it *must* have been the Red Queen.”)

“Sit up a little more stiffly, dear!” Alice cried with a merry laugh. “And curtsy while you’re thinking what to—what to purr. It saves time, remember!” And she caught it up and gave it one little kiss, “just in honour of its having been a Red Queen.”

“Snowdrop, my pet!” she went on, looking over her shoulder at the White Kitten, which was still patiently undergoing its toilet, “when *will* Dinah have finished with your White Majesty, I wonder? That must be the reason you were so untidy in my dream.—Dinah! Do you know that you’re scrubbing a White Queen? Really, it’s most disrespectful of you!”



“And what did *Dinah* turn to, I wonder?” she prattled on, as she settled comfortably down, with one elbow on the rug, and her chin in her hand, to watch the kittens. “Tell me, *Dinah*, did you turn to Humpty Dumpty? I *think* you did—however, you’d better not mention it to your friends just yet, for I’m not sure.

“By the way, *Kitty*, if only you’d been really with me in my dream, there was one thing you *would* have enjoyed—I had such a quantity of poetry said to me, all about fishes! To-morrow morning you shall have a real treat. All the time you’re eating your breakfast, I’ll repeat ‘The Walrus and the Carpenter’ to you; and then you can make believe it’s oysters, my dear!

“Now, *Kitty*, let’s consider who it was that dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear, and you should *not* go on licking your paw like that—as if *Dinah* hadn’t washed you this morning! You see, *Kitty*, it *must* have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course—

but then I was part of his dream, too! *Was* it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, my dear, so you ought to know—Oh, Kitty, *do* help to settle it! I'm sure your paw can wait!" But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn't heard the question.

Which do *you* think it was?

CLOSING POEM

*A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July —*

*Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear —*

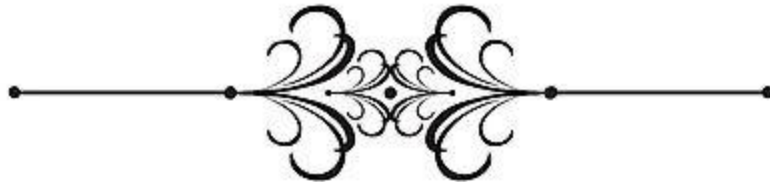
*Long has paled that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.*

*Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.*

*Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.*

*In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:*

*Ever drifting down the stream —
Lingering in the golden gleam —
Life, what is it but a dream?*



PART IV

THE WASP IN A WIG

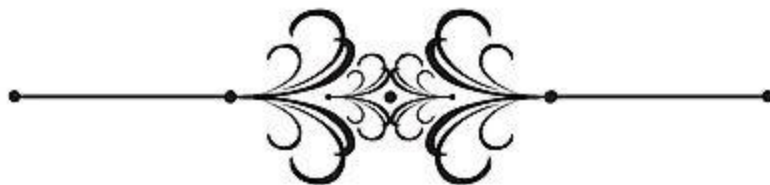
Introduction

THE FOLLOWING “secret chapter” of *Through the Looking-Glass* was written by Carroll, and readied for publication in 1870. In June of that year, John Tenniel wrote Carroll to recommend excising the incident from the narrative. Carroll, reviewing the episode after Tenniel’s criticism, was inclined to agree. And with that, *The Wasp in a Wig* faded into obscurity for a century.

Carrollian scholars believed that the episode was completely lost. It did not in fact come to light until 1974, when an auction of Carroll’s effects revealed that a typeset copy of the Wasp episode was still in existence. In fact, it even included Carroll’s own written notes and explanation of its removal!

Now that we have the opportunity to review the chapter, we can see why Tenniel recommended that the incident be removed. (Aside from the fact that it was going to be difficult to illustrate, apparently.) The Wasp shares elements of the Gnat and the White Knight, and all of the themes addressed here are driven home with much more sympathy and conviction in the White Knight’s farewell. The writing is by no means poor, but the episode simply seems repetitive when viewed in light of the other chapters.

Nevertheless, *The Wasp in a Wig* is a fascinating piece of Carrollian writing. Alice’s admirable qualities are further explored, the Looking-Glass Land theme of rushing time is heightened, and the character of the Wasp is quite interesting as well. I decided early on that *The Complete Alice in Wonderland* could never truly be complete, without the inclusion of this “lost” chapter. I hope you find it as intriguing as I do!



The Wasp in a Wig

(NOTE: The original episode was intended to be inserted at the end of Chapter VIII, following Alice's farewell to the White Knight, and preceding Chapter IX, "Queen Alice.")

...and she was just going to spring over, when she heard a deep sigh, which seemed to come from the wood behind her.

"There's somebody very unhappy there," she thought, looking anxiously back to see what was the matter. Something like a very old man (only that his face was more like a wasp) was sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree, all huddled up together, and shivering as if he were very cold.

"I don't *think* I can be of any use to him," was Alice's first thought, as she turned to spring over the brook:—"but I'll just ask him what's the matter," she added, checking herself on the very edge. "If I once jump over, everything will change, and then I ca'n't help him."

So she went back to the Wasp—rather unwillingly, for she was very anxious to be a queen.

"Oh, my old bones, my old bones!" he was grumbling as Alice came up to him.

"It's rheumatism, I should think," Alice said to herself, and she stooped over him, and said very kindly, "I hope you're not in much pain?"

The Wasp only shook his shoulders, and turned his head away. "Ah deary me!" he said to himself.

"Can I do anything for you?" Alice went on. "Aren't you rather cold here?"

"How you go on!" the Wasp said in a peevish tone. "Worrity, worrity! There never was such a child!"

Alice felt rather offended at this answer, and was very nearly walking on and leaving him, but she thought to herself "Perhaps it's only pain that makes him so cross." So she tried once more.

"Wo'n't you let me help you round to the other side? You'll be out of the cold wind there."

The Wasp took her arm, and let her help him round the tree, but when he got settled down again he only said, as before, "Worrity, worrity! Ca'n't you leave a body alone?"

“Would you like me to read you a bit of this?” Alice went on, as she picked up a newspaper which had been lying at his feet.

“You may read it if you’ve a mind to,” the Wasp said, rather sulkily. “Nobody’s hindering you, that I know of.”

So Alice sat down by him, and spread out the paper on her knees, and began. “*Latest News. The Exploring Party have made another tour in the Pantry, and have found five new lumps of white sugar, large and in fine condition. In coming back—*”

“Any brown sugar?” the Wasp interrupted.

Alice hastily ran her eyes down the paper and said “No. It says nothing about brown.”

“No brown sugar!” grumbled the Wasp. “A nice exploring party!”

“*In coming back,*” Alice went on reading, “*they found a lake of treacle. The banks of the lake were blue and white, and looked like china. While tasting the treacle, they had a sad accident: two of their party were engulfed—*”

“Were *what?*” the Wasp asked in a very cross voice.

“En-gulph-ed,” Alice repeated, dividing the word in syllables.

“There’s no such word in the language!” said the Wasp.

“It’s in the newspaper, though,” Alice said a little timidly.

“Let’s stop it here!” said the Wasp, fretfully turning away his head.

Alice put down the newspaper. “I’m afraid you’re not well,” she said in a soothing tone. “Ca’n’t I do anything for you?”

“It’s all along of the wig,” the Wasp said in a much gentler voice.

“Along of the wig?” Alice repeated, quite pleased to find that he was recovering his temper.

“You’d be cross too, if you’d a wig like mine,” the Wasp went on. “They jokes, at one. And they worrits one. And then I gets cross. And I gets cold. And I gets under a tree. And I gets a yellow handkerchief. And I ties up my face—as at the present.”

Alice looked pityingly at him. “Tying up the face is very good for the toothache,” she said.

“And it’s very good for the conceit,” added the Wasp.

Alice didn’t catch the word exactly. “Is that a kind of toothache?” she asked.

The Wasp considered a little. “Well, no,” he said: “it’s when you hold up your head—so—without bending your neck.”

“Oh, you mean stiff-neck,” said Alice.

The Wasp said “that’s a new-fangled name. They called it conceit in my time.”

“Conceit isn’t a disease at all,” Alice remarked.

“It is, though,” said the Wasp: “wait till you have it, and then you’ll know. And when you catches it, just try tying a yellow handkerchief round your face. It’ll cure you in no time!”

He untied the handkerchief as he spoke, and Alice looked at his wig in great surprise. It was bright yellow like the handkerchief, and all tangled and tumbled about like a heap of sea-weed. “You could make your wig much neater,” she said, “if only you had a comb.”

“What, you’re a Bee, are you?” the Wasp said, looking at her with more interest. “And you’ve got a comb. Much honey?”

“It isn’t that kind,” Alice hastily explained. “It’s to comb hair with—your wig’s so very rough, you know.”

“I’ll tell you how I came to wear it,” the Wasp said. “When I was young, you know, my ringlets used to wave—”

A curious idea came into Alice’s head. Almost every one she had met had repeated poetry to her, and she thought she would try if the Wasp couldn’t do it too. “Would you mind saying it in rhyme?” she asked very politely.

“It ain’t what I’m used to,” said the Wasp: “however I’ll try; wait a bit.” He was silent for a few moments, and then began again—

*“When I was young, my ringlets waved
And curled and crinkled on my head:
And then they said ‘You should be shaved,
And wear a yellow wig instead.’*

*But when I followed their advice,
And they had noticed the effect,
They said I did not look so nice
As they had ventured to expect.*

*They said it did not fit, and so
It made me look extremely plain:
But what was I to do, you know?*

My ringlets would not grow again.

*So now that I am old and grey,
And all my hair is nearly gone,
They take my wig from me and say
'How can you put such rubbish on?'*

*And still, whenever I appear,
They hoot at me and call me 'Pig!'
And that is why they do it, dear,
Because I wear a yellow wig."*

"I'm very sorry for you," Alice said heartily: "and I think if your wig fitted a little better, they wouldn't tease you quite so much."

"Your wig fits very well," the Wasp murmured, looking at her with an expression of admiration: "it's the shape of your head as does it. Your jaws ain't well shaped, though—I should think you couldn't bite well?"

Alice began with a little scream of laughing, which she turned into a cough as well as she could. At last she managed to say gravely, "I can bite anything I want."

"Not with a mouth as small as that," the Wasp persisted. "If you was a-fighting, now—could you get hold of the other one by the back of the neck?"

"I'm afraid not," said Alice.

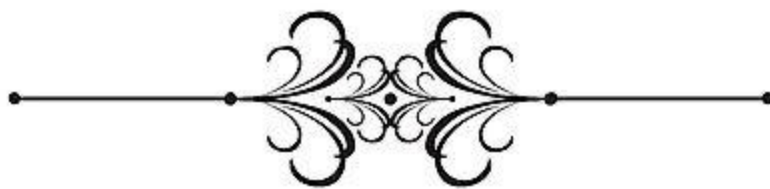
"Well, that's because your jaws are too short," the Wasp went on: "but the top of your head is nice and round." He took off his own wig as he spoke, and stretched out one claw towards Alice, as if he wished to do the same for her, but she kept out of reach, and would not take the hint. So he went on with his criticisms.

"Then, your eyes—they're too much in front, no doubt. One would have done as well as two, if you *must* have them so close—"

Alice did not like having so many personal remarks made on her, and as the Wasp had quite recovered his spirits, and was getting very talkative, she thought she might safely leave him. "I think I must be going on now," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thank-ye," said the Wasp, and Alice tripped down the hill again, quite pleased that she had gone back and given a few minutes to

making the poor old creature comfortable.



PART V

REFLECTIONS ON THE LOOKING-GLASS

By Kent David Kelly

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS is, if anything, a treasure trove even more filled with secrets than *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Carroll had, in the writing of this novel, observed the success of his prior work for several years. He knew what his audience wanted, and he provided it. *Looking-Glass* is quite different, however, in that Carroll at the time was no longer a friendly companion of Alice Liddell (due to the insistence of Alice's mother, as Alice grew to be a young woman). However, Carroll still drew from many incidents in his earlier life with Alice, and supplemented these scenes with even more parodies, hinted references and in-jokes than ever before.

I hope you find these notes and observations toward *Through the Looking-Glass* entertaining. They were difficult to write, but the secrets revealed here are just as surprising as those for *Wonderland*, if not more so!

The Chess Problem

Clarifying the Conundrum: Due to the limitations of the Kindle regarding modifiable text and the challenge of a dual-column display on a narrow screen, the format of the original move summary has been changed slightly to show the correctly alternating moves between White and Red. Further, Carroll's intentionally cryptic acronyms following strict Victorian chess notation ("W.Q. to Q. B's 4th," etc.) have been spelled out to improve the reader's understanding. This is one of the exceedingly few passages where I truly feel that direct de-codification actually enriches Carroll's text!

The Nature of the Game: In the same manner that *Wonderland* is ruled by game pieces (cards), *Looking-Glass Land* is ruled by the game of chess. The land itself is laid out like a chessboard, reflecting the "squared-off" nature of the English countryside with various fields bordered by fences, hedges and streams. In the Victorian age, chess pieces were often *red* and white, as opposed to the *black* and white known today. The additional complexity and maturity of the game of chess (as opposed to aimless cards and croquet) is a telling sign that Alice is growing up, and becoming cleverer all the time. This motif also reflects the nature of the powers of

Wonderland, with the red and white roses, and the importance of those colors in the War of the Roses of England's history.

The Journey Across the Board: In chess, moves alternate per side, and each square is controlled by a single piece. Throughout the story, Alice comes into conflict with characters (pieces) for various reasons. She plays the part of a White Pawn, which is restricted in moving forward ("north") across the board in the hopes of becoming a White Queen at the very end. A quick study of the board and its key will give the reader many hints of the nature of Alice's coming adventures in Looking-Glass Land.

The Preface

Looking-Glass Chess: While the chess motif is brilliant and deftly explored, the needs of the story outweigh the needs of the game. In other words, the chessboard as shown gives an extremely unlikely game in progress, with nonsensical moves by the various pieces. But what else is to be expected in a land governed by madness? The game in Looking-Glass Land has its own rules, which make sense only to the participants themselves.

Castling Queens: This move, in "real" chess, involves the fortification of the King by positioning the Rooks in the backmost rank. In Looking-Glass Chess, castling refers to three Queens being present at the same time in the final rank. This is demonstrated in the story by Alice entering the palace, and the beginning of the great feast.

The Prefatory Poem

A Song of Autumn: This poem, written in perhaps 1871, is clearly written by Carroll to Alice Liddell directly. By "half a life asunder," Carroll is referring to the fact that Alice would then be 19 years old, and Carroll himself 39. The poem also introduces one of the major themes in *Through the Looking-Glass*, the passing of time and changing of people's hearts, as reflected by the seasons. The time of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is here regarded as summer, and *Through the Looking-Glass* represents autumn.

Darker, Colder Tidings: The verse beginning "Come, hearken then" is a strong symbolic passage concerning the coming of death (for those, such as Alice and Carroll, who believe themselves to be far too young at heart to fully die. Indeed, they remain immortal in literature.)

Pleasance: The last line, of course, has a double meaning. It implies that the story will be too enjoyable to be spoiled by grim tidings; but it is

also a word-play on Alice Liddell's middle name.

Chapter I

A Tale of Three Cats: From the very first, Carroll writes with the expectation that the reader is familiar with Alice and her world. The "old cat" mentioned here is Dinah, from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. The two kittens, black and white, are her children. The Liddell family had a male companion for Dinah, named Villikens, but sadly he died to poison. Whether or not he was the father of these two kittens remains a mystery.

Good Kitten, Bad Kitten: Alice's kittens are quite contrary in nature. The white kitten is slow, patient and well-minded, while the black kitten is energetic, hasty and mischievous. As will be seen, the white kitten reflects the nature of the White Queen, and the black kitten mirrors the Red Queen. (The black kitten's name, by the way, is Kitty, while the white one is named Snowdrop.)

"Do You Know What To-Morrow Is?": The date is November 4th. The following night ("Remember, remember, the fifth of November") is Guy Fawkes Night, on which celebratory bonfires are burned to commemorate the failure of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. There is a winking allusion here to the idea of monarchy and revolution. Alice defied the Queen of Hearts in Wonderland; now, as she is growing up, she seeks to become a Queen herself and will be challenged by the Red Queen to see if she is worthy.

Telling Kitty's Faults: When Alice is chiding the black kitten, she is playing with the idea of authority. Some of this is a matter of maturity, but the rest is simply transference, with Alice eager to make light of her own punishments (surely received from her father, mother and Miss Prickett, the governess).

"When We Were Playing Just Now": The person Alice was playing chess with is not made clear. Considering Carroll's diary's however, and his interest in the game, it is very likely that she was playing against Lewis Carroll himself, and that he had just departed the moment before *Through the Looking-Glass* began. (This would also explain why the book of poetry featuring "Jabberwocky" is present, since Carroll wrote the poem, and was in the habit of giving books to Alice as gifts.)

"Let's Pretend": Here, Carroll is re-establishing the nature of Alice and her sister. The "very exact" sister in question is no doubt Lorina, who was also featured in the beginning and end of *Alice's Adventures in*

Wonderland. Alice's offer to be more than one person is an echo of her fall down the rabbit-hole, when we learned that she was in the habit of pretending to be two people. And of course, Alice's quite shocking declaration to her nurse gives us an early taste of the subversive, predatory and morbid humor for which Alice is always known!

“You’re the Red Queen, Kitty!”: Alice's desire for the unreal is so strong that she can turn fantasy into reality. We first discovered this in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, when she made the glass table appear in the Hall of Doors. Here, Alice's simple “Let's pretend” appeal has similarly made it so. From this point forward, the black kitten and the Red Queen are the same creature, represented differently in different worlds.

“All My Ideas About Looking-Glass House”: In the same manner, Alice creates the physical laws of the Deanery on the other side of the mirror. Looking-Glass House thus becomes a “dimensional threshold” of sorts, a gateway between Looking-Glass Land and reality.

A Bright Silvery Mist: It is interesting that the prefatory poem of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was about the “golden afternoon,” while the poem in *Through the Looking-Glass* speaks of “silver laughter” and the mirror turns into “silvery mist.” A parallel can be drawn to the ideas of a Golden Age and a Silver Age, which go all the way back to Hesiod in the 8th century BC. To Hesiod, the Golden Age was the time of human innocence, and the Silver Age was the time when mortality was enforced by the gods, when people were less noble and more concerned with the fear of death.

The Face of a Little Old Man: The entity in the clock is actually Father Time, who we last saw in the Hatter's watch. He grins at Alice, perhaps to let her know that time is passing quickly for her, and she will not be caught in a “time warp” by his wrath (as the Mad Tea-Party was trapped in Wonderland).

Two Castles Walking Arm in Arm: In chess, the more antiquated term “Castle” is interchangeable with “Rook.”

As If I Were Invisible: Alice cannot be seen or heard by the chessmen in Looking-Glass House. This is probably because she has “crossed over” into forbidden territory, and is not, by all physical laws, meant to be there.

A Lack of Bishops: In the background of Tenniel's illustration, we can see the two Red Bishops having a conversation, while a White Bishop reads the papers. This will be the only time that we see the Bishops in the story.

Considering Carroll's respect for religious figures, this was likely an intentional gesture on his part.

Pawns of the White Queen: Since Pawns in chess can (with a great deal of luck and skill) eventually become Queens, it is perfectly reasonable that Lily, the youngest White Pawn, is indeed of royal blood and the daughter of the Queen. This also explains why the Red Queen treats Alice with some decorum and respect later on, as the Red Queen believes herself to be tutoring (and challenging) the Princess of a rival bloodline.

"Make a Memorandum of It": We are here reminded of the King of Hearts, and his need to put everything in his memorandum-book, lest he forget what has transpired and what he is doing.

"He Balances Very Badly": Knights are regarded as clumsy in Looking-Glass Land, because of the way they move in chess (first in one direction, then a 90-degree turn and a move in another direction). This inherent imbalance, or "wriggling," makes them skilled fighters, but comically inept as well!

YKCOWREBBAJ: Unfortunately, the Kindle does not support true mirror writing. As a formatting concession, I have written the first verse of Jabberwocky backwards to best emulate the original text.

JABBERWOCKY: Carroll's classic nonsense poem is one of the most famous rhyming works in English literature. A distinction which often remains unnoticed, however, is that of "Jabberwock" vs. "Jabberwocky." The *Jabberwock* is a nonesuch monster, much like a dragon crossed between a moth, a spider and a bat. "Jabberwocky" (with a "y") is the title of the poem, meaning "Of or pertaining to a Jabberwock." The many other unique words in the poem (such as "brillig," "slithy," "toves," etc.) are defined in the glossary at the end of this work.

"'Twas Brillig, and the Slithy Toves...": Humpty Dumpty will explain some of this poem to Alice later, but as this piece is highly important to the mythology of Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land, it is beneficial to offer an understanding of this work before moving on. "Jabberwocky" is written in a mock Anglo-Saxon style, a period which interested Carroll greatly. We can assume then that it tells a tale from the 10th or 11th century AD. (The Mouse in Wonderland talks all about William the Conqueror, who was responsible for the end of Anglo-Saxon sovereignty in 1066.) The action takes place on Jabberwock Isle (equivalent to the Isle of Man), which we will revisit in *The Hunting of the Snark*. The unnamed Baron of the Isle,

perhaps as a rite of ascendance, sends his son to slay the menacing Jabberwock, which lurks in the Tulgey Wood. Much like Saint George or John Lambton, the boy proves himself by taking up a sword and ridding the Isle of the horrible creature. This tale is directly relevant to Alice's journey in Looking-Glass Land, because it involves an unlikely young heir growing up before his time, and thereby earning the mantle of nobility.

Getting Down Stairs Quickly and Easily: The staircase here is the fabled Lexicon Staircase, which Alice's father Henry Liddell had installed in the Deanery. (It was purchased using proceeds from the publication of his Greek Lexicon, which he was well-known for.) Alice alluded in the story of Wonderland that she had tumbled down these stairs before. Here, she is saved only by her own quick thinking, changing the physical laws of Looking-Glass House without even realizing that she has done so.

Chapter II

More Like a Corkscrew Than a Path: As Alice leaves the Looking-Glass House and enters Looking-Glass Land, her ability to change the natural laws of her surroundings begins to falter. Looking-Glass Land is an established kingdom, and its rules were created by either the Red or White monarchy, or the powers which preceded them. Due to her nearness to Looking-Glass House (and reality), Alice is still able to exert a *little* control. However, she is entering the domain of the Red Queen, and will need to learn the rules of the land so that she can subvert them later.

A Large Flower-Bed: Some of the flowers Alice encounters on the threshold of Looking-Glass Land are taken from Tennyson's poem, "Maud." Tenniel's illustrations of them may have been inspired by Grandville's beautiful work in *Un Autre Monde*.

"We Can Talk": Notice again the subtlety of Alice's wish, which is instantly complied with. Much like Wonderland, Looking-Glass Land shapes its unnatural laws around Alice's desires.

The Victorian Language of Flowers: In Alice's (and especially Lewis Carroll's) age, flowers were used in correspondence between affectionate people as a formalized game of riddle and answer. Some of the floral messages were obvious (the olive branch meaning peace, the red rose meaning true love), while others were delightfully obscure (viscaria meaning an invitation to dance, jonquil meaning "kindly return my affection"). The flowers which Alice encounters in the Garden of Live Flowers are, in order: (1) an orange Tiger-lily (meaning desire); (2) a red

Rose (true love); (3) pink Daisies (innocent beauty, unknown to the possessor); (4) white Daisies (innocence and loyalty); (5) a Violet (faithfulness); and (6) Larkspur (singular fickleness). The effect may be accidental, but the progression is interesting when we consider (1) Alice's desire to get to the top of the hill, (2) Carroll's adoration of Alice, (3) Alice's unawareness of her own beauty, and (4, 5) Alice's devotion to those who care for her. The sudden twist of the Larkspur to (6) fickleness occurs only when the Red Queen is arriving, and the Larkspur cries out, "She's coming!"

"You're the Right Colour": The Rose is politely inferring that Alice is a "good" (or game-worthy) person because her skin is pale (white), as opposed to ruddy (red). The Rose, familiar only with the chessmen of Looking-Glass Land, is assuming that Alice serves the White Queen.

From Pink to White: This is one of the rare instances where Alice is willing to make a deadly threat against those who misbehave!

"There's One Other Flower": Here, the live flowers are describing the Red Queen in the only way they know how. By "more bushy," the Rose means that the Red Queen is wearing a larger dress than Alice. "Her petals are shorter" refers to the length of her hair, "done up close" in a snood, or hairnet. The "nine spikes" refers to the radial points of her crown.

The Prickly Red Queen: The flowers refer to the Red Queen as "one of the thorny kind." This is a reference not only to her spiked crown, but also to her testy personality. It is also worth noting that this is probably a hint at the Liddell sisters' nickname for their governess Miss Prickett, "Pricks." In his article "'Alice' on the Stage," Carroll explained the personality of the Red Queen as follows: "The Red Queen I pictured as a Fury, but of another type [as opposed to the Queen of Hearts]; *her* passion must be cold and calm; she must be formal and strict, yet not unkindly; pedantic to the tenth degree, the concentrated essence of all governesses!"

"I Hear Her Footstep": As we can see in Tenniel's illustration, the Red Queen is atop her formal chess-piece pedestal, and so she only has one thumping foot upon which to walk!

"Look Up, Speak Nicely": The Red Queen has never seen a mere mortal girl in Looking-Glass Land before. She is here assuming that Alice is a White Pawn (just like Lily), and therefore a Princess. As such, she feels it is her duty to educate Alice in all forms of manners and etiquette.

A Woman's One-Upmanship: The Red Queen's insistence that she has seen greater things than Alice, and that she owns "all of the ways," underlines a simple (but dangerous!) case of egocentricity. The Red Queen is telling Alice in no uncertain terms that *she* is the highest power in all the land.

"That Would Be Nonsense": Alice may be remembering that she successfully defied the Queen of Hearts in Wonderland by declaring her royal proceedings to be "nonsense." Things are not so simple here, however, and the Red Queen is a far more canny adversary!

"I Wish I Was One of Them": Again, Alice desires something to be true, and so it is. The Red Queen smiles upon her, and allows Alice to enter play as a White Pawn—perhaps believing that Alice's naiveté will improve the Red Queen's chance of winning, and so ruling all of Looking-Glass Land. Alice, then, is a Pawn in every sense of the word.

"Faster! Faster!": The theme of pastoral Wonderland was one of a hegemonic monarchy, represented by the rule of the Queen of Hearts. Timelessness was the nature of the land (exemplified by the Mad Tea-Party, where time never changes). In Looking-Glass Land, however, there are two competing monarchies, and time is of the essence. The land is in turmoil, and everything is about rushing, change, and the obsessions of timekeeping. Wonderland (with its paths and forests) represents pastoral Merry Olde England, while Looking-Glass Land (with its artificial landscape and trains) represents Victorian England, caught up in the throes of the Industrial Revolution.

"One of the Knights Will Show You the Way": Ominously, the Red Queen is implying that she knows that two chivalrous Knights, White and Red, will fight over Alice. By saying that one of the Knights will show Alice the way to the palace, she means either that the White Knight will win, and guide Alice onward; or, the Red Knight will be victorious, and Alice will be taken before the Red Queen as a fairly-earned prisoner of war.

"She Can Run Very Fast": In chess, the Queens are the most powerful and mobile pieces in the game, being able to move an unlimited number of squares in any of the eight directions.

Chapter III

Alice on the Train: This clever illustration is a reference to the Millais painting, "My First Sermon," which shows a young child in Alice's pose, caught in another (very uncomfortable) adult situation. The background of

the carriage is from August Leopold Egg's painting, "The Travelling Companions."

"Tickets, Please!": As an astute reader of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* will remember, the three lines of asterisks denote those moments when Alice becomes disoriented, or her body's shape is changing. Here, there is a change that occurs when she leaps over the brook. She has just crossed from one chessboard square into the next, and in so doing has vanished and appeared on a Looking-Glass train heading north. Her first encounter is with the Guard, a conductor responsible for ticket checking.

"A Thousand Pounds a Minute": As we have seen through Alice's encounter with the Red Queen, Looking-Glass Land is certainly a place where people are obsessed with haste, rushing and progress. The unified voices in the railway carriage represent "the people," caught up in the rush of technological Victorian life. But where the Queen was concerned with time, these people are simply obsessed with money.

"You're Travelling the Wrong Way": After the Guard scrutinizes Alice, he tells her that she is moving in the wrong direction. This is actually quite disconcerting, when we consider that Alice is a White Pawn in the chess game, and can only move in a single direction! The Guard has probably sensed that Alice is (unknowingly) serving the purposes of the manipulative Red Queen, instead of the White.

The Gentleman in the Papers: The illustrated man is Benjamin Disraeli, the famous politician who was *certainly* in the newspapers!

The Passengers on the Train: As the train is filled with various and sundry creatures going about their business, the identities of those sharing Alice's railway carriage (Man, Goat, Beetle, Horse and Gnat) tell us much about the nature of Looking-Glass Land. In Wonderland, sentient animals lived side by side with humans. Insects, however, were not to be found. In Looking-Glass Land, these industrious creatures are everywhere. As we will see, they are quite concerned with issues concerning work, sorrow and death ... no doubt as a result of their own fleeting and difficult lives.

An Extremely Small Voice: It should be noted that in the original text, the words spoken by the gnat are in a smaller font. Due to the difficulties this causes for adjustable text on the Kindle, I have opted not to include this original formatting.

"She's Got a Head on Her": In Carroll's day, postage stamps featured the profile portrait of Queen Victoria. Since Alice is the only human girl in

the carriage (and perhaps even the only one in Looking-Glass Land!), the people have mistaken her rushing head for a postage mark.

“I Know You Are a Friend”: The Gnat’s speech here is quite mysterious. He may be implying that he knows Alice is a friend, because anyone *else* would have swatted him by now. He may also regard Alice as an *old* friend, simply because his own life is so short and he has now known her for several minutes.

The Goat’s Beard: Alice first vanished and appeared on the train by jumping over the brook. Now that the *train* is jumping over another brook, she vanishes again and appears back in the forest (although in another square).

Looking-Glass Insects: The nature of Looking-Glass Insects is curious—all of the ones pointed out by the Gnat seem to be artificially created, awkward and doomed to failure (and death). They may represent the lower class, or even the untouchables, of Looking-Glass Land society.

“It Always Happens”: This grim, touching line underscores the nature of being ... not only for the insects of Looking-Glass Land, but for all mortal creatures.

The Nameless Wood: After the conversation Alice had with the Gnat concerning names as indicators of identity, it seems that Alice (having regarded names as not being important to insects themselves, if insects are inferior) has begun to lose her identity. This disconcerting effect is brought on by the primeval, non-sentient nature of the forest itself.

“I Know It Begins With L”: Alice may either be struggling to remember her last name (Liddell), or she may be confusing herself with her elder sister (Lorina). She may also be remembering the other White Pawn (Lily).

A Curious End: This chapter ends as an incomplete sentence, with the continuation, “Tweedledum and Tweedledee” being the title of the following chapter.

Chapter IV

Tweedledum and Tweedledee: These twins, derived from a well-known nursery rhyme, receive their most in-depth characterization here in Carroll’s work. They are forever at odds, contradicting one another’s ambitions as if battling each other to lay claim to a single identity. To “tweedle” means to twist, or contort.

The Overgrown Schoolboys: In his illustrations of the twins, Tenniel clearly drew on the inspiration of his prior pictures of John Bull, the epitome (in cartoon form) of the everyday Englishman. The “Tweedles,” in the same manner as Bull, wear the classic skeleton suit of 19th-century schoolboys. They are also dull, plucky, straightforward, stubborn and full of heart!

“First Boy,” “Next Boy”: Alice is jesting with them because they are wearing skeleton suits, the traditional wear of English schoolboys. “First Boy” was a titular honor given to the smartest boy who knew all the answers, while “Next Boy” (contrariwise!) would indicate his slight inferior.

The Carpenter’s Hard Times: In the illustrations, the Carpenter appears wearing the classic paper cap of the lower-class Victorian laborer. If he is wandering at the seashore of Looking-Glass Land, he may be an out-of-work shipbuilder. (He may also be responsible for working on the woodwork of the Ship of Fools, which we will see in *The Hunting of the Snark*.)

The Walrus and the Carpenter: Unlike most of the poems in the Alice works, this one is unique to Carroll and not a parody of an existing work. There are hints of the superstitions of mariners, such as the midnight sun and the boiling sea. As we will see later in *The Hunting of the Snark*, such warnings are prevalent on the approach to Jabberwock Isle. The warning nature of the poem becomes more apparent when we consider that Carroll once (in the earlier editions) cited Tweedledum and Tweedledee as White Castles (Rooks), the Carpenter as a Red Knight, and the Walrus as a Red Bishop. In other words, the white chessmen are warning the new White Pawn (Alice) about the predatory nature of the red chessmen. The Oysters are innocents, and their lack of care among the red pieces leads to their grisly end.

This Was a Puzzler: For the first time in her life, Alice is forced to contemplate the moral conundrum posed by determining the lesser of two evils.

The Sleeping King: As opposed to the Queens in chess, the Kings move very slowly. In fact, it is often considered tactically unsound to move the King unless absolutely necessary, since doing so wastes a turn that could be spent moving a stronger (and less crucial) piece into place.

The Dream of the Red King: The nature of the Red King's dream emphasizes the darker, deadlier nature of Looking-Glass Land. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, we learned that Alice fell into Wonderland when she fell asleep, and left it when she woke. In Looking-Glass Land, however, she learns that she is not dreaming. Instead, she is being *dreamt of*. This chilling revelation makes her escape from Looking-Glass Land all the more urgent (which fits in again with the theme of rushing time).

"I Bought It Yesterday": The only real shop in Looking-Glass Land, it seems, is the Sheep Shop, where the White Queen (Sheep) sells objects of desire. If this is where Tweedledum bought his rattle, it also brings up another question: Are those brothers the *sons* of the White Queen? They serve in the game as chessmen (like Lily, the White Pawn and Queen's daughter); they are rather dull; and in the absence of their mother, they tell Alice that they will need her help in getting dressed.

The Monstrous Crow: The crow is featured in the original nursery rhyme, but it is also a bird symbolic of death. Rather grim, but quite in keeping with Looking-Glass Land!

Chapter V

The White Queen: Carroll (in "'Alice' on the Stage") described her thusly: "Lastly, the White Queen seemed, to my dreaming fancy, gentle, stupid, fat and pale; helpless as an infant; and with a slow, maundering, bewildered air about her just *suggesting* imbecility, but never quite passing into it; that would be, I think, fatal to any comic effect she might otherwise produce. There is a character strangely like her in Wilkie Collins' novel 'No Name': by two different converging paths we have somehow reached the same ideal, and Mrs. Wragg and the White Queen might have been twin-sisters."

"Am I A-Dressing ...": A quick Victorian pun, born of misunderstanding. Alice is asking if she is speaking to royalty; the White Queen is responding that yes, you're putting my shawl back on, so I suppose you are indeed a-dressing me.

Caring for the White Queen: Alice's careful and compassionate rituals over the White Queen—dressing her, fixing her hair, asking after her—comprise one of her first experiences in role reversal. In a way, this is Alice's first moment of proving her worth as a future Queen.

"The Effect of Living Backwards": Whereas the Red Queen has proven herself as a mistress in control of time, the poor doddering White

Queen is quite swept up in the opposite direction. She still has the powers of a Looking-Glass Queen, but the powers are beginning to rule *her*, as opposed to the other way around.

“The Trial Doesn’t Even Begin”: The King’s Messenger in question is certainly the Hatter, that unlucky exile from Wonderland. The prescient White Queen tells us that something will happen (perhaps the Hatter will earn the White King’s ire, as he did that of the Queen of Hearts), and he’ll be thrown into prison once again. Or, she is actually (considering the illustration) referring to the trial that already happened in Wonderland, which has not yet happened in Looking-Glass Land due to the confounding effects of living backwards!

“Seven and a Half, Exactly”: It is six months to the day after Alice’s seventh birthday, when she adventured in Wonderland.

“Six Impossible Things Before Breakfast”: This part of the conversation is interesting, because of Alice’s declaration that she can’t believe in impossible things. In other words, she sincerely believes in everything that is happening to her, in both Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land. It is this conviction that makes her the *only* young girl who is capable of exploring these realms of unreality and getting back out again. The White Queen, meanwhile, believes impossible things every day. And well she might, as the sovereign of a land filled with impossibilities! Impossibility is all she has ever known.

She Crossed the Little Brook: As we have seen twice before, whenever Alice jumps over a Looking-Glass Brook, some strange shift in perspective always occurs. The first time was when she vanished and appeared on the train; the second was when the train leaped and she vanished off of it again. Now, since the White Queen leapt first (and Alice followed), the transformation happens to the Queen, and Alice is carried along.

The Sheep: In entering Looking-Glass Land, Alice has probably fallen asleep in her favorite arm-chair, back in the Deanery’s drawing-room. Sheep (of the counted variety) have long been associated with pleasant dreams. Also, Alice goes on a journey up the river of dreams, which is certainly the River Isis near where she fell asleep (to the bleating of sheep again!) and fell into Wonderland. As in all the best dreams, Alice goes quietly along with the lovely insanity that is now enfolding her.

The Old Sheep Shop: This store, as illustrated, was an actual candy shop which Alice frequented while living in Oxford. These days, it remains as a souvenir shop selling Alice keepsakes and other mementoes. For those who wish to visit, it is located at 83 Saint Aldgate's Street. Enjoy!

The Empty Shelves: Alice is experiencing the effects of a mirage, or a trick of light in the corner of the eye. Peripheral vision shows there is something there, but looking directly shows nothing at all. Carroll is also alluding to the untouchable, fog-like nature of desired things in beautiful dreams.

How Can She Knit With So Many?: The White Queen, as the Sheep, is casually showing her supreme mastery of the world of illusion and dream. Handing the knitting-needles to Alice turns them into oars, perhaps because Alice is "apprenticed" to the idea of dream-shifting and finds herself in one of her happiest places on earth: the River Isis, where Lewis Carroll first told her the dream-stories of Wonderland.

"Feather!": A "feather" is a skilled type of oar stroke that gives greater control. The Sheep is showing Alice how to master the world of dream. When recollecting a river jaunt with Carroll down to Nuneham, Alice Liddell once commented (in part) as follows: "When we had learned enough to manage the oars, we were allowed to take our turn at them, while the two men watched and instructed us. I can remember what hard work it was rowing upstream from Nuneham, but this was nothing if we thought we were learning and getting on. It was a proud day when we could 'feather our oars' properly."

Catching a Crab: A "crab" is a bad stroke of the oar, which causes the water to pull the oar down sloppily. In dream-parlance, this indicates Alice's lack of control on the river of dreams, although she is learning to "feather" more as she goes.

The Scented Rushes: The rushes are Carroll's symbol for those most beautiful dreams which cannot be attained. (We wonder if Carroll's own scented rushes were dreams of a life spent with Alice Liddell.) As an odd parallel, the netherworld paradise of the ancient Egyptians was known as the Field of Rushes, a place of lovely, cool water and banks of scented plants, beyond which laid desires.

The Shop of Curiosities: Once Alice has proven that she can *begin* to master the river of dreams, the Sheep returns her to the shop where Alice must select something, pay for it and leave. To the Sheep, this is a grave

matter indeed. Alice has learned that she cannot keep the dream-rushes, so it is time to think of something more practical that is important to her. Alice chooses an egg, perhaps just being hungry after all her exertion. The Queen, however, knows that the egg will prove to be Humpty Dumpty (a pontificating mentor) after the shop of illusion fades. Once the shop does fade and Alice crosses the next brook, the new transformation occurs and she is ushered into the presence of Humpty Dumpty!

Chapter VI

Humpty Dumpty: Much like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Humpty Dumpty is a nursery rhyme figure who Alice is quite familiar with. Humpty, however, has much more in common with the Caterpillar of Wonderland. Both are earlier phases of a creature's metamorphosis: The Caterpillar will become a Butterfly, and the Egg will become a Rooster. Both are intellectual mentors, with the Caterpillar being a dreamy philosopher and Humpty Dumpty being a stern logician and semanticist. Humpty, however, is caught in a strange kind of time distortion, perhaps because he serves the White Queen. He does not know that his pride and audacity will cause him to fall off the wall, but in Alice's world, this has already occurred and had a famous rhyme composed about it. (We can only speculate whether Carroll was parodying certain Oxford dons he and Alice both knew, or simply making fun of himself.)

"What Does It Mean?": Although Alice does not know this and cannot answer, Humpty would probably be quite interested to learn that the name "Alice" comes from the Old German "Adelaide," meaning "of the noble kind."

"You Might Have Left Off at Seven": Alice, thankfully, is quite oblivious to Humpty Dumpty's morbid fascination. Basically, Mr. Dumpty is saying that Alice might not have been able to manage committing suicide at the tender age of seven, but "with proper assistance" (from a murderer), she would have had absolutely no problem ending her own little "growing older" situation!

"That Seems to Be Done Right": Like all the best egg-headed professors, Humpty Dumpty is a master in his specialty of language, but anything outside of that—such as mathematics—is far too much of a chore for him to bother with understanding.

A Rather Sudden Ending: Once Humpty Dumpty observes that his uniquely-crafted poem is not having the desired effect on Alice, Mr.

Dumpty is quite done with her, say thank you.

Chapter VII

All the King's Men: Here, we learn that the White King has control of considerable forces beyond those few champions who are vying for victory in the chess match. They are shown in the tradition of medieval English soldiers, and include (from the illustration) knights, *arquebusiers* (gunmen) and pikemen.

Nobody on the Road: This crafty joke is very old, dating all the way back to Homer's *Odyssey*, wherein Odysseus deceived the Cyclops Polyphemus by given his name (which he knew would be shouted later) as "No-Man."

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes: Carroll here is poking fun at the stilted figures prevalent in artwork from Anglo-Saxon times, featuring crude caricatures with splayed limbs that are posed at awkward angles.

Haigha and Hatta: These are Anglo-Saxon names. Haigha is pronounced as "hare," and is the March Hare. Hatta, of course, is the Hatter. Both are exiles from Wonderland, fleeing the wrath of the Queen of Hearts which they experienced some six months prior. We can only assume that the poor Dormouse was either left behind, or is safely asleep somewhere!

"I Love My Love With an H": Alice is playing an old parlor game, in which participants challenge one another to see how long they can carry on a viable monologue of words beginning with a single letter.

The Lion and the Unicorn: This nursery rhyme dates back several centuries, and tells the tale of two troubled kingdoms battling against one another. The Lion is the heraldic beast on the coat of arms of England, while the Unicorn is the symbol of Scotland. The Lion and the Unicorn both serve the White King, but apparently the kingdom is one with some considerable history of warfare and unification. An interesting parallel can again be drawn to the white and red roses in the garden of the Queen of Hearts, which were symbols of the War of the Roses.

"There's Some Enemy After Her": The White King has a rather bored and passing interest in ceremonial battle. He is quite unconcerned with his Queen being chased by enemies, because the chess match is merely a game, after all. Similarly, he is very casual in his regard to the ritual sparring between the Lion and the Unicorn, and seems quite shocked when Alice asks if his crown is at stake. Of course, the game is far more serious than the White King realizes!

The Nature of the Child: Alice is something of a peculiarity in the fantastical realm of Looking-Glass Land, being “only” a little girl. There is nothing else quite like her. The March Hare does not recognize her (perhaps as a result of the time-distortion he was trapped in at the Mad Tea-Party), but the Unicorn has never seen anything quite like her. Carroll twists this situation around to masterful effect, where the bored and fantastic Unicorn is utterly awed by the existence of something so mundane and *un*-impossible as a human child from the “imaginary” land of England.

“Fetch Out the Plum-Cake, Old Man!”: In the finest Scottish tradition, the Unicorn is completely unconcerned with showing deference to the harmless little King! (Best of all, the King takes it.)

Twice As Much for the Lion: The Lion, of course, has taken the *lion’s* share of the cake!

Chapter VIII

“Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!”: In moving into Alice’s square, the Red Knight has captured the White Pawn (Alice), while simultaneously putting the White King in check. The White Knight, however, is quite oblivious to the propriety of all this, and is a little slow on the uptake. Before either result of the Red Knight’s move can be honored, the White Knight intervenes on Alice’s behalf and challenges the Red Knight to a duel. Honoring the quizzical rules of Looking-Glass Chivalry (with a damsel in distress apparently trumping a mere check), the Red Knight gamely agrees to battle.

The Identity of the White Knight: As one of the most endearing and important characters in the “Alice” stories, Carroll designed the White Knight with exquisite care. With his songs, awkwardness, chivalry and spirit of invention, the Knight was intended to be a compassionate caricature of Carroll himself. Carroll even told Tenniel to illustrate the Knight as a fairly young man. Perhaps in pure mischief (Tenniel and Carroll had a legendary frustration with one another), Tenniel made certain that the White Knight looked very much like himself. This included not only a prominent nose and grandiose moustache ... the Knight was also certainly *Tenniel’s* own age, and quite a bit older than Carroll!

The Farewell of the White Knight: It must be remembered that Carroll wrote *Through the Looking-Glass* for a public audience, and that his relations with Alice Liddell were no more. The farewell of the White Knight has often been interpreted as Carroll’s own farewell to Alice. The young Alice, while sympathetic to the White Knight’s sorrow, is so eager to

grow up and become a Queen that she does not regard this passing as anything more than a fleeting sorrow. Later, of course, memory will catch up with her and she will look back on the White Knight fondly. This section of the story bears a close relation to Lorina's nostalgic daydreams at the end of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

Chapter IX

Castling: Castling, in Looking-Glass Chess, occurs when the Queens align on the back row of the game board. Here, the Red Queen is appearing to challenge the rise of Alice. Now that Alice has left the dream-lingering of the White Knight (Carroll) and she is ready to grow up, she is beset by stern Victorian women who will see if Alice is worthy of ladyship just yet. And so the examination begins, leading directly into the feast, the endgame of the Looking-Glass Chess match. Castling, then, is the rite of passage out of childhood.

The Barrage of Lessons: Alice finds these two to be much more demanding than the Gryphon and Mock Turtle were. The emphasis is that these Queens are of two worlds; Alice from sensible England, and the Red and White Queens from Looking-Glass Land, where nonsense reigns. Of course, the *real* test behind the nonsense is one of wills.

Who Will Win?: The dominance of the Red Queen is very clear here. The White Queen feels compelled to follow the Red Queen's lead in interrogating Alice, although she does so half-heartedly. She may well be secretly hoping that Alice will triumph, even as the aging White Queen falters. Alice served in the chess match as a White Pawn, and in reaching the last row she became an heiress and the second White Queen. Alice has the power to overthrow the Red Queen, if Her (overconfident) Red Majesty does not realize the full implications of what has transpired!

The Lot of the White Queen: This scene tells us quite a bit about Looking-Glass Land. The Red Queen is clearly the ruling matriarch, while the White Queen belongs to a challenging, but still inferior, lineage of royalty. The royal palace is on the Red Queen's side of the board, while the poor White Queen only lives in a little house. We are also reminded that the White Queen is in desperate need of a lady's-maid, and was eager to seek Alice's dressing assistance.

Hush-a-By Lady: With this not-so-innocent lullaby, the Red Queen is condescending to the White Queen, implying that she is so helpless and childlike that the young Alice should take care of her.

Two Great Heads Suddenly Vanished: This curious scene tells us that the Red and White Queens have dreamed themselves into the palace. The parallels to the Cheshire-Cat's vanishing act are interesting!

“Wexes It”: The old Frog is saying that knocking “vexes” the door. His accent indicates his rustic nature; he might indeed be the gardener or the grounds keeper.

“It Isn’t Etiquette to Cut Anyone”: The joke here is that “to cut” someone, in Victorian parlance, is to intentionally slight someone by refusing to acknowledge their handshake, introduction or conversation.

The Simplicity of Defiance: Alice begins to win the duel of wills when she contradicts the Red Queen's order with one of her own. She is strengthened when she speaks out, and everyone honors her with silence. This moment is a more mature echo of the incident in Wonderland, when Alice first defied the Queen of Hearts.

“Leave All the Conversation to the Pudding”: This is a hostess's dinner joke, as in “It's bad manners to wait until desert before talking with your guests.”

“We Must Support You”: This is an ominous glimpse of the Queens keeping up appearances before their subjects, and hiding their quarrelsome battle. In fact, the whole theme of the formal chess match might be ritualized combat, to avoid civil war in Looking-Glass Land through the creation of “bread and circuses.”

“Something's Going to Happen”: Indeed! The White Queen knows that Alice will either lose (and perhaps be trapped in Looking-Glass Land), or wake and leave forever. The White Queen hides in the soup-tureen for shelter. The Red Queen, her temper finally percolating past the boiling point, is causing the environment to change. But unlike the White Queen's kindness, with the gentle lessons of the Sheep Shop and the river of dreams, the Red Queen's change of the feast-hall is one of direct challenge. Alice, however, succeeds in defying the Red Queen, just as she did the Queen of Hearts in Wonderland, by refusing to give in to fear and standing up for herself. And with that, she is ready to begin growing up, and is woken out of Looking-Glass Land.

Chapter XI

Shaking, Waking: In this scene, Alice is finally angered into forgetting all meek propriety. She simply *defies* the Red Queen's mischief. In doing so, she reveals the true nature of what has happened: in the dream of the

Red King which Alice fell into, Kitty (the black kitten of Alice's reality) embodied the Red Queen. Once Alice asserted herself and punished the Red Queen/Kitty for her flaws in behavior, Alice woke herself out of the Red King's dream, and found herself safely back in the drawing-room of the Deanery.

Chapter XII

Which Do You Think It Was?: It's a grave question, with no certain answer. If Alice was dreaming, then Looking-Glass Land was her own creation, and she was simply struggling with different aspects of herself until she resolved to begin growing up. If the Red King was dreaming, then Looking-Glass Land was a trial of life and death, since Alice would have "gone out like a candle" if she had not woken up in time.

The Closing Poem

Still She Haunts Me: This is Carroll's farewell to the Alice of youth. As Alice grows up and begins to lose interest in imagination and grows enamored with the reality of life, there is no real place for Carroll to be with her any longer. But he remembers her with an eternal affection, and for that reason alone these stories were written down.

The Name in Farewell: The first letters of each line spell out ALICE PLEASANCE LIDDELL.

The Wasp in a Wig

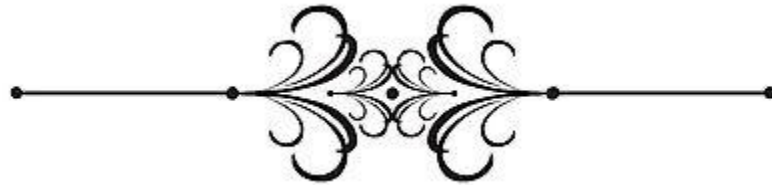
The Nature of the Wasp: The Wasp character is a continuation and extension of the concept introduced by the Gnat: namely, the idea of the downtrodden lower class with their own hopes, insights and sorrows. Whereas the Gnat was morbidly aware of his life's futility and nearness to death, the Wasp is similarly very old and resigned in his belief that nothing will ever change. His insights come not through mere depression, but through defeating experience. The fact that a young girl as well-to-do as Alice is willing to speak with him, however, gives him a glimmer of hope.

Worry: This simply means "worry," but the usage tells us that the Wasp has probably always belonged to the struggling lower class.

The Latest News: This aside is a parody of those African and Indian adventures that were often in the Victorian papers, as technology rushed through the world and colonialism marched boldly on.

"I Think I Must Be Going Now": Alice has shown a considerable degree of patience with the crotchety Wasp, and much goodwill. Carroll probably intended this episode to show that Alice did not simply desire to

be a Queen, but she was also *worthy* of it. The fact that Alice gently departs from the crotchety Wasp—but still departs, all the same—tells us much not only about the dream-child, but also about the young lady Alice Pleasance Liddell.



Speculative Chronology of Looking-Glass Land

By Kent David Kelly

THE FOLLOWING dates, as before, can be derived from the hints and allusions hidden throughout the text.

June 3, 1758 (Saturday): The White Queen is born. (We can calculate this day by the White Queen's precise reckoning of her age during her conversation with Alice.)

November, 1765: The White Queen, practicing hard, teaches herself the art of believing as many as six impossible things before breakfast. (The White Queen says to Alice, "When I was your age ..." which indicates seven-and-one-half years of age.)

October?, 1859: The Hatter is released from prison in Wonderland.

November 1, 1859 (Tuesday): A massive thunderstorm passes through Looking-Glass Land.

November 3, 1859 (Thursday): This is the day before the chess match begins in Looking-Glass Land. The Red Queen marshals her forces. The White Queen, meanwhile, loses her comb. (The White Queen also tells us that she has a hippopotamus in her home on Thursdays!)

November 4, 1859 (Friday): Alice has her adventures in Looking-Glass Land. (She is exactly seven and one-half years old, and her birthday was on May 4, 1852.)

November 4, 1859 (Early Afternoon): Lewis Carroll and Alice play chess in the Deanery drawing-room. Dinah, meanwhile, grooms the black kitten.

November 4, 1859 (Early Afternoon): The chess match between red and white begins in Looking-Glass Land. (Most likely, at the same time that Alice begins playing chess in the Deanery.)

November 4, 1859 (Throughout the Afternoon): In Looking-Glass Land, many of the chess pieces are captured, and red begins to win the match.

November 4, 1859 (Mid-Afternoon): Alice plays with Kitty and Snowdrop in the drawing-room. (Carroll tells us in the text that it is afternoon, and has been for awhile.)

November 4, 1859 (3:30 PM?): Alice reads Jabberwocky and passes through the looking-glass. (The exact time is inconclusive, but from Tenniel's illustration, the time may be 3:30 PM.)

November 4, 1859 (Mid-Afternoon): Alice explores the Looking-Glass House and enters the Garden of Live Flowers. She meets the Red Queen and becomes a White Pawn in the ongoing chess game.

November 4, 1859 (Mid-Afternoon): Alice boards the train and journeys further into Looking-Glass Land. She meets the Gnat and sees the Looking-Glass Insects.

November 4, 1859 (Mid- to Late Afternoon): Alice wanders through the nameless wood, and finds the Fawn.

November 4, 1859 (Late Afternoon): Alice meets Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

November 4, 1859 (Late Afternoon): The twin brothers have their battle. (We do not know how long it lasts, but Tweedledum says that they will fight until 6:00 PM, and then have dinner. They are of course interrupted by the monstrous crow.)

November 4, 1859 (Early Evening): Alice meets the White Queen (and the Sheep), and boats on the river of dreams.

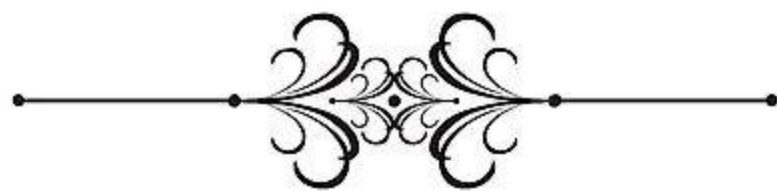
November 4, 1859 (Early Evening): Alice meets Humpty Dumpty, the Anglo-Saxon Messengers, the White King, the Lion and the Unicorn.

November 4, 1859 (Early Evening): Alice meets the White Knight and enjoys his company. (Carroll tells us that the sun is setting at this time.)

November 4, 1859 (6:15 PM?): Alice castles, and dines with the Red and White Queens. (It may be a bit after 6:00 PM, since Tweedledum and Tweedledee were intending to fight until 6:00 PM and then have dinner.)

November 4, 1859 (Late Evening): Alice returns home to the Deanery, and scolds her kittens.

November 4, 1859 (Night): The royal ball is held in Looking-Glass Land, which Alice is not there to attend. Hopefully, the White Queen asserts herself in a more considerable fashion, now that the Red Queen has been defeated.



PART VI

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND

Introduction

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND is something of a “non-secret secret” amongst the more studious devotees of Alice’s adventures. Few readers of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* are aware that the published edition is actually an *expanded* version of a unique narrative, which was originally written solely for an audience of one, Alice Pleasance Liddell.

Following the boating journeys from Folly Bridge up to Godstow, young Alice entreated Lewis Carroll to write his extemporized stories down for her, so that she could enjoy them again and again. After some continued insistence, Carroll relented and began to write a manuscript which he entitled *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*. Far from being only a first draft, this fascinating work was created as a gift piece to be lovingly presented to Alice alone. It was handwritten, and filled with whimsical illustrations by the amateur draftsman Carroll himself. Needless to say, once it was finally done, it was one of Alice’s most cherished possessions. (Later in Alice’s life, this manuscript set records at a Sotheby’s auction and became a national treasure. See the chronology of the Alice works, later in this collection, for further details.)

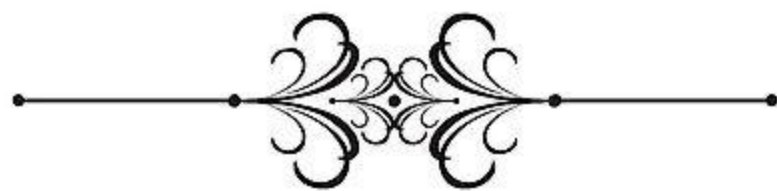
From the detached perspective of modern readers (outside of these personal anecdotes between Alice and Carroll), *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground* is probably creatively inferior to *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. Many of the most-loved classic scenes—such as the Mad Tea-Party, the house of the Duchess and the extended trial of the tarts—are completely missing, due to being written after the *Under Ground* had been completed and given to Alice. But there are some additional Wonderland treasures in this manuscript which can be found nowhere else. Some unique jokes, names and sub-scenes were included only in this original manuscript, and were later excised from the published version. The story of the *Under Ground* is included here in full, so that the reader can enjoy the story (and these secrets!) as Alice did, on the River Isis some 150 years ago.

The illustrations themselves may well require some further explanation. Carroll was, by his own admission, an amateur draftsman. His works cannot hold a candle to the masterworks of Sir John Tenniel. Carroll's drawings, however, are full of life and humor, and perfectly accent the story he was trying to tell. They are fascinating in their own right not only for their differences from the published versions, but also for the deeper insights they give us into the nature of Wonderland itself. (For example, take a good look at Carroll's drawings of the Pool of Tears and White Rabbit's house to see some more "secret" characters. Also, study the croquet-ground pictures for some other intriguing details concerning the nature of the cards and Kings and Queens.)

Due to the material nature of Carroll's illustrations, however—drawn more than a century ago in a single manuscript, and poorly reproduced in later publicized versions—they may well seem lacking compared to the far more professional works of Tenniel and Holiday. I have taken every effort to position, brighten, solidify and resize these pictures to the finest extent that the Kindle allows. Those who would like to see the drawings in their finest light, however, are invited to explore the excellent online book exhibit hosted by the British Library, beginning at <http://www.bl.uk/onlinegallery/ttp/alice/accessible/introduction.html>. The page enlargements on the British Library site give a clear indication of Carroll's wonderfully sketched details, nuance, humor and delicacy of line.

Similarly, due to the difficult-to-read handwritten nature of the original manuscript, I have carefully edited and re-entered the full text of the story here. Carroll's original handwriting, for those who are curious, can be studied at the link provided above. This version, however, has been uniquely created, edited and formatted specifically for enjoyable reading on the Kindle.

I sincerely hope that you will find this amazing, "secret" version of Alice's adventures to be a worthy supplement to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Just when you think you know everything there is to tell, something will be certain to surprise you. And so we go down the rabbit-hole once again. I will see you there!



A Letter to Alice Hargreaves

(NOTE: Alice's Adventures Under Ground was later published for the public, long after the original Alice books had become classics. In 1885, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) wrote the following letter to Alice Hargreaves—Hargreaves being the married name of Alice Pleasance Liddell.)

Christ Church, Oxford
March 1, 1885

My Dear Mrs. Hargreaves,

I fancy this will come to you almost like a voice from the dead, after so many years of silence—and yet those years have made no difference, that I can perceive, in my clearness of memory of the days when we did correspond. I am getting to feel what an old man's failing memory is, as to recent events and new friends (for instance, I made friends, only a few weeks ago, with a very nice little maid of about 12, and had a walk with her—and now I ca'n't recall either of her names!) but my mental picture is as vivid as ever, of one who was, through so many years, my ideal child-friend. I have had scores of child-friends since your time: but they have been quite a different thing.

However, I did not begin this letter to say all that. What I want to ask is whether you have any objection to the original MS being published in facsimile? The idea of doing so occurred to me only the other day. If, on consideration, you come to the conclusion that you would rather not have it done, there is an end of the matter. If, however, you give a favourable reply, I would be much obliged if you would lend it me (registered post I should think would be safest) that I may consider the possibilities. I have not seen it for about 20 years: so am by no means sure that the illustrations may not prove to be so awfully bad, that to reproduce them would be absurd.

There can be no doubt that I should incur the charge of gross egoism in publishing it. But I don't care for that in the least: knowing that I have no motive: only I think, considering the extraordinary popularity the books have had (we have sold more than 120,000 of the two) there must be many who would like to see the original form.

Always your friend,
C. L. Dodgson

(Needless to say, once Alice and Carroll had agreed upon a worthy charity, she was in full agreement that the manuscript should be published. The surprisingly somber Preface of the published edition—written by a much older and more sentimental Lewis Carroll—follows hereafter.)

Preface

“WHO WILL RIDDLE me the How and the Why?”

So questions one of England’s sweetest singers. The “How?” has already been told, after a fashion, in the verses prefixed to “Alice in Wonderland”; and some other memories of that happy summer day are set down, for those who care to see them, in this little book—the germ that was to grow into the published volume. But the “Why?” cannot, and need not, be put into words. Those for whom a child’s mind is a sealed book, and who see no divinity in a child’s smile, would read such words in vain: while for any one that has ever loved one true child no words are needed. For he will have known the awe that falls on one in the presence of a spirit fresh from GOD’s hands, on whom no shadow of sin, and but the outermost fringe of the shadow of sorrow, has yet fallen: he will have felt the bitter contrast between the haunting selfishness that spoils his child’s first attitude to the world is a simple love for all living things: and for love’s sake only, with no thought of name, or gain, or earthly reward. No deed of ours, I suppose, on this side the grave, is really unselfish: yet is one can put forth all one’s powers in a task where nothing of reward is hoped for but a little child’s whispered thanks, and the airy touch of a little child’s pure lips, one seems to come somewhere near to this.

There was no idea of publication in my mind when I wrote this little book: that was wholly an afterthought, pressed on me by the “perhaps too partial friends” who always have to bear the blame when a writer rushes into print: and I can truly say that no praise of theirs has ever given me one hundredth part of the pleasure it has been to think of the sick children in hospitals (where it has been a delight to me to send copies) forgetting, for a few bright hours, their pain and weariness—perhaps thinking lovingly of the unknown writer of the tale—perhaps even putting up a childish prayer (and oh, how much it needs!) for one who can but dimly hope to stand, some day, not quite out of sight of those pure young faces, before the great white throne. “I am very sure,” writes a lady-visitor at a Home for Sick Children, “that there will be many loving earnest prayers for you on Easter morning from the children.”

I would like to quote further from her letters, as embodying a suggestion that may perhaps thus come to the notice of some one able and willing to

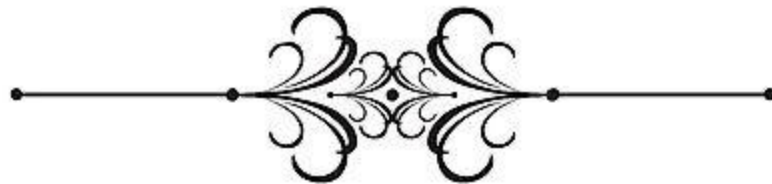
carry it out.

“I want you to send me one of your Easter Greetings for a very dear child who is dying at our Home. She is just fading away, and “Alice” had brightened some of the weary hours in her illness, and I know that letter would be such a delight to her—especially if you would put “Minnie” at the top, and she could know you had sent it for her. She knows you, and would so value it ... She suffers so much that I long for what I know would so please her.” ... “thank you very much for sending me the letter, and for writing Minnie’s name ... I am quite sure that all these children will say a loving prayer for the “Alice-man” on Easter Day: and I am sure the letter will help the little ones to the real Easter joy. How I do wish that you, who have won the hearts and confidence of so many children, would do for them what is so very near my heart, and yet what no one will do, viz. write a book for children about GOD and themselves, which is not goody, and which begins at the right end, about religion, to make them see what it really is. I get quite miserable very often over the children I come across: hardly any of them have an idea of really knowing that GOD loves them, or of loving and confiding in Him. They will love and trust me, and be sure that I want them to be happy, and will not let them suffer more than is necessary: but as for going to Him in the same way, they would never think of it. They are dreadfully afraid of Him, if they think of Him at all, which they generally only do when they have been naughty, and they look on all connected with Him as very grave and dull: and, when they are full of fun and thoroughly happy, I am sure they unconsciously hope He is not looking. I am sure I don’t wonder they think of Him in this way, for people never talk of Him in connection with what makes their little lives the brightest. If they are naughty, people put on solemn faces, and say He is very angry or shocked, or something which frightens them: and, for the rest, He is talked about only in a way that makes them think of church and having to be quiet. As for being taught that all Joy and all Gladness and Brightness is his Joy—that He is wearying for them to be happy, and is not hard and stern, but always doing things to make their days brighter, and caring for them so tenderly, and wanting them to run to Him with all their little joys and sorrows, they are not taught that. I do so long to make them trust Him as they trust us, to feel that He will “take their part” as they do with us in their little woes, and to go to Him in their plays and enjoyments and not only when they say their prayers. I was quite grateful to one little dot, a short

time ago, who said to his mother “when I am in bed, I put out my hand to see if I can feel JESUS and my angel. I thought perhaps in the dark they’d touch me, but they never have yet.” I do so want them to want to go to Him, and to feel how, if He is there, it must be happy.”

Let me add—for I feel I have drifted into far too serious a vein for a preface to a fairy-tale—the deliciously naive remark of a very dear child-friend, whom I asked, after an acquaintance of two or three days, if she had read “Alice” and the “Looking-Glass.” “Oh yes,” she replied readily, “I’ve read both of them! And I think” (this more slowly and thoughtfully) “I think ‘Through the Looking-Glass’ is more stupid than ‘Alice’s Adventures.’ Don’t you think so?” But this was a question I felt it would be hardly discreet for me to enter upon.

—December 1886







Dedication

A Christmas Gift
To a Dear Child
In Memory of a Summer Day.

Chapter I



ALICE WAS beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and where is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversations? So she was considering in her own mind, (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid,) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself “dear, dear! I shall be too late!” (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, full of curiosity, she hurried across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In a moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly, that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself, before she found herself falling down what seemed a deep well. Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what would happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything: then, she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves: here and there were maps and pictures hung on pegs. She took a jar down off one of the shelves as she passed: it was labelled “Orange Marmalade,” but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did

not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

“Well!” thought Alice to herself, “after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they’ll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn’t say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!” (which was most likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? “I wonder how many miles I’ve fallen by this time?” said she aloud, “I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think—” (for you see Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity of showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to hear her, still it was good practice to say it over,) “yes, that’s the right distance, but then what Longitude or Latitude-line shall I be in?” (Alice had no idea what Longitude was, or Latitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again: “I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it’ll be to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! But I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma’am, is this New Zealand or Australia?”—and she tried to curtsy as she spoke, (fancy curtseying as you’re falling through the air! do you think you could manage it?) “and what an ignorant little girl she’ll think me for asking! No, it’ll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.”

Down, down, down: there was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. “Dinah will miss me very much tonight, I should think!” (Dinah was the cat.) “I hope they’ll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time! Oh, dear Dinah, I wish I had you here! There are no mice in the air, I’m afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that’s very like a mouse, you know, my dear. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?” And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and kept on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way “do cats eat bats? do cats eat bats?” and sometimes, “do bats eat cats?” for, as she couldn’t answer either question, it didn’t much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, “now, Dinah, my dear, tell me the truth. Did you ever eat a bat?” when

suddenly, bump! bump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and shavings, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and jumped on to her feet directly: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the white rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and just heard it say, as it turned a corner, “my ears and whiskers, how late it’s getting!” She turned the corner after it, and instantly found herself in a long, low hall, lit up by a row of lamps which hung from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all round it, and tried them all, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again: suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing lying upon it, but a tiny golden key, and Alice’s first idea was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall, but alas! either the locks were too large, or the key too small, but at any rate it would open none of them. However, on the second time round, she came to a low curtain, behind which was a door about eighteen inches high: she tried the little key in the keyhole, and it fitted! Alice opened the door, and looked down a small passage, not larger than a rat-hole, into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway, “and even if my head would go through”, thought poor Alice, “it would be very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice began to think very few things indeed were really impossible.



There was nothing else to do, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting up people like telescopes: this time there was a little bottle on it—which certainly was not there before” said Alice—and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words DRINK ME beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say “drink me,” “but I’ll look first,” said the wise little Alice, “and see whether the bottle’s marked “poison” or not,” for Alice had read several nice little stories about children that got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had given them, such as, that, if you get into the fire, it will burn you, and that, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it generally bleeds, and she had never forgotten that, if you drink a bottle marked “poison,” it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was not marked poison, so Alice tasted it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

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“What a curious feeling!” said Alice, “I must be shutting up like a telescope!”

It was so indeed: she was not only ten inches high, and her face brightened up as it occurred to her that she was now the right size for going

through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see whether she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this, “for it might end, you know,” said Alice to herself, “in my going out altogether, like a candle, and what should I be like then, I wonder?” and she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember having ever seen one. However, nothing more happened, so she decided on going into the garden at once, but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for the key, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it plainly enough through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.



“Come! there’s no use in crying!” said Alice to herself rather sharply, “I advise you to leave off this minute!” (she generally gave herself very good advice, and sometimes scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered boxing her own ears for having been unkind to herself in a game of croquet she was playing with herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people,) “but it’s no use now,” thought poor Alice, “to pretend to be two people! Why, there’s hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!”

Soon her eyes fell on a little ebony box lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which was lying a card with the words EAT ME beautifully printed on it in large letters. “I’ll eat,” said Alice, “and if it makes me larger, I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door, so either way I’ll get into the garden, and I don’t care which happens!”

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, “which way? which way?” and laid her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, and it seemed quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

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“Curiouser and curiouser!” cried Alice, (she was so surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English,) “now I’m opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!” (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far off,)

“oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I’m sure I ca’n’t! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them”, thought Alice, “or perhaps they wo’n’t walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I’ll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas.”



And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it: “they must go by the carrier,” she thought, “and how funny it’ll seem, sending presents to one’s own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

ALICE’S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.
THE CARPET,
with ALICE’S LOVE.

oh dear! what nonsense I am talking!”

Just at this moment, her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key, and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! it was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye, but to get through was more

hopeless than ever: she sat down and cried again.

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” said Alice, “a great girl like you,” (she might well say this,) “to cry in this way! Stop this instant, I tell you!” But she cried on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool, about four inches deep, all round her, and reaching half way across the hall. After a time, she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and dried her eyes to see what was coming.

It was the white rabbit coming back again, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid-gloves in one hand, and a nosegay in the other. Alice was ready to ask help of any one, she felt so desperate, and as the rabbit passed her, she said, in a low, timid voice, “If you please, Sir—” the rabbit started violently, looked up once into the roof of the hall, from which the voice seemed to come, and then dropped the nosegay and the white kid-gloves, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as it could go.



Alice took up the nosegay and gloves, and found the nosegay so delicious that she kept smelling at it all the time she went on talking to herself—"dear, dear! how queer everything is today! and yesterday everything happened just as usual: I wonder if I was changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I think I remember feeling rather different. But if I'm not the same, who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Gertrude," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all—and I'm sure I ca'n't be Florence, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, she's she, and I'm I, and—oh dear! how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is fourteen—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at this rate! But the Multiplication Table don't signify—let's try Geography. London is the capital of France, and Rome is the capital of Yorkshire, and Paris—oh dear! dear! that's all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Florence! I'll try and say "How doth the little", and she crossed her hands on her lap, and began, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not sound the same as they used to do:

*"How doth the little crocodile
Improve its shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!"*

*How cheerfully it seems to grin!
How neatly spreads its claws!
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently-smiling jaws!"*

"I'm sure those are not the right words", said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought "I must be Florence after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No! I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Florence, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying "come up, dear!" I shall only look up and say "who am I, then? answer me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else—but, oh dear!" cried Alice with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so tired of being all alone here!"

As she said this, she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to find she had put on one of the rabbit's little gloves while she was talking. "How can I have done that?" thought she, "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: soon she found out that the reason of it was the nosegay she held in her hand: she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether, and found that she was now only three inches high.

"Now for the garden!" cried Alice, as she hurried back to the little door, but the little door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table as before, and "things are worse than ever!" thought the poor little girl, "for I never was as small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, it is!"

At this moment her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had fallen into the sea: then she remembered that she was under ground, and she soon made out that it was the pool of tears she had wept when she was nine feet high. "I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out, "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! Well! that'll be a queer thing, to be sure! However, every thing is queer

today.” Very soon she saw something splashing about in the pool near her: at first she thought it must be a walrus or a hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was herself, and soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself.



“Would it be any use, now,” thought Alice, “to speak to this mouse? The rabbit is something quite out-of-the-way, no doubt, and so have I been, ever since I came down here, but that is no reason why the mouse should not be able to talk. I think I may as well try.”



So she began: “oh Mouse, do you know how to get out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, oh Mouse!” The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

“Perhaps it doesn’t understand English”, thought Alice; “I daresay it’s a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror!” (for, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened,) so she began again: “où est ma chatte?” which was the first sentence out of her French lesson-book. The mouse gave a sudden jump in the pool, and seemed to quiver with fright: “oh, I beg your pardon!” cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal’s feelings, “I quite forgot you didn’t like cats!”

“Not like cats!” cried the mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice, “would you like cats if you were me?”

“Well, perhaps not,” said Alice in a soothing tone, “don’t be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you’d take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing,” said Alice, half to herself as she swam lazily about in the pool, “she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face: and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse, and she’s such a capital one for catching mice—oh! I beg your pardon!” cried poor Alice again, for this time the mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain that it was really offended, “have I offended you?”

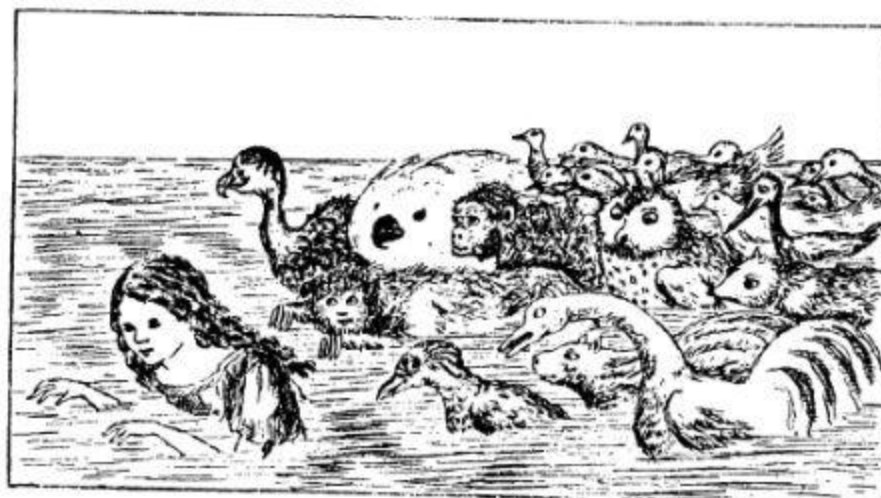
“Offended indeed!” cried the mouse, who seemed to be positively trembling with rage, “our family always hated cats! Nasty, low, vulgar

things! Don't talk to me about them any more!"

"I wo'n't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the conversation, "are you—are you—fond of—dogs?" The mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "there is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things—I ca'n't remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, and he says it kills all the rats and—oh dear!" said Alice sadly, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" for the mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

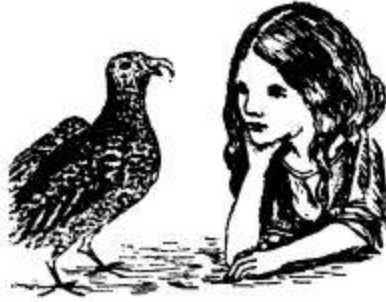
So she called softly after it: "mouse dear! Do come back again, and we wo'n't talk about cats and dogs any more, if you don't like them!" When the mouse heard this, it turned and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale, (with passion, Alice thought,) and it said in a trembling low voice "let's get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite full of birds and animals that had fallen into it. There was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.



Chapter II

THEY WERE indeed a curious looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them—all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable. The first question of course was, how to get dry: they had a consultation about this, and Alice hardly felt at all surprised at finding herself talking familiarly with the birds, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say “I am older than you, and must know best,” and this Alice would not admit without knowing how old the Lory was, and as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was nothing more to be said.



At last the mouse, who seemed to have some authority among them, called out “sit down, all of you, and attend to me! I’ll soon make you dry enough!” They all sat down at once, shivering, in a large ring, Alice in the middle, with her eyes anxiously fixed on the mouse, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry soon.

“Ahem!” said the mouse, with a self-important air, “are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please!

“William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—”

“Ugh!” said the Lory with a shiver.

“I beg your pardon?” said the mouse, frowning, but very politely, “did you speak?”

“Not I!” said the Lory hastily.

“I thought you did,” said the mouse, “I proceed. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William’s conduct was at first moderate—how are you getting on now, dear?” said the mouse, turning to Alice as it spoke.

“As wet as ever,” said poor Alice, “it doesn’t seem to dry me at all.”

“In that case,” said the Dodo solemnly, rising to his feet, “I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies —”

“Speak English!” said the Duck, “I don’t know the meaning of half of those long words, and what’s more, I don’t believe you do either!” And the Duck quacked a comfortable laugh to itself. Some of the other birds tittered audibly.

“I only meant to say,” said the Dodo in a rather offended tone, “that I know of a house near here, where we could get the young Lady and the rest of the party dried, and then we could listen comfortably to the story which I think you were good enough to promise to tell us,” bowing gravely to the mouse.

The mouse made no objection to this, and the whole party moved along the river bank, (for the pool had by this time begun to flow out of the hall, and the edge of it was fringed with rushes and forget-me-nots,) in a slow procession, the Dodo leading the way. After a time the Dodo became impatient, and, leaving the Duck to bring up the rest of the party, moved on at a quicker pace with Alice, the Lory, and the Eaglet, and soon brought them to a little cottage, and there they sat snugly by the fire, wrapped up in blankets, until the rest of the party had arrived, and they were all dry again.

Then they all sat down again in a large ring on the bank, and begged the mouse to begin his story.

“Mine is a long and a sad tale!” cried the mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

“It is a long tail, certainly,” said Alice, looking down with wonder at the mouse’s tail, which was coiled nearly all round the party, “but why do you call it sad?” and she went on puzzling about this as the mouse went on speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:

*We lived beneath the mat
Warm and snug and fat
But one woe, & that
Was the cat!*

*To our joys a clog,
In our eyes a fog,
On our hearts a log
Was the dog!*

*When the cat’s away,
Then the mice will play,
But, alas!*

*One day, (So they say)
Came the dog and cat,*

*Hunting for a rat,
Crushed the mice all flat,
Each one as he sat
Underneath the mat,
warm, & snug, & fat—
Think of that!*

“You are not attending!” said the mouse to Alice severely, “what are you thinking of?”

“I beg your pardon,” said Alice very humbly, “you had got to the fifth bend, I think?”

“I had not!” cried the mouse, sharply and very angrily.

“A knot!” said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her, “oh, do let me help to undo it!”

“I shall do nothing of the sort!” said the mouse, getting up and walking away from the party, “you insult me by talking such nonsense!”

“I didn’t mean it!” pleaded poor Alice, “but you’re so easily offended, you know.”

The mouse only growled in reply.

“Please come back and finish your story!” Alice called after it, and the others all joined in chorus “yes, please do!” but the mouse only shook its ears, and walked quickly away, and was soon out of sight.

“What a pity it wouldn’t stay!” sighed the Lory, and an old Crab took the opportunity of saying to its daughter “Ah, my dear! let this be a lesson to you never to lose your temper!” “Hold your tongue, Ma!” said the young Crab, a little snappishly, “you’re enough to try the patience of an oyster!”

“I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!” said Alice aloud, addressing no one in particular, “she’d soon fetch it back!”

“And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?” said the Lory.

Alice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet, “Dinah’s our cat. And she’s such a capital one for catching mice, you ca’n’t think! And oh! I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she’ll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!”

This answer caused a remarkable sensation among the party: some of the birds hurried off at once; one old magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking “I really must be getting home: the night air does not

suit my throat,” and to its children “come away from her, my dears, she’s no fit company for you!” On various pretexts, they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.



She sat for some while sorrowful and silent, but she was not long before she recovered her spirits, and began talking to herself again as usual: “I do wish some of them had stayed a little longer! and I was getting to be such friends with them—really the Lory and I were almost like sisters! and so was that dear little Eaglet! And then the Duck and the Dodo! How nicely the Duck sang to us as we came along through the water: and if the Dodo hadn’t known the way to that nice little cottage, I don’t know when we should have got dry again—” and there is no knowing how long she might have prattled on in this way, if she had not suddenly caught the sound of pattering feet.

It was the white rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about it as it went, as if it had lost something, and she heard it muttering to itself “the Marchioness! the Marchioness! oh my dear paws! oh my fur and whiskers! She’ll have me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where can I have dropped them, I wonder?” Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the nosegay and the pair of white kid-gloves, and she began hunting for them, but they were now nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and her walk along the river-bank with its fringe of rushes and forget-me-nots, and the glass table and the little door had vanished.

Soon the rabbit noticed Alice, as she stood looking curiously about her, and at once said in a quick angry tone, “why, Mary Ann! what are you doing out here? Go home this moment, and look on my dressing-table for my gloves and nosegay, and fetch them here, as quick as you can run, do

you hear?” and Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once, without saying a word, in the direction which the rabbit had pointed out.



She soon found herself in front of a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name W. RABBIT, ESQ. She went in, and hurried upstairs, for fear she should meet the real Mary Ann and be turned out of the house before she had found the gloves: she knew that one pair had been lost in the hall, “but of course,” thought Alice, “it has plenty more of them in its house. How queer it seems to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah’ll be sending me messages next!” And she began fancying the sort of things that would happen: “Miss Alice! come here directly and get ready for your walk!” “Coming in a minute, nurse! but I’ve got to watch this mousehole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn’t get out—” “only I don’t think,” Alice went on, “that they’d let Dinah stop in the house, if it began ordering people about like that!”

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room, with a table in the window on which was a looking-glass and, (as Alice had hoped,) two or three pairs of tiny white kid-gloves: she took up a pair of gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass: there was no label on it this time with the words “drink me,” but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips: “I know something interesting is sure to happen,” she said to herself, “whenever I eat or drink anything, so I’ll see what this bottle does. I do hope it’ll make me grow larger, for I’m quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!”



It did so indeed, and much sooner than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her neck from being broken, and hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself “that’s quite enough—I hope I sha’n’t grow any more—I wish I hadn’t drunk so much!”



Alas! it was too late: she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resource she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself “now I can do no more—what will become of me?”



Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and as there seemed to be no sort of chance of ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy. “It was much pleasanter at home,” thought poor Alice, “when one wasn’t always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits—I almost wish I hadn’t gone down that rabbit-hole, and yet, and yet—it’s rather curious, you know, this sort of life. I do wonder what can have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that sort of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! and when I grow up I’ll write one—but I’m grown up now” said she in a sorrowful tone, “at least there’s no room to grow up any more here.”

“But then,” thought Alice, “shall I never get any older than I am now? That’ll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn’t like that!”

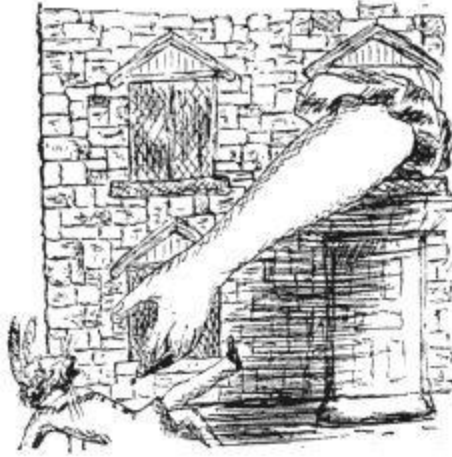
“Oh, you foolish Alice!” she said again, “how can you learn lessons in here? Why, there’s hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson-books!”

And so she went on, taking first one side, and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether, but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, which made her stop to listen.

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann!” said the voice, “fetch me my gloves this moment!” Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs: Alice knew it was the rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as

the rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it. Presently the rabbit came to the door, and tried to open it, but as it opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was against it, the attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself "then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"That you wo'n't!" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall and a crash of breaking glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.



Next came an angry voice—the rabbit’s—“Pat, Pat! where are you?” And then a voice she had never heard before, “shure then I’m here! digging for apples, anyway, yer honour!”

“Digging for apples indeed!” said the rabbit angrily, “here, come and help me out of this!”—Sound of more breaking glass.

“Now, tell me, Pat, what is that coming out of the window?”

“Shure it’s an arm, yer honour!” (He pronounced it “arrum.”)

“An arm, you goose! Who ever say an arm that size? Why, it fills the whole window, don’t you see?”

“Shure, it does, yer honour, but it’s an arm for all that.”

“Well, it’s no business there: go and take it away!”

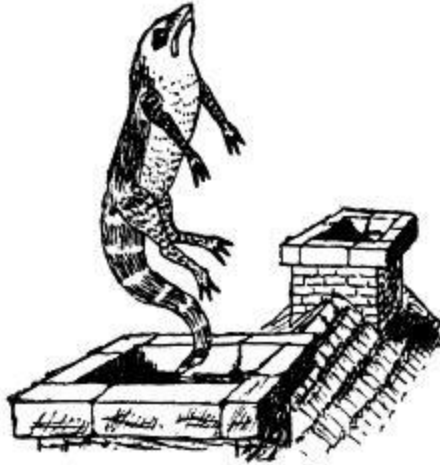
There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as “shure I don’t like it, yer honour, at all at all!” “do as I tell you, you coward!” and at last she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were two little shrieks, and more breaking glass—“what a number of cucumber-frames there much be!” thought Alice, “I wonder what they’ll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they could! I’m sure I don’t want to stop in here any longer!”

She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words “where’s the other ladder?—why, I hadn’t to bring but one; Bill’s got the other—here, put ’em up at this corner—no, tie ’em together first—they don’t reach high enough yet—oh, they’ll do well enough, don’t be particular—here, Bill! catch hold of this rope—will the roof bear?—mind that loose slate—oh, it’s coming down!

heads below!—” (a loud crash) “now, who did that?—it was Bill, I fancy—who’s to go down the chimney?—nay, I sha’n’t! you do it!—that I wo’n’t then—Bill’s got to go down—here, Bill! the master says you’ve to go down the chimney!”

“Oh, so Bill’s got to come down the chimney, has he?” said Alice to herself, “why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn’t be in Bill’s place for a good deal: the fireplace is a pretty tight one, but I think I can kick a little!”

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn’t guess what sort it was) scratching and scrambling in the chimney close above her: then, saying to herself “this is Bill”, she gave one sharp kick, and waited again to see what would happen next.



The first thing was a general chorus of “there goes Bill!” then the rabbit’s voice alone “catch him, you by the hedge!” then silence, and then another confusion of voices, “how was it, old fellow? what happened to you? tell us all about it.”

Last came a little feeble squeaking voice, (‘that’s Bill” thought Alice,) which said “well, I hardly know—I’m all of a fluster myself—something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and the next minute up I goes like a rocket!” “And so you did, old fellow!” said the other voices.



“We must burn the house down!” said the voice of the rabbit, and Alice called out as loud as she could “if you do, I’ll set Dinah at you!” This caused silence again, and while Alice was thinking “but how can I get Dinah here?” she found to her great delight that she was getting smaller: very soon she was able to get up out of the uncomfortable position in which she had been lying, and in two or three minutes more she was once more three inches high.

She ran out of the house as quick as she could, and found quite a crowd of little animals waiting outside—guinea-pigs, white mice, squirrels, and “Bill” a little green lizard, that was being supported in the arms of one of the guinea-pigs, while another was giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at her the moment she appeared, but Alice ran her hardest, and soon found herself in a thick wood.

Chapter III

“THE FIRST thing I’ve got to do,” said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, “is to grow to my right size, and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan.”

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged: the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it, and while she was peering anxiously among the trees round her, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.



An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to reach her: “poor thing!” said Alice in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it, but she was terribly alarmed all the while at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would probably devour her in spite of all her coaxing. Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy: whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, and with a yelp of delight rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it: then Alice dodged behind a great thistle to keep herself from being run over, and, the moment she appeared at the other side, the puppy made another dart at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold: then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again: then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape: she set off at once, and ran till the puppy’s bark sounded quite faint in the distance, and till she was quite tired and out of breath.

“And yet what a dear little puppy it was!” said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with her hat, “I should have liked teaching it tricks, if—if I’d only been the right size to do it! Oh! I’d nearly forgotten that I’ve got to grow up again! Let me see: how is it to

be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other, but the great question is, what?"

The great question certainly was, what? Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom near her, about the same height as herself, and when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her to look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, which was sitting with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the least notice of her or of anything else.



For some time they looked at each other in silence: at last the caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and languidly addressed her.

“Who are you?” said the caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation: Alice replied rather shyly, “I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since that.”

“What do you mean by that?” said the caterpillar, “explain yourself!”

“I ca’n’t explain myself, I’m afraid, sir,” said Alice, “because I’m not myself, you see.”

“I don’t see,” said the caterpillar.

“I’m afraid I ca’n’t put it more clearly,” Alice replied very politely, “for I ca’n’t understand it myself, and really to be so many different sizes in one day is very confusing.”

“It isn’t,” said the caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet,” said Alice, “but when you have to turn into a chrysalis, you know, and then after that into a butterfly, I should think it’ll feel a little queer, don’t you think so?”

“Not a bit,” said the caterpillar.

“All I know is,” said Alice, “it would feel queer to me.”

“You!” said the caterpillar contemptuously, “who are you?”

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation: Alice felt a little irritated at the caterpillar making such very short remarks,

and she drew herself up and said very gravely “I think you ought to tell me who you are, first.”

“Why?” said the caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question: and as Alice had no reason ready, and the caterpillar seemed to be in a very bad temper, she turned round and walked away.

“Come back!” the caterpillar called after her, “I’ve something important to say!”

This sounded promising: Alice turned and came back.

“Keep your temper,” said the caterpillar.

“Is that all?” said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

“No,” said the caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all the caterpillar might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away at its hookah without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, “so you think you’re changed, do you?”

“Yes, sir,” said Alice, “I ca’n’t remember the things I used to know—I’ve tried to say “How doth the little busy bee” and it came all different!”

“Try and repeat ‘You are old, father William,’” said the caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:

1.

“You are old, father William,” the young man said,

“And your hair is exceedingly white:

And yet you incessantly stand on your head—

Do you think, at your age, it is right?”



2.

*“In my youth,” father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain:
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”*

3.

*“You are old,” said the youth,” as I mentioned before,
“And have grown most uncommonly fat:
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray what is the reason of that?”*



4.

*“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple.
By the use of this ointment, five shillings the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple.”*

5.

*“You are old,” said the youth,” and your jaws are too weak
“For anything tougher than suet:
Yet you eat all the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”*

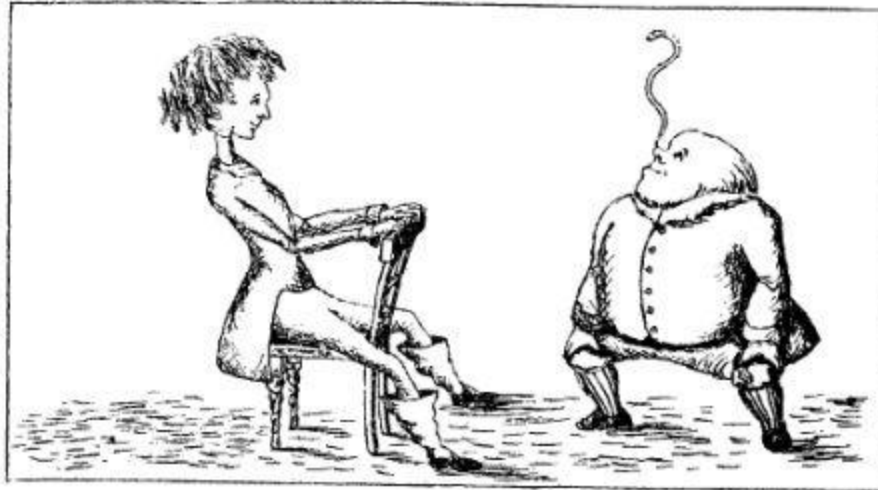


6.

*“In my youth,” said the old man, “I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.”*

7.

*“You are old,” said the youth, “one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever:
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?”*



8.

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"

Said his father, "don't give yourself airs!

"Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?

Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

"Not quite right, I'm afraid," said Alice timidly, "some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes: the caterpillar was the first to speak.

"What size do you want to be?" it asked.

"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied, "only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."

"Are you content now?" said the caterpillar.

"Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice, "three inches is such a wretched height to be."

"It is a very good height indeed!" said the caterpillar loudly and angrily, rearing itself straight up as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone, and she thought to herself "I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!"

"You'll get used to it in time," said the caterpillar, and it put the hookah into its mouth, and began smoking again.

This time Alice waited quietly until it chose to speak again: in a few minutes the caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it

went: “the top will make you grow taller, and the stalk will make you grow shorter.”

“The top of what? the stalk of what?” thought Alice.

“Of the mushroom,” said the caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud, and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, and then picked it and carefully broke it in two, taking the stalk in one hand and the top in the other.

“Which does the stalk do?” she said, and nibbled a little bit of it to try: the next moment she felt a violent blow on her chin: it had struck her foot!



She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but as she did not shrink any further, and had not dropped the top of the mushroom, she did not give up hope yet. There was hardly room to open her mouth, with her chin pressing against her foot, but she did it at last, and managed to bite off a little bit of the top of the mushroom.

“Come! my head’s free at last!” said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be seen: she looked down upon an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.



“What can all that green stuff be?” said Alice, “and where have my shoulders got to? And oh! my poor hands! how is it I ca’n’t see you?” She was moving them about as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little rustling among the leaves. Then she tried to bring her head down to her hands, and was delighted to find that her neck would bend about easily in every direction, like a serpent. She had just succeeded in bending it down in a beautiful zig-zag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be the tops of the trees of the wood she had been wandering in, when a sharp hiss made her draw back: a large pigeon had flown into her face, and was violently beating her with its wings.



“Serpent!” screamed the pigeon.

“I’m not a serpent!” said Alice indignantly, “let me alone!”

“I’ve tried every way!” the pigeon said desperately, with a kind of sob: “nothing seems to suit ’em!”

“I haven’t the least idea what you mean,” said Alice.

“I’ve tried the roots of trees, and I’ve tried banks, and I’ve tried hedges,” the pigeon went on without attending to her, “but them serpents! There’s no pleasing ’em!”

Alice was more and more puzzled, but she thought there was no use in saying anything till the pigeon had finished.

“As if it wasn’t trouble enough hatching the eggs!” said the pigeon, “without being on the look out for serpents, day and night! Why, I haven’t had a wink of sleep these three weeks!”

“I’m very sorry you’ve been annoyed,” said Alice, beginning to see its meaning.

“And just as I’d taken the highest tree in the wood,” said the pigeon raising its voice to a shriek, “and was just thinking I was free of ’em at least, they must needs come down from the sky! Ugh! Serpent!”

“But I’m not a serpent,” said Alice, “I’m a— I’m a—”

“Well! What are you?” said the pigeon, “I see you’re trying to invent something.”

“I—I’m a little girl,” said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through.

“A likely story indeed!” said the pigeon, “I’ve seen a good many of them in my time, but never one with such a neck as yours! No, you’re a serpent, I know that well enough! I suppose you’ll tell me next that you never tasted an egg!”

“I have tasted eggs, certainly,” said Alice, who was a very truthful child, “but indeed I do’n’t want any of yours. I do’n’t like them raw.”

“Well, be off, then!” said the pigeon, and settled down into its nest again. Alice crouched down among the trees, as well as she could, as her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and several times she had to stop and untwist it. Soon she remembered the pieces of mushroom which she still held in her hands, and set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual size.

It was so long since she had been of the right size that it felt quite strange at first, but she got quite used to it in a minute or two, and began talking to herself as usual: “well! there’s half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I’m never sure what I’m going to be, from one minute to another! However, I’ve got to my right size again: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden—how is that to be done, I wonder?”

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a doorway leading right into it. “that’s very curious!” she thought, “but everything’s curious today: I may as well go in.” And in she went.

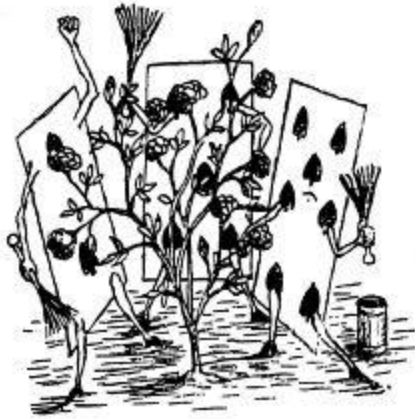


Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table: “now, I’ll manage better this time” she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work eating the pieces of mushroom till she was about fifteen inches high: then she walked down the little passage: and then— she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flowerbeds and the cool fountains.

Chapter IV

A LARGE ROSE tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. This Alice thought a very curious thing, and she went near to watch them, and just as she came up she heard one of them say “look out, Five! Don’t go splashing paint over me like that!”

“I couldn’t help it,” said Five in a sulky tone, “seven jogged my elbow.”



On which Seven lifted up his head and said “that’s right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!”

“You’d better not talk!” said Five, “I heard the Queen say only yesterday she thought of having you beheaded!”

“What for?” said the one who had spoken first.

“That’s not your business, Two!” said Seven.

“Yes, it is his business!” said Five, “and I’ll tell him: it was for bringing tulip-roots to the cook instead of potatoes.”

Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun “well! Of all the unjust things—” when his eye fell upon Alice, and he stopped suddenly: the others looked round, and all of them took off their hats and bowed low.

“Would you tell me, please,” said Alice timidly, “why you are painting those roses?”

Five and Seven looked at Two, but said nothing: Two began, in a low voice, “why, Miss, the fact is, this ought to have been a red rose tree, and we put a white one in by mistake, and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off. So, you see, we’re doing our best, before she comes, to—” At this moment Five, who had been looking anxiously across the garden called out “the Queen! the Queen!” and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs: these were all shaped like the three gardeners, flat and oblong, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers; these were all ornamented with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the Royal children: there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily

along, hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly kings and queens, among whom Alice recognised the white rabbit: it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a cushion, and, last of all this grand procession, came THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.



When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely “who is this?” She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

“Idiot!” said the Queen, turning up her nose, and asked Alice “what’s your name?”

“My name is Alice, so please your Majesty,” said Alice boldly, for she thought to herself, “why, they’re only a pack of cards! I needn’t be afraid of them!”

“Who are these?” said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners lying round the rose tree, for, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

“How should I know?” said Alice, surprised at her own courage, “it’s no business of mine.”

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a minute, began in a voice of thunder, “off with her—”

“Nonsense!” said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and said timidly “remember my dear! She is only a child!”

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave “turn them over!”

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

“Get up!” said the Queen, in a shrill loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the Royal

children, and everybody else.

“Leave off that!” screamed the Queen, “you make me giddy.” And then, turning to the rose tree, she went on “what have you been doing here?”

“May it please your Majesty,” said Two very humbly, going down on one knee as he spoke, “we were trying—”

“I see!” said the Queen, who had been examining the roses, “off with their heads!” and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the three unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

“You sha’n’t be beheaded!” said Alice, and she put them into her pocket: the three soldiers marched once round her, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

“Are their heads off?” shouted the Queen.

“Their heads are gone,” the soldiers shouted in reply, “if it please your Majesty!”

“That’s right!” shouted the Queen, “can you play croquet?”

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

“Yes!” shouted Alice at the top of her voice.

“Come on then!” roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

“It’s—it’s a very fine day!” said a timid little voice: she was walking by the white rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

“Very,” said Alice, “where’s the Marchioness?”

“Hush, hush!” said the rabbit in a low voice, “she’ll hear you. The Queen’s the Marchioness: didn’t you know that?”

“No, I didn’t,” said Alice, “what of?”

“Queen of Hearts,” said the rabbit in a whisper, putting its mouth close to her ear, “and Marchioness of Mock Turtles.”

“What are they?” said Alice, but there was no time for the answer, for they had reached the croquet-ground, and the game began instantly.

Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in all her life: it was all in ridges and furrows: the croquet-balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live ostriches, and the soldiers had to double themselves up, and stand on their feet and hands, to make the arches.



The chief difficulty which Alice found at first was to manage her ostrich: she got its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck straightened out nicely, and was going to give a blow with its head, it would twist itself round, and look up into her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing: and when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very confusing to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or a furrow in her way, wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.



The players all played at once without waiting for turns, and quarrelled all the while at the tops of their voices, and in a very few minutes the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about and shouting “off with his head!” or “off with her head!” about once in a minute. All those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course had to leave off being arches to do this, so that, by the end of half an hour or so, there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody, and under sentence of execution.

Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice “have you seen the Mock Turtle?”

“No,” said Alice, “I don’t even know what a Mock Turtle is.”

“Come on then,” said the Queen, “and it shall tell you its history.”

As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, “you are all pardoned.”

“Come, that’s a good thing!” thought Alice, who had felt quite grieved at the number of executions which the Queen had ordered.

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, which lay fast asleep in the sun: (if you don’t know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture): “up, lazy thing!” said the Queen, “and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear its history. I must go back and see after some executions I ordered,” and she walked off, leaving Alice with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it quite as safe to stay as to go after that savage Queen: so she waited.



The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes: then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight: then it chuckled. “What fun!” said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

“What is the fun?” said Alice.

“Why, she,” said the Gryphon; “it’s all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know: come on!”

“Everybody says “come on!” here,” thought Alice, as she walked slowly after the Gryphon; “I never was ordered about so before in all my life—never!”

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear it sighing as if its heart would break. She pitied it deeply: “what is its sorrow?” she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, “it’s all its fancy, that: it hasn’t got no sorrow, you know: come on!”

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.



“this here young lady,” said the Gryphon, “wants for to know your history, she do.”

“I’ll tell it,” said the Mock Turtle, in a deep, hollow tone, “sit down, and don’t speak till I’ve finished.”

So they sat down, and no one spoke for some minutes: Alice thought to herself “I don’t see how it can ever finish, if it doesn’t begin,” but she waited patiently.

“Once,” said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, “I was a real Turtle.”

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of “hjckrrh!” from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, “thank you, sir, for your interesting story,” but she could not help thinking there must be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

“When we were little,” the Mock Turtle went on, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, “we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—”

“Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn’t one?” asked Alice.

“We called him Tortoise because he taught us,” said the Mock Turtle angrily, “really you are very dull!”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question,” added the Gryphon, and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth: at last the Gryphon said to

the Mock Turtle, “get on, old fellow! Don’t be all day!” and the Mock Turtle went on in these words:

“You may not have lived much under the sea—” (“I haven’t,” said Alice,) “and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—” (Alice began to say “I once tasted—” but hastily checked herself, and said “no, never,” instead,) “so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!”

“No, indeed, said Alice, “what sort of a thing is it?”

“Why,” said the Gryphon, “you form into a line along the sea shore—”

“Two lines!” cried the Mock Turtle, “seals, turtles, salmon, and so on—advance twice:—”

“Each with a lobster as partner!” cried the Gryphon.

“Of course,” the Mock Turtle said, “advance twice, set to partners—”

“Change lobsters, and retire in same order—” interrupted the Gryphon.

“Then, you know,” continued the Mock Turtle, “you throw the—”

“The lobsters!” shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

“As far out to sea as you can—”

“Swim after them!” screamed the Gryphon.

“Turn a somersault in the sea!” cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.



“Change lobsters again!” yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice, “and then—”

“That’s all,” said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping its voice, and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

“It must be a very pretty dance,” said Alice timidly.

“Would you like to see a little of it?” said the Mock Turtle.

“Very much indeed,” said Alice.

“Come, let’s try the first figure!” said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon, “we can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?”

“Oh! you sing!” said the Gryphon, “I’ve forgotten the words.”

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, ever now and then treading on her toes when they came too close, and waving their fore-

paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang, slowly and sadly, these words:

*“Beneath the waters of the sea
Are lobsters thick as thick can be—
They love to dance with you and me,
My own, my gentle Salmon!”*



The Gryphon joined in singing the chorus, which was:

*“Salmon come up! Salmon go down!
Salmon come twist your tail around!
Of all the fishes of the sea
There’s none so good as Salmon!”*

“Thank you,” said Alice, feeling very glad that the figure was over.

“Shall we try the second figure?” said the Gryphon, or would you prefer a song?”

“Oh, a song, please!” Alice replied, so eagerly, that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, “Hm! no accounting for tastes! Sing her “Mock Turtle Soup,” will you, old fellow!”

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:

*“Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!”*

*Beau-ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau-ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful beautiful Soup!”*

“Chorus again!” cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of “the trial’s beginning!” was heard in the distance.

“Come on!” cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, he hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

“What trial is it?” panted Alice as she ran, but the Gryphon only answered “come on!” and ran the faster, and more and more faintly came, borne on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:

*‘Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful beautiful Soup!’*

The King and Queen were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled around them: the Knave was in custody: and before the King stood the white rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other.



“Herald! read the accusation!” said the King.

“On this the white rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows:

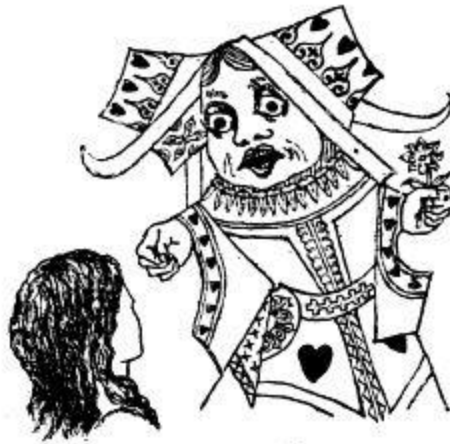
*‘The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!’”*

“Now for the evidence,” said the King, “and then the sentence.”

“No!” said the Queen, “first the sentence, and then the evidence!”

“Nonsense!” cried Alice, so loudly that everybody jumped, “the idea of having the sentence first!”

“Hold your tongue!” said the Queen.



“I wo’n’t!” said Alice, “you’re nothing but a pack of cards! Who cares for you?”

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream of fright, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.

“Wake up!, Alice dear!” said her sister, “what a nice long sleep you’ve had!”

“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!” said Alice, and she told her sister all her Adventures Under Ground, as you have read them, and when she had finished, her sister kissed her and said “it was a curious dream, dear, certainly! But now run in to your tea: it’s getting late.”

So Alice ran off, thinking while she ran (as well she might) what a wonderful dream it had been.

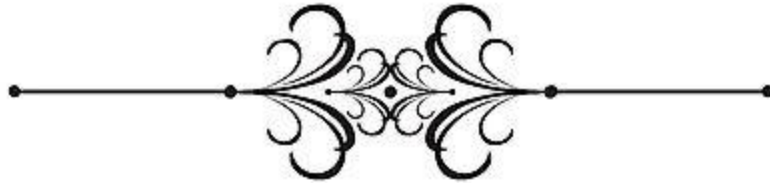
But her sister sat there some while longer, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and her Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:

She saw an ancient city, and a quiet river winding near it along the plain, and up the stream went slowly gliding a boat with a merry party of children on board—she could hear their voices and laughter like music over the water—and among them was another little Alice, who sat listening with bright eager eyes to a tale that was being told, and she listened for the words of the tale, and lo! it was the dream of her own little sister. So the boat wound slowly along, beneath the bright summer-day, with its merry

crew and its music of voices and laughter, till it passed round one of the many turnings of the stream, and she saw it no more.

Then she thought, (in a dream within the dream, as it were,) how this same little Alice would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman: and how she would keep, through her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather around her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a wonderful tale, perhaps even with these very adventures of the little Alice of long-ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.

THE END.



PART VII

REFLECTIONS ON THE UNDER GROUND

By Kent David Kelly

Overview

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND, as mentioned prior, was illustrated by Lewis Carroll himself. The Alice we see here is not the blond cherub who the world has come to know and love. Instead, she has long dark hair, and appears more as an idealized Pre-Raphaelite vision of Alice Liddell herself. The text is odd as well, particularly in choices of capitalization. For example, Carroll used underlines throughout the manuscript text; in the published edition, these would become italicized.

Despite curiosities in word choice and formatting and Carroll's charming diction, *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* is primarily of interest to us because of the changes which occurred when *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was being prepared for publication. Some of these "secrets" are explored here.

The Preface

The grim, divine, hopeful and nostalgic tone of Carroll's 1886 preface seems odd and out of place, until we recall that he had written letters to his aged child-friend, Alice Liddell, and was publishing this manuscript after seeing it for the first time in twenty years.

The initial question in the preface, "Who will Riddle me the How and the Why?" comes from the poem "The How and the Why," published in *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (who Carroll met and greatly admired). We will glimpse more of Tennyson in *The Hunting of the Snark*.

Mention of the Missing

The following characters and episodes were specifically written for the publication of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and do not appear in *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*: the caucus-race; Fury (the tormentor of the Mouse); the Duchess and her retinue (the Fish-Footman, Frog-Footman, Cook, Pig-Baby and the Cheshire-Cat); the Mad Tea-Party (with the March Hare, the Dormouse and the Hatter); the Executioner; the explanation of the

Underwater School; the songs of the Mock Turtle; the extended court scene with the jurors and recurrence of many characters; and the Carrollian poem “She’s All My Fancy Painted Him.”

Chapter I

The Secret Mouse Who Watches Over Her: When Alice—thwarted in her first attempts to get through the garden door—sits down and cries, there is an interesting illustration by Carroll, which shows the Mouse standing directly in front of her (on dry land) as he regards the curious child. Alice never knew he was there, and since this illustration was not recreated in *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, the reader never knew either!

The White Rabbit’s Flowers: In this original version, the White Rabbit carries a nosegay, or bouquet of flowers, instead of the Duchess’s fan. Alice shrinks not by fanning herself, but by smelling the flowers. The nosegay is inherently more comedic, since rabbits of course love to eat flowers; however, Carroll may have decided that the fan was more appropriate, because it directly ties the White Rabbit to affiliation with (and service to) Wonderland’s noblewomen.

A Question of Privacy: When Alice is comparing herself to other girls, the names used are Gertrude and Florence. Since these were the names of two of Alice’s *actual* companions, the names were politely changed to Ada and Mabel for publication.

Chapter II

“Speak English!”: This admonition to the Dodo (Lewis Carroll) is given by his friend, the Duck (Robinson Duckworth). In the published version, the speaker was changed to the Eaglet, perhaps to put forth Edith Liddell’s personality in a subtle manner that would be completely unnoticed by the contemporary (Victorian) reader.

The House on the River: The Dodo recommends that Alice and the party should get dry in a house. This relates to a real-life incident, in which Lewis Carroll had taken the Liddell children out onto the River Isis, and they had gotten drenched and then taken shelter. Since this incident would be amusing only to someone who had “been there,” the published version was changed (quite dramatically) to feature the caucus-race instead. Carroll’s diary reports on the matter (June 17, 1862) as follows: “About a mile above Nuneham heavy rain came on, and after bearing it a short time I settled that we had better leave the boat and walk: 3 miles of this drenched

us all pretty well. I went on first with the children, as they could walk much faster than Elizabeth, and took them to the only house I knew in Sanford. ... I left them ... to get their clothes dried ...”

A Long and Sad Tale: The Mouse’s tale here is completely different from the published version. The version here is exceedingly violent, resulting in the Mouse’s family being crushed to death by the paws of the dog. Carroll must have decided this was far too morbid for other children, and so the tale was changed to *imply* death, but by no means to feature it.

The Judgmental Canary: In the published version, when Alice begins talking about Dinah the cat, the Canary mother ushers her children away, encouraging them to go to bed. In the original, however, the Canary disdainfully passes judgment on Alice, saying to her children, “She’s no fit company for you!”

The Singing Duck: Robinson Duckworth was quite a talented singer, and used to regale Lewis Carroll and the Liddell sisters with many a song on the River Isis. Alice mentions here that the Duck was singing as he came ashore. Since this was a winking inside reference a stranger would not understand, this reference was removed for publication.

Mention of the Marchioness: In the original manuscript, the noblewoman of Wonderland’s forest is known as the Marchioness. (A Marchioness is less powerful than a Duchess, but more powerful than a Countess.) Carroll may have decided that the title was too obscure for a general audience, and so the term “Duchess” was used instead.

The Fear and the Fist: Carroll’s illustration of the White Rabbit shows him shaking a fist-paw angrily at Alice, as he mistakes her for Mary Ann and more forcibly demands that she fetch his belongings for him. This stronger version of the scene makes Alice’s fear quite clear, as she runs off to fulfill her errand. But the incident may have been seen as being too stern for a children’s book, and Sir John Tenniel chose not to replicate this illustration for the published version.

Rabbit and Esquire: The brass name-plate on White Rabbit’s home reads “W. Rabbit, Esq.,” instead of simply “W. Rabbit.” This tells us not only that the Rabbit regards himself as holding some importance, but also that he may aspire to nobility, without being noble himself! This interesting detail tells us much about the White Rabbit’s personality. The reason for its removal is unknown.

Servants to the Rabbit: Carroll's illustration shows the Rabbit and the Guinea Pigs administering "healing" to poor Bill. The Rabbit's other servants are shown as well; we can see (white) mice, a squirrel, and small birds of various kinds. The mysterious Pat is likely shown here, but his species remains unknown. (Some say that Pat is a goose, due to the White Rabbit's admonition, but this is simply a term of derision and no actual goose—beside Father William's meal—is mentioned in Carroll's "Alice" stories.)

Magic Without a Source: When Alice shrinks in White Rabbit's house, it is not because she eats anything. She simply begins to shrink for no reason at all. Carroll may have decided that this was inconsistent with the "magical laws" he later set forth for Wonderland, and so the version with the little cakes was re-written for publication.

Chapter III

The Little Terrier: Carroll's illustration makes it appear that the enormous puppy is in fact a terrier, which coincides interestingly with Alice's earlier musings about the farmer's dog. Sir John Tenniel's illustration, however, makes the breed of the puppy much more ambiguous.

The Color of a Caterpillar: The Caterpillar is traditionally regarded as green, but Carroll makes clear here that it is a blue one.

What Are You Smoking?: The illustration Carroll uses for the Caterpillar appears to show a long opium pipe. In Victorian times, opium was an extremely popular drug, and even in some circles accepted among "poets and dreamers." Tenniel's later illustration, showing the Caterpillar with the hookah but not a pipe, is not quite so direct (although it is still suggestive of an "opium eater.")

Father William and Son: Carroll's illustrations for Father William and William the Younger appear to show a middle-aged, retired barrister, and a well-to-do son in an urban context. Tenniel's later illustrations changed the son into more of a country bumpkin.

The Missing Chef: Carroll's illustration reveals a chef character, who has served Father William a goose and is now sitting at table. Tenniel's picture omits this detail.

Which Way of the Mushroom?: The original manuscript has Alice partake of the *top* of the mushroom, and the *stalk*. The published version, however, has her take pieces from the *left* and *right* instead. The original version makes more sense, with the top making Alice taller, and the stalk

making her smaller (and closer to the ground). Also, the episode of Alice's neck turning serpentine makes more sense in the original, with her head being much like the mushroom's top, and her neck like the stalk.

Chapter IV

The Nature of the Cards: Tenniel's illustrations depict the cards (with one exception) as normal people in various regalia, which causes some of Carroll's passages to become confusing. We have a harder time visualizing the danger of cards becoming wet, or moving, or having two sides, when we have only Tenniel's guide to go by! Carroll's illustrations, however, reveal that the lower suits (Spades and Clubs) are actual cards, with arms and legs sticking out at the edges. This makes such events as the Clubs bending themselves into croquet-hoops much more visual and comprehensible.

All Hail the King and Queen!: Carroll's capitalization of "THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS" is a slight jest which often goes unnoticed (or un-reproduced, for that matter). Generally speaking, inscriptions for royal Victorian figures were capitalized on first instance, regardless of context.

The Magic Pocket: Somehow, when Alice is protecting the three Spades from the Queen, they change size and are able to leap into her pocket. For the published version, this was changed so that Alice hid them in a large flower pot.

Who Is the Marchioness?: In the original manuscript, the White Rabbit explains to Alice that the Queen is the Marchioness! This is a reasonable matter, since a Queen would be a noblewoman of some kind prior to taking the throne. In the published version, however, the new character of the Duchess was introduced, and the Marchioness became the *Duchess*. Indirectly, this leaves open the implication that the Duchess may be related to the Queen by blood!

The Marchioness of Mock Turtles: This wonderful title is sadly lost in the published version, since "Duchess of Mock Turtles" carries none of the amusing gravity of the original.

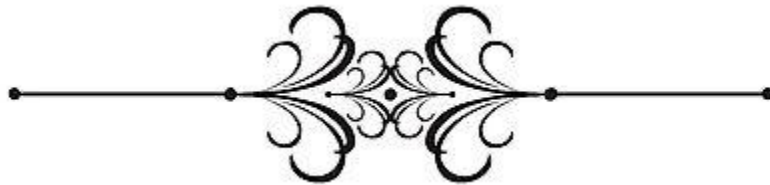
What Species is Your Mallet?: The croquet mallets in the original are ostriches, which became flamingoes in the published edition. We can only assume that Carroll reasonably decided that a flamingo would be easier to heft and carry!

A Curious Pair of Beasts: Carroll's Mock Turtle is a bizarre creature, with a porcupine-like face and a shell made out of shingles. Tenniel's later

illustration is much more accurate and revealing. Similarly, Carroll's Gryphon is wingless, while Tenniel's is far more classical and comprehensible.

“Salmon Come Up!”: This song, quite different from that in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, is a parody of “Sally Come Up”—a song quite popular with the Liddell children. Carroll may have changed this for publication, either because it was an American folk song (perhaps ill-suited to English children), or because some of the lyrics are racially offensive. The relevant chorus is as follows: “Sally come up! Oh, Sally go down! / Oh, Sally come twist you heel around, / Thee old man he's gone down to town, / Oh Sally come down de middle.”

Farewell to an Ancient City: At the end of the original manuscript, Carroll makes reference to “an ancient city,” by which he means Oxford (and specifically, Christ Church College). This is omitted in the published version, which obscures the Oxfordshire nature of the personal story for a more general English audience.



PART VIII

THE NURSERY “ALICE”

Introduction

FOLLOWING THE sensational success of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, Lewis Carroll (and his publishers) perceived the need for a shorter, clearer and gentler version of the story for very young children. Late in life, Carroll took it upon himself to carefully revise the text explicitly for this purpose. Tenniel’s beautiful illustrations were enlarged and colored, contemporary fashion updates were made to Alice’s wardrobe, and the text focused on showing the details of the drawings for the benefit of a child. The text is written in such a way that the tale is clearly meant to be read aloud by a parent, nurse or governess. The beautiful book was published in 1890 for the then-exorbitant price of four shillings.

In many ways *The Nursery “Alice”* is an inferior copy of the original tale, since many key pieces of dialogue are missing (along with their adult wit and often morbid or dire amusements). However, since the story was rewritten by Carroll himself, there are some fascinating *added* instances of detail which enrich our understanding of the original. These are elaborated upon in the Reflections on *The Nursery “Alice,”* following the main text.

(The prefatory poem follows.)

A Nursery Darling

A Mother's breast:

*Safe refuge from her childish fears,
From childish troubles, childish tears,
Mists that enshroud her dawning years!*

*See how in sleep she seems to sing
A voiceless psalm—an offering
Raised, to the glory of her King,
In Love: for Love is Rest.*

A Darling's kiss:

*Dearest of all the signs that fleet
From lips that lovingly repeat
Again, again, their message sweet!*

*Full to the brim with girlish glee,
A child, a very child is she,
Whose dream of Heaven is still to be
At Home: for Home is Bliss.*

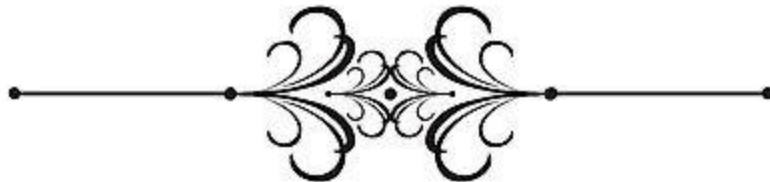
Preface
(Addressed to Any Mother.)

I HAVE reason to believe that “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland” has been read by some hundreds of English Children, aged from Five to Fifteen: also by Children, aged from Fifteen to Twenty-five: yet again by Children, aged from Twenty-five to Thirty-five: and even by Children—for there are such—Children in whom no waning of health and strength, no weariness of the solemn mockery, and the gaudy glitter, and the hopeless misery, of Life has availed to parch the pure fountain of joy that wells up in all child-like hearts—Children of a “certain” age, whose tale of years must be left untold, and buried in respectful silence.

And my ambition now is (is it a vain on?) to be read by Children aged from Nought to Five. To be read? Nay, not so! Say rather to be thumbed, to be cooed over, to be dogs”-eared, to be rumped, to be kissed, by the illiterate, ungrammatical, dimpled Darlings, that fill your Nursery with merry uproar, and your inmost heart of hearts with a restful gladness!

Such, for instance, as a child I once knew, who—having been carefully instructed that one of any earthly thing was enough for any little girl; and that to ask for two buns, two oranges, two of anything, would certainly bring upon her the awful charge of being “greedy”—was found one morning sitting up in bed, solemnly regarding her two little naked feet, and murmuring to herself, softly and penitently, “deedy!”

—*Easter-tide*, 1890



Chapter I.

The White Rabbit

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl called Alice: and she had a very curious dream.

Would you like to hear what it was that she dreamed about?

Well, this was the first thing that happened. A White Rabbit came running by, in a great hurry; and, just as it passed Alice, it stopped, and took its watch out of its pocket.

Wasn't that a funny thing? Did you ever see a Rabbit that had a watch, and a pocket to put it in? Of course, when a Rabbit has a watch, it must have a pocket to put it in: it would never do to carry it about in its mouth—and it wants its hands sometimes, to run about with.

Hasn't it got pretty pink eyes (I think all White Rabbits have pink eyes); and pink ears; and a nice brown coat; and you can just see its red pocket-handkerchief peeping out of its coat pocket: and, what with its blue neck-tie and its yellow waistcoat, it really is very nicely dressed.

“Oh dear, oh dear!” said the Rabbit. “I shall be too late!” What would it be too late for, I wonder? Well, you see, it had to go and visit the Duchess (you'll see a picture of the Duchess, soon, sitting in her kitchen): and the Duchess was a very cross old lady: and the Rabbit knew she'd be very angry indeed if he kept her waiting. So the poor thing was as frightened as frightened could be (Don't you see how he's trembling? Just shake the book a little, from side to side, and you'll soon see him tremble), because he thought the Duchess would have his head cut off, for a punishment. That was what the Queen of Hearts used to do, when she was angry with people (you'll see a picture of her, soon): at least she used to order their heads to be cut off, and she always thought it was done, though they never really did it.

And so, when the White Rabbit ran away, Alice wanted to see what would happen to it; so she ran after it: and she ran, and she ran, till she tumbled right down the rabbit-hole.

And then she had a very long fall indeed. Down, and down, and down, till she began to wonder if she was going right through the World, so as to come out on the other side!

It was just like a very deep well: only there was no water in it. If anybody really had such a fall as that, it would kill them, most likely: but

you know it doesn't hurt a bit to fall in a dream, because, all the time you think you're falling, you really are lying somewhere, safe and sound, and fast asleep!

However, this terrible fall came to an end at last, and down came Alice on a heap of sticks and dry leaves. But she wasn't a bit hurt, and up she jumped, and ran after the Rabbit again.

And so that was the beginning of Alice's curious dream. And, next time you see a White Rabbit, try and fancy you're going to have a curious dream, just like dear little Alice.

Chapter II.

How Alice Grew Tall

AND so, after Alice had tumbled down the rabbit-hole, and had run a long long way underground, all of a sudden she found herself in a great hall, with doors all round it.

But all the Doors were locked: so, you see, poor Alice couldn't get out of the hall: and that made her very sad.

However, after a little while, she came to a little table, all made of glass, with three legs (There are two of the legs in the picture, and just the beginning of the other leg, do you see?), and on the table was a little key: and she went round the hall, and tried if she could unlock any of the doors with it.

Poor Alice! The key wouldn't unlock any of the doors. But at last she came upon a tiny little door: and oh, how glad she was, when she found the key would fit it!

So she unlocked the tiny little door, and she stooped down and looked through it, and what do you think she saw? Oh, such a beautiful garden!

And she did so long to go into it! But the door was far too small. She couldn't squeeze herself through, any more than you could squeeze yourself into a mouse-hole!

So poor little Alice locked up the door, and took the key back to the table again: and this time she found quite a new thing on it (now look at the picture again), and what do you think it was? It was a little bottle, with a label tied to it, with the words "DRINK ME" on the label.

So she tasted it: and it was very nice: so she set to work, and drank it up. And then such a curious thing happened to her! You'll never guess what it was: so I shall have to tell you. She got smaller, and smaller, till at last she was just the size of a little doll!

Then she said to herself "now I'm the right size to get through the little door!" And away she ran. But, when she got there, the door was locked, and the key was on the top of the table, and she couldn't reach it! Wasn't it a pity she had locked up the door again?

Well, the next thing she found was a little cake: and it had the words "EAT ME" marked on it. So of course she set to work and ate it up. And

then what do you think happened to her? No, you'll never guess! I shall have to tell you again.

She grew, and she grew, and she grew. Taller than she was before! Taller than any child! Taller than any grown-up person! Taller, and taller, and taller! Just look at the picture, and you'll see how tall she got!

Which would you have liked the best, do you think, to be a little tiny Alice, no larger than a kitten, or a great tall Alice, with your head always knocking against the ceiling?

Chapter III.

The Pool of Tears

PERHAPS you think Alice must have been very much pleased, when she had eaten the little cake, to find herself growing so tremendously tall? Because of course it would be easy enough, now, to reach the little key off the glass table, and to open the little tiny door.

Well, of course she could do that: but what good was it to get the door open, when she couldn't get through? She was worse off than ever, poor thing! She could just manage, by putting her head down, close to the ground, to look through with one eye! But that was all she could do. No wonder the poor tall child sat down and cried as if her heart would break.

So she cried, and she cried. And her tears ran down the middle of the hall, like a deep river. And very soon there was quite a large Pool of Tears, reaching half-way down the hall.

And there she might have stayed, till this very day, if the White Rabbit hadn't happened to come through the hall, on his way to visit the Duchess. He was dressed up as grand as grand could be, and he had a pair of white kid-gloves in one hand, and a little fan in the other hand: and he kept on muttering to himself "Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, wo'n't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!"

But he didn't see Alice, you know. So when she began to say "If you please, Sir—" her voice seemed to come from the top of the hall, because her head was so high up. And the Rabbit was dreadfully frightened: and he dropped the gloves and the fan, and ran away as hard as he could go.

Then a very curious thing indeed happened. Alice took up the fan, and began to fan herself with it: and, lo and behold, she got quite small again, and, all in a minute, she was just about the size of a mouse!

Now look at the picture, and you'll soon guess what happened next. It looks just like the sea, doesn't it? But it really is the Pool of Tears—all made of Alice's tears, you know!

And Alice has tumbled into the Pool: and the Mouse has tumbled in: and there they are, swimming about together.

Doesn't Alice look pretty, as she swims across the picture? You can just see her blue stockings, far away under the water.

But why is the Mouse swimming away from Alice in such a hurry?
Well, the reason is, that Alice began talking about cats and dogs: and a Mouse always hates talking about cats and dogs!

Suppose you were swimming about, in a Pool of your own Tears: and suppose somebody began talking to you about lesson-books and bottles of medicine, wouldn't you swim away as hard as you could go?

Chapter IV.

The Caucus-Race

WHEN Alice and the Mouse had got out of the Pool of Tears, of course they were very wet: and so were a lot of other curious creatures, that had tumbled in as well. There was a Dodo (that's the great bird, in front, leaning on a walking-stick); and a Duck; and a Lory (that's just behind the Duck, looking over its head); and an Eaglet (that's on the left-hand side of the Lory); and several others.

Well, and so they didn't know how in the world they were to get dry again. But the Dodo—who was a very wise bird—told them the right way was to have a Caucus-Race. And what do you think that was?

You don't know? Well, you are an ignorant child! Now, be very attentive, and I'll soon cure you of your ignorance!

First, you must have a racecourse. It ought to be a sort of circle, but it doesn't much matter what shape it is, so long as it goes a good way round, and joins on to itself again.

Then, you must put all the racers on the course, here and there: it doesn't matter where, so long as you don't crowd them too much together.

Then, you needn't say "One, two, three, and away!" but let them all set off running just when they like, and leave off just when they like.

So all these creatures, Alice and all, went on running round and round, till they were all quite dry again. And then the Dodo said everybody had won, and everybody must have prizes!

Of course Alice had to give them their prizes. And she had nothing to give them but a few comfits she happened to have in her pocket. And there was just one a-piece, all round. And there was no prize for Alice!

So what do you think they did? Alice had nothing left but her thimble. Now look at the picture, and you'll see what happened.

"Hand it over here!" said the Dodo.

Then the Dodo took the thimble and handed it back to Alice, and said "We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble!" And then all the other creatures cheered.

Wasn't that a curious sort of present to give her? Suppose they wanted to give you a birthday-present, would you rather they should go to you toy-cupboard, and pick out your nicest doll, and say "Here, my love, here's a

lovely birthday-present for you!” or would you like them to give you something new, something that didn’t belong to you before?

Chapter V.

Bill, the Lizard

NOW I'm going to tell you about Alice's Adventures in the White Rabbit's house.

Do you remember how the Rabbit dropped his gloves and his fan, when he was so frightened at hearing Alice's voice, that seemed to come down from the sky? Well, of course he couldn't go to visit the Duchess without his gloves and his fan: so, after a bit, he came back again to look for them.

By this time the Dodo and all the other curious creatures had gone away, and Alice was wandering about all alone.

So what do you think he did? Actually he thought she was his housemaid, and began ordering her about! "Mary Ann!" he said. "Go home this very minute, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!"

Perhaps he couldn't see very clearly with his pink eyes: for I'm sure Alice doesn't look very like a housemaid, does she? However she was a very good-natured little girl: so she wasn't a bit offended, but ran off to the Rabbit's house as quick as she could.

It was lucky she found the door open: for, if she had had to ring, I suppose the real Mary Ann would have come to open the door: and she would never have let Alice come in. And I'm sure it was very lucky she didn't meet the real Mary Ann, as she trotted upstairs: for I'm afraid she would have taken Alice for a robber!

So at last she found her way into the Rabbit's room: and there was a pair of gloves lying on the table, and she was just going to take them up and go away, when she happened to see a little bottle on the table. And of course it had the words "DRINK ME!" on the label. And of course Alice drank some!

Well, I think that was rather lucky, too: don't you? For, if she hadn't drunk any, all this wonderful adventure, that I'm about to tell you about, wouldn't have happened at all. And wouldn't that have been a pity?

You're getting so used to Alice's Adventures, that I daresay you can guess what happened next? If you ca'n't, I'll tell you.

She grew, and she grew, and she grew. And in a very short time the room was full of Alice: just in the same way as a jar is full of jam! There

was Alice all the way up to the ceiling: and Alice in every corner of the room!

The door opened inwards: so of course there wasn't any room to open it: so when the Rabbit got tired of waiting, and came to fetch his gloves for himself, of course he couldn't get in.

So what do you think he did? (Now we come to the picture). He sent Bill, the Lizard, up to the roof of the house, and told him to get down the chimney. But Alice happened to have one of her feet in the fire-place: so, when she heard Bill coming down the chimney, she just gave a little tiny kick, and away went Bill, flying up into the sky!

Poor little Bill! Don't you pity him very much? How frightened he must have been!

Chapter VI.

The Dear Little Puppy

WELL, it doesn't look such a very little Puppy, does it? But then, you see, Alice had grown very small indeed: and that's what makes the Puppy look so large. When Alice had eaten one of those little magic cakes, that she found in the White Rabbit's house, it made her get quite small, directly, so that she could get through the door: or else she could never have got out of the house again. Wouldn't that have been a pity? Because then she wouldn't have dreamed all the other curious things that we're going to read about.

So it really was a little Puppy, you see. And isn't it a little pet? And look at the way it's barking at the little stick that Alice is holding out for it!

You can see she was a little afraid of it, all the time, because she's got behind that great thistle, for fear it should run over her. That would have been just about as bad, for her, as it would be for you to be run over by a wagon and four horses!

Have you got a little pet puppy at your home? If you have, I hope you're always kind to it, and give it nice things to eat.

Once upon a time, I knew some little children, about as big as you; and they had a little pet dog of their own; and it was called Dash. And this is what they told me about its birthday-treat.

"Do you know, one day we remembered it was Dash's birthday that day. So we said "let's give Dash a nice birthday-treat, like what we have on our birthdays!" So we thought and we thought "now, what is it we like best of all, on our birthdays?" And we thought and we thought. And at last we all called out together "Why, it's oatmeal-porridge, of course!" So of course we thought Dash would be quite sure to like it very much, too.

"So we went to the cook, and we got her to make a saucerful of nice oatmeal-porridge. And then we called Dash into the house, and we said "now, Dash, you're going to have your birthday-treat!" We expect Dash would jump for joy: but it didn't, one bit!

"So we put the saucer down before it, and we said "now, Dash, don't be greedy! Eat it nicely, like a good dog!"

"So Dash just tasted it with the tip of its tongue: and then it made, oh, such a horrid face! And then, do you know, it did hate it so, it wouldn't eat

a bit more of it! So we had to put it all down its throat with a spoon!”

I wonder if Alice will give this little Puppy some porridge? I don't think she can, because she hasn't got any with her. I ca'n't see any saucer in the picture.

Chapter VII.

The Blue Caterpillar

WOULD you like to know what happened to Alice, after she had got away from the Puppy? It was far too large an animal, you know, for her to play with. (I don't suppose you would much enjoy playing with a young Hippopotamus, would you? You would always be expecting to be crushed as flat as a pancake under its great heavy feet!) So Alice was very glad to run away, while it wasn't looking.

Well, she wandered up and down, and didn't know what in the world to do, to make herself grow up to her right size again. Of course she knew that she had to eat or drink something: that was the regular rule, you know: but she couldn't guess what thing.

However, she soon came to a great mushroom, that was so tall that she couldn't see over the top of it without standing on tip-toe. And what do you think she saw? Something that I'm sure you never talked to, in all your life!

It was a large Blue Caterpillar.

I'll tell you, soon, what Alice and the Caterpillar talked about: but first let us have a good look at the picture.

That curious thing, standing in front of the Caterpillar, is called a "hookah": and it's used for smoking. The smoke comes through that long tube, that winds round and round like a serpent.

And do you see its long nose and chin? At least, they look exactly like a nose and chin, don't they? But they really are two of its legs. You know a Caterpillar has got quantities of legs: you can see some more of them, further down.

What a bother it must be to a Caterpillar, counting over such a lot of legs, every night, to make sure it hasn't lost any of them!

And another great bother must be, having to settle which leg it had better move first. I think, if you had forty or fifty legs, and if you wanted to go a walk, you'd be such a time in settling which leg to begin with, that you'd never go a walk at all!

And what did Alice and the Caterpillar talk about, I wonder?

Well, Alice told it how very confusing it was, being first one size and then another.

And the Caterpillar asked her if she liked the size she was, just then.

And Alice said she would like to be just a little bit larger—three inches was such a wretched height to be! (Just mark off three inches on the wall, about the length of your middle finger, and you'll see what size she was.)

And the Caterpillar told her one side of the mushroom would make her grow taller, and the other side would make her grow shorter.

So Alice took two little bits of it with her to nibble, and managed to make herself quite a nice comfortable height, before she went on to visit the Duchess.

Chapter VIII.

The Pig-Baby

WOULD you like to hear about Alice's visit to the Duchess? It was a very interesting visit indeed, I can assure you.

Of course she knocked at the door to begin with: but nobody came: so she had to open it for herself.

Now, if you look at the picture, you'll see exactly what Alice saw when she got inside.

The door led right into the kitchen, you see. The Duchess sat in the middle of the room, nursing the Baby. The Baby was howling. The soup was boiling. The Cook was stirring the soup. The Cat—it was a Cheshire-Cat—was grinning, as Cheshire-Cats always do. All these things were happening just as Alice went in.

The Duchess has a beautiful cap and gown, hasn't she? But I'm afraid she hasn't got a very beautiful face.

The Baby—well, I daresay you've seen several nicer babies than that: and more good-tempered ones, too. However, take a good look at it, and we'll see if you know it again, next time you meet it!

The Cook—well, you may have seen nicer cooks, once or twice.

But I'm nearly sure you've never seen a nicer Cat! Now have you? And wouldn't you like to have a Cat of your own, just like that one, with lovely green eyes, and smiling so sweetly?

The Duchess was very rude to Alice. And no wonder. Why, she even called her own Baby "Pig!" And it wasn't a Pig, was it? And she ordered the Cook to chop off Alice's head: though of course the Cook didn't do it: and at last she threw the Baby at her! So Alice caught the Baby, and took it away with her: and I think that was about the best thing she could do.

So she wandered away, through the wood, carrying the ugly little thing with her. And a great job it was to keep hold of it, it wriggled about so. But at last she found out that the proper way was, to keep tight hold of its left foot and its right ear.

But don't you try to hold on to a Baby like that, my Child! There are not many babies that like being nursed in that way!

Well, and so the Baby kept grunting, and grunting. so that Alice had to say to it, quite seriously, "If you're going to turn into a Pig, my dear, I'll

have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!”

And at last she looked down into its face, and what do you think had happened to it? Look at the picture, and see if you can guess.

“Why, that’s not the Baby that Alice was nursing, is it?”

Ah, I knew you wouldn’t know it again, though I told you to take a good look at it! Yes, it is the Baby. And it’s turned into a little Pig!

So Alice put it down, and let it trot away into the wood. And she said to herself “It was a very ugly Baby : but it makes rather a handsome Pig, I think.”

Don’t you think she was right?

Chapter IX.

The Cheshire-Cat

ALL alone, all alone! Poor Alice! No Baby, not even a Pig to keep her company!

So you may be sure she was very glad indeed, when she saw the Cheshire-Cat, perched up in a tree, over her head.

The Cat has a very nice smile, no doubt: but just look what a lot of teeth it's got! Isn't Alice just a little shy of it?

Well, yes, a little. But then, it couldn't help having teeth, you know: and it could have helped smiling, supposing it had been cross. So, on the whole, she was glad.

Doesn't Alice look very prim, holding her head so straight up, and with her hands behind her, just as if she were going to say her lessons to the Cat!

And that reminds me. There's a little lesson I want to teach you, while we're looking at this picture of Alice and the Cat. Now don't be in a bad temper about it, my dear Child! It's a very little lesson indeed!

Do you see that Fox-Glove growing close to the tree? And do you know why it's called a Fox-Glove? Perhaps you think it's got something to do with a Fox? No indeed! Foxes never wear Gloves!

The right word is "Folk's-Gloves." Did you ever hear that Fairies used to be called "the good Folk"?

Now we've finished the lesson, and we'll wait a minute, till you've got your temper again.

Well? Do you feel quite good-natured again? No temper-ache? No crossness about the corners of the mouth? Then we'll go on.

"Cheshire Puss!" said Alice. (Wasn't that a pretty name for a Cat?) "Would you tell me which way I ought to go from here?"

And so the Cheshire-Cat told her which way she ought to go, if she wanted to visit the Hatter, and which way to go, to visit the March Hare. "They're both mad!" said the Cat.

And then the Cat vanished away, just like the flame of a candle when it goes out!

So Alice set off, to visit the March Hare. And as she went along, there was the Cat again! And she told it she didn't like it coming and going so quickly.

So this time the Cat vanished quite slowly, beginning with the tail, and ending with the grin. Wasn't that a curious thing, a Grin without any Cat? Would you like to see one?

If you turn up the corner of this leaf, you'll have Alice looking at the Grin: and she doesn't look a bit more frightened than when she was looking at the Cat, does she?

Chapter X.

The Mad Tea-Party

THIS is the Mad Tea-Party. You see Alice had left the Cheshire-Cat, and had gone off to see the March Hare and the Hatter, as the Cheshire-Cat had advised her: and she found them having tea under a great tree, with a Dormouse sitting between them.

There were only those three at the table, but there were quantities of tea-cups set all along it. You ca'n't see all the table, you know, and even in the bit you can see there are nine cups, counting the one the March Hare has got in his hand.

That's the March Hare, with the long ears, and straws mixed up with his hair. The straws showed he was mad—I don't know why. Never twist up straws among your hair, for fear people should think you're mad!

There was a nice green arm-chair at the end of the table, that looked as if it was just meant for Alice: so she went and sat down in it.

Then she had quite a long talk with the March Hare and the Hatter. The Dormouse didn't say much. You see it was fast asleep generally, and it only just woke up for a moment, now and then.

As long as it was asleep, it was very useful to the March Hare and the Hatter, because it had a nice round soft head, just like a pillow: so they could put their elbows on it, and lean across it, and talk to each other quite comfortably. You wouldn't like people to use your head for a pillow, would you? But if you were fast asleep, like the Dormouse, you wouldn't feel it: so I suppose you wouldn't care about it.

I'm afraid they gave Alice very little to eat and drink. However, after a bit, she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter: only I don't quite see where she got the bread-and-butter: and she had no plate for it. Nobody seems to have a plate except the Hatter. I believe the March Hare must have had one as well: because, when they all moved one place on (that was the rule at this curious tea-party), and Alice had to go into the place of the March Hare, she found he had just upset the milk-jug into his plate. So I suppose his plate and the milk-jug are hidden behind that large tea-pot.

The Hatter used to carry about hats to sell: and even the one that he's got on his head is meant to be sold. You see it's got its price marked on it—a "10" and a "6"—that means "ten shillings and sixpence." Wasn't that a

funny way of selling hats? And hasn't he got a beautiful neck-tie on? Such a lovely yellow tie, with large red spots.

He has just got up to say to Alice "Your hair wants cutting!" That was a rude thing to say, wasn't it? And do you think her hair does want cutting? I think it's a very pretty length—just the right length.

Chapter XI.

The Queen's Garden

THIS is a little bit of the beautiful garden I told you about. You see Alice had managed at last to get quite small, so that she could go through the little door. I suppose she was about as tall as a mouse, if it stood on its hind-legs: so of course this was a very tiny rose-tree: and these are very tiny gardeners.

What funny little men they are! But are they men, do you think? I think they must be live cards, with just a head, and arms, and legs, so as to look like little men. And what are they doing with that red paint, I wonder?

Well, you see, this is what they told Alice. The Queen of Hearts wanted to have a red rose-tree just in that corner: and these poor little gardeners had made a great mistake, and had put in a white one instead: and they were so frightened about it, because the Queen was sure to be angry, and then she would order all their heads to be cut off!

She was a dreadfully savage Queen, and that was the way she always did, when she was angry with people. "Off with their head!" They didn't really cut their heads off, you know: because nobody ever obeyed her: but that was what she always said.

Now ca'n't you guess what the poor little gardeners are trying to do? They're trying to paint the roses red, and they're in a great hurry to get it done before the Queen comes. And then perhaps the Queen wo'n't find out it was a white rose-tree to begin with: and then perhaps the little men wo'n't get their heads cut off!

You see there were five large white roses on the tree—such a job to get them all painted red! But they've got three and a half done, now, and if only they wouldn't stop to talk—work away, little men, do work away! Or the Queen will be coming before it's done! And if she finds any white roses on the tree, do you know what will happen? It will be "Off with their heads!" Oh, work away, my little men! Hurry, hurry!

Chapter XII.

The Lobster-Quadrille

DID you ever play at Croquet? There are large wooden balls, painted with different colours, that you have to roll about; and arches of wire, that you have to send them through; and great wooden mallets, with long handles, to knock the balls about with.

Now look at the picture, and you'll see that Alice has just been playing a Game of Croquet.

"But she couldn't play, with that great red what's-its-name in her arms! Why, how could she hold the mallet?"

Why, my dear Child, that great red what's-its-name (its real name is "a Flamingo") is the mallet! In this Croquet-Game, the balls were live Hedge-hogs—you know a hedge-hog can roll itself up into a ball?—and the mallets were live Flamingos!

So Alice is just resting from the Game, for a minute, to have a chat with that dear old thing, the Duchess: and of course she keeps her mallet under her arm, so as not to lose it.

"But I don't think she was a dear old thing, one bit! To call her Baby a Pig, and to want to chop off Alice's head!"

Oh, that was only a joke, about chopping off Alice's head: and as to the Baby—why, it was a Pig, you know! And just look at her smile! Why, it's wider than all Alice's head: and yet you can only see half of it!

Well, they'd only had a very little chat, when the Queen came and took Alice away, to see the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle.

You don't know what a Gryphon is? Well! Do you know anything? That's the question. However, look at the picture. That creature with a red head, and red claws, and green scales, is the Gryphon. Now you know.

And the other's the Mock Turtle. It's got a calf's-head, because calf's-head is used to make Mock Turtle Soup. Now you know.

"But what are they doing, going round and round Alice like that?"

Why, I thought of course you'd know that! They're dancing a Lobster-Quadrille.

And next time you meet a Gryphon and a Mock Turtle, I daresay they'll dance it for you, if you ask them prettily. Only don't let them come quite close, or they'll be treading on your toes, as they did on poor Alice's.

Chapter XIII.

Who Stole the Tarts?

DID you ever hear how the Queen of Hearts made some tarts? And can you tell me what became of them?

Why, of course I can! Doesn't the song tell all about it?

*The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts:
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!*

Well, yes, the Song says so. But it would never do to punish the poor Knave, just because there was a Song about him. They had to take him prisoner, and put chains on his wrists, and bring him before the King of Hearts, so that there might be a regular trial.

Now, if you look at the big picture, at the beginning of this book, you'll see what a grand thing a trial is, when the Judge is a King!

The King is very grand, isn't he? But he doesn't look very happy. I think that big crown, on the top of his wig, must be very heavy and uncomfortable. But he had to wear them both, you see, so that people might know he was a Judge and a King.

And doesn't the Queen look cross? She can see the dish of tarts on the table, that she had taken such trouble to make. And she can see the bad Knave (do you see the chains hanging from his wrists?) that stole them away from her: so I don't think it's any wonder if she does feel a little cross.

The White Rabbit is standing near the King, reading out the Song, to tell everybody what a bad Knave he is: and the Jury (you can just see two of them, up in the Jury-box, the Frog and the Duck) have to settle whether he's "guilty" or "not guilty."

Now I'll tell you about the accident that happened to Alice.

You see, she was sitting close by the Jury-box: and she was called as a witness. You know what a "witness" is? A "witness" is a person who has seen the prisoner do whatever he's accused of, or at any rate knows something that's important in the trial.

But Alice hadn't seen the Queen make the tarts: and she hadn't seen the Knave take the tarts: and, in fact, she didn't know anything about it: so why in the world they wanted her to be a witness, I'm sure I ca'n't tell you!

Anyhow, they did want her. And the White Rabbit blew his big trumpet, and shouted out "Alice!" And so Alice jumped up in a great hurry. And then—

And then what do you think happened? Why, her skirt caught against the Jury-box, and tipped it over, and all the poor little Jurors came tumbling out of it!

Let's try if we can make out all the twelve. You know there ought to be twelve to make up a Jury. I can see the Frog, and the Dormouse, and the Rat and the Ferret, and the Hedgehog, and the Lizard, and the Bantam-Cock, and the Mole, and the Duck, and the Squirrel, and a screaming bird, with a long beak, just behind the Mole.

But that only makes eleven: we must find one more creature.

Oh, do you see a little white head, coming out behind the Mole, and just under the Duck's beak? That makes up the twelve.

Mr. Tenniel says the screaming bird is a Storkling (of course you know what that is?) and the little white head is a Mouseling. Isn't it a little darling?

Alice picked them all up again, very carefully, and I hope they weren't much hurt!

Chapter XIV.

The Shower of Cards

OH dear, oh dear! What is it all about? And what's happening to Alice?

Well, I'll tell you all about it, as well I can. The way the trial ended was this. The King wanted the Jury to settle whether the Knave of Hearts was guilty or not guilty—that means that they were to settle whether he had stolen the Tarts, or if somebody else had taken them. But the wicked Queen wanted to have his punishment settled, first of all. That wasn't at all fair, was it? Because, you know, supposing he never took the Tarts, then of course he oughtn't to be punished. Would you like to be punished for something you hadn't done?

So Alice said "Stuff and nonsense!"

So the Queen said "Off with her head!" (Just what she always said, when she was angry.)

So Alice said "Who cares for you? You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

So they were all very angry, and flew up into the air, and came tumbling down again, all over Alice, just like a shower of rain.

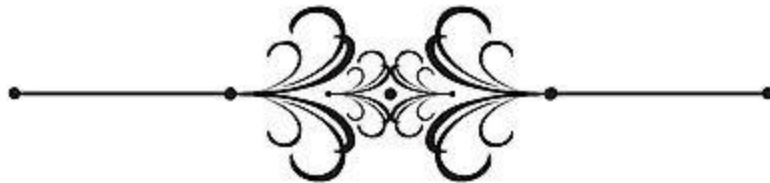
And I think you'll never guess what happened next. The next thing was, Alice woke up out of her curious dream. And she found that the cards were only some leaves off the tree, that the wind had blown down upon her face.

Wouldn't it be a nice thing to have a curious dream, just like Alice?

The best plan is this. First lie down under a tree, and wait till a White Rabbit runs by, with a watch in his hand: then shut your eyes, and pretend to be dear little Alice.

Good-bye, Alice dear, good-bye!

THE END.



PART IX

REFLECTIONS ON THE NURSERY “ALICE”

By Kent David Kelly

Secrets in the Illustrations

THE ILLUSTRATIONS that appear in the published edition of *The Nursery “Alice”* are, as a collective representation of Wonderland, incomplete. Those few illustrations which *do* appear in the book are largely identical to the earlier versions, except for coloration (which cannot be reproduced on the Kindle). As such, they are not repeated here. However, the few differences and added details which are interesting and new are elaborated upon here for the curious reader.

A Change of Allegiance: One of the soldiers, who originally had a tabard with Club symbols down the front, now has red Hearts as his insignia instead.

The Drunken Knave: The Knave of Hearts has a red nose, which makes it clear (in Tenniel’s drawing style) that he is a lush as well as a rogue!

A Well-Dressed Man-Rabbit: The White Rabbit carries a gold watch and a blue umbrella. His yellow shirt (surmounted by a blue necktie) is covered by a brown-checked waistcoat, with a red kerchief stuffed into the pocket. Interestingly, his paws are flesh-colored, and are very clearly intended to be hands instead of paws.

Alice Keeps Up With Fashion: Alice has a blue hair bow (kept in place by a hairband) and a blue dress bow, which do not appear in the original illustrations. These changes reflect advancements in style from the 1860s to 1890. Her stockings are blue, and her pinafore is white with blue edging. The classic dress, which is traditionally colored baby blue in later iterations, is actually a golden yellow-orange.

Dodo’s Evolution: Much like the White Rabbit, the Dodo is meticulously rendered in appropriate colors, but his hands are flesh-colored. He clearly incorporates some elements of Lewis Carroll himself!

An Oriental Caterpillar: Reflecting the nature and source of opium, the Caterpillar is revealed to have gold-cloth sleeves over his forearms. The rest of his body is a thoroughly unclothed and dreamy shade of blue.

The Colors of a Cat: The Cheshire-Cat is revealed to be a tabby, with brown fur, a whitish face, tan underbelly, and twinkling green eyes.

Fury of the Queen: When the Queen of Hearts yells at Alice, her entire face turns a deep shade of scarlet.

Strange Fur Indeed!: Regardless of the Gryphon's leonine origins, his head, claws and paws are orange, and his entire body is covered in emerald green plumage, or scales.

Explanatory Notes on the Text

SOME OF Carroll's new text in this version of the story is fascinating, in that it offers us a few more of Wonderland's secrets. But many of the entries are (from our modern perspective) curiously morbid. This is not a failing on Carroll's part, for a Victorian childhood was a far more dangerous one than what is enjoyed by many children today; but these instances do reflect on the purely Victorian nature of *The Nursery "Alice."*

Spoiling the Story: Carroll tells us right away, for the benefit of a literal child, that Alice's adventures were entirely a dream! This takes away all of the drama, excitement and ambiguity of Wonderland, but makes the tale perhaps "safe" and not one to inspire fear.

Teasing About Decapitation: Carroll tells our little nursery friends all about decapitation, but he is nice enough to let us know that beheadings never really happen in Wonderland. They are simply *threatened*, is all.

The Doddering Rabbit: Although we may have guessed this in prior versions of the tale, Carroll makes it clear to us that the Rabbit is getting old, perhaps even senile. His mistaking Alice for Mary Ann is a result of his failing vision.

Mary Ann, Thief Catcher: We are told that the reason for Alice's alarm in White Rabbit's House is not only that Mary Ann might see her, but that the vigilant housemaid will regard Alice as a robber and either cry out or take action against her.

Runaway Puppy: Carroll explains to us that if you are going to be run over by an enormous puppy, it's quite like being run over by four horses pulling a carriage. Such a charming image for the children, to be sure!

Force-Feed That Puppy!: For some reason, Carroll goes into a bizarre aside about a puppy named Dash, and how it needed to be force-fed oatmeal porridge (because it would not eat it on its own).

Beware the Hippopotamus!: Continuing with the grim parade of cautionary tales, Carroll warns us *not* to play with a Hippopotamus, lest we be squashed underfoot.

The Rules of Abuse: In the home of the Duchess, we are told all about ugly people, murder with axes, and baby tossing. However, we are also reminded about the proper way to hold a child while nursing!

Fox-Glove, the Fairy Flower: Carroll takes the time to tell an interesting story above Fox-Gloves, and how they relate to the fairy world.

Does Vanishing Cause Madness?: There is an intriguing mention associating the Cheshire-Cat's vanishing with Alice's fears about going out like a candle, and no longer existing. We can speculate that the nature of the Cat's madness may be founded in the fact that his vanishing is actually a momentary form of non-existence, in which he is not only not there, but simply *is not* at all.

Straw, the Sign of the Mad: Carroll points out an oft-missed detail, that the March Hare has a few bits of straw stuck to his head (from cavorting madly about in the fields). This depiction was actually quite common in Victorian times, as shorthand for insanity or wild (rural) behavior.

An Illustrator's Rare Error: Carroll kindly glosses over the fact that Tenniel forgot to illustrate the milk-jug at the Mad Tea-Party, by implying that the jug and the March Hare's plate are hidden behind the tea-pot.

At What Price a Topper?: We are told that the numerals on Hatter's hat-tag show the price of his hat to be ten shillings and six pence, quite a lavish price.

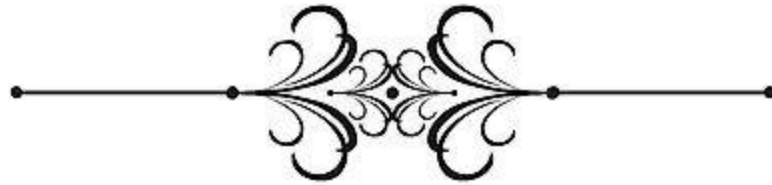
A Reptilian Gryphon: Instead of feathers, Carroll tells us that the Gryphon is covered in lizard-like scales. (Since we now know that birds' feathers evolved from dinosaurian scales, this is not so far-fetched.)

Fear of Becoming Food: If it hadn't been made quite clear in the prior versions, we are told that the Mock Turtle is in fear of being beheaded, and having his calf's head used to make a tasty soup.

The Privileges of High Birth: We are told that the Knave (of royal birth) deserves a trial, while all of the lesser personages in the croquet game were threatened with decapitation. By implication, it is also interesting that Alice, of the upper middle class, is given a trial as well.

Secrets of the Jury: Carroll takes the time to point out the identities of the jurors, even those which were not mentioned in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. They are: #1 - a Frog (of what relation to the Frog-Footman, we do not know); #2 - the Dormouse (from the Mad Tea-Party); #3 - a Rat; #4 - a Ferret (which the White Rabbit mentioned he was fearful of); #5 - a Hedgehog (from the croquet-ground, and quite used to tumbling); #6 - the Lizard (Bill, from White Rabbit's home); #7 - a Bantam-Cock; #8 - a Mole (wearing spectacles to help him see); #9 - the Duck (friend of the Dodo);

#10 - a Squirrel (perhaps from White Rabbit's place); #11 - a Storkling (a young Stork, perhaps from either White Rabbit's or the Pool of Tears); and #12 - a Mousling (a young Mouse, who might be the son of the Mouse who Alice met earlier).



PART X

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK

Introduction – The Snark Was a Boojum

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK is (and it may be alone in this category!) an *epic* poem of nonsense. It follows the misadventures of a foolish crew as they hunt a fabulous creature called a Snark. Danger awaits them, for Snarks are capricious and random at the best of times. Worse still, some few Snarks are Boojums: a sub-species known only for its terrible power to wink observers entirely out of existence.

The poem is thoroughly entertaining, and (despite its more adult and ominous tone) fits well with *Through the Looking-Glass* and *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. The link may seem tenuous at first, and Alice does not appear in the poem at all. However, Carroll was kind enough to leave us some few clues which explain how *The Hunting of the Snark* is actually a continuation of the world portrayed in the Alice tales! (We shall see precisely how a bit later on.)

In his essay “‘Alice’ on the Stage,” Carroll explained the creation of the poem as follows:

“I was walking on a hillside, alone, one bright summer day [in July, 1874], when suddenly there came into my head one line of verse—one solitary line—‘For the Snark was a Boojum, you see.’ I know not what it meant, then: I know not what it means, now; but I wrote it down: and, some time afterwards, the rest of the stanza occurred to me, that being its last line: and so by degrees, at odd moments during the next year or two, the rest of the poem pieced itself together, that being its last stanza. And since then, periodically I have received courteous letters from strangers, begging to know whether ‘The Hunting of the Snark’ is an allegory, or contains some hidden moral, or is a political satire: and for all such questions I have but one answer, ‘*I don’t know!*’”

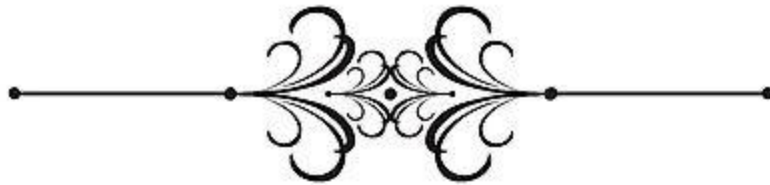
In several letters (such as this one from 1880), Carroll refused to elaborate on the riddle of the Snark:

“I have a letter from you ... asking me ‘Why don’t you explain the *Snark?*’ Let me answer it now – ‘because I ca’n’t.’”

In a letter dated August 18, 1884, however, Carroll provided a few meager clues as to the poem's meaning:

“As to the meaning of the *Snark*? I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them: so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer meant. So, whatever good meanings are in the book, I'm very glad to accept as the meaning of the book. The best I've seen is ... that the whole book is an allegory on the search for happiness. I think this fits beautifully in many ways.”

Are we confused yet? We might think so, but the story grows stranger as we go on!



A Letter of Curious Monstrosities

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK is—with good reason—regarded as the second-most famous and laudatory of all nonsense poems (bowing only to that eternal champion by the very same author, “Jabberwocky”). Lewis Carroll’s masterpiece, this “Agony in Eight Fits,” is a nonesuch treasury of maddening wit and wisdom. Few readers realize, however, that the poem’s story actually takes place in the exact same dream-world as Alice’s Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land.

I include here the pertinent excerpt of a letter which Lewis Carroll wrote to one Mrs. Chataway, explaining this very fact. It is intriguing because it firmly ties *The Hunting of the Snark* to *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, and to *Through the Looking-Glass* even moreso.

Ch. Ch. Oxford
November 7, 1875

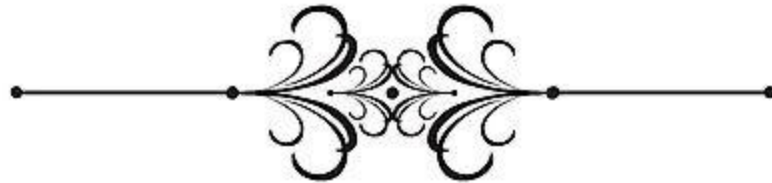
DEAR MRS. CHATAWAY,

With the exception of my Publisher, Printer, and Artist, and my own family, I have told nobody yet of my intention of bringing out a little Christmas book. And I think you are the next person to whom the announcement ought to be made, because I have taken as a dedication, the verses I sent you the other day in MS. It will be a very small book—not 40 pages—a poem (supposed to be comic) with a frontispiece by Mr. Holiday. The advertisements will appear about the middle of this month, I suppose, and till then I should be glad if you would not let the name of the book go beyond your own family-circle—I don’t mind the fact, that the book is in the press, being known—but the name ought to be new when it appears. It is called “The Hunting of the Snark,” and the scene is laid in an island frequented by the Jubjub and Bandersnatch—no doubt the very island in which the Jabberwock was Slain.

(...)

Believe me
yours very sincerely,
C. L. DODGSON.

We are left with the understanding that there is a mysterious island, perhaps not far from Looking-Glass Land, which is home to the Jabberwock, Jubjubs, Bandersnatches and Snarks. And, as we shall see, the intrepid dreaming adventurer who dares to explore that island is not Alice, but rather Lewis Carroll himself!



**THE HUNTING
OF THE SNARK**

An Agony in Eight Fits

By
LEWIS CARROLL

With Illustrations By
HENRY HOLIDAY



Dedication

Inscribed to a dear Child:
in memory of golden summer hours
and whispers of a summer sea.

Prefatory Poem

*GIRT with a boyish garb for boyish task,
Eager she wields her spade: yet loves as well
Rest on a friendly knee, intent to ask
The tale he loves to tell.*

*Rude spirits of the seething outer strife,
Unmeet to read her pure and simple spright,
Deem, if you list, such hours a waste of life,
Empty of all delight!*

*Chat on, sweet Maid, and rescue from annoy
Hearts that by wiser talk are unbeguiled.
Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,
The heart-love of a child!*

*Away, fond thoughts, and vex my soul no more!
Work claims my wakeful nights, my busy days—
Albeit bright memories of that sunlit shore
Yet haunt my dreaming gaze!*

Preface

IF—and the thing is wildly possible—the charge of writing nonsense were ever brought against the author of this brief but instructive poem, it would be based, I feel convinced, on the line “then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes.”

In view of this painful possibility, I will not (as I might) appeal indignantly to my other writings as a proof that I am incapable of such a deed: I will not (as I might) point to the strong moral purpose of this poem itself, to the arithmetical principles so cautiously inculcated in it, or to its noble teachings in Natural History—I will take the more prosaic course of simply explaining how it happened.

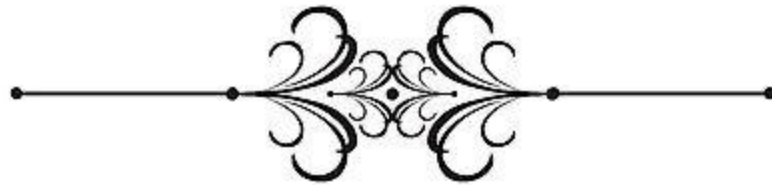
The Bellman, who was almost morbidly sensitive about appearances, used to have the bowsprit unshipped once or twice a week to be revarnished, and it more than once happened, when the time came for replacing it, that no one on board could remember which end of the ship it belonged to. They knew it was not of the slightest use to appeal to the Bellman about it—he would only refer to his Naval Code, and read out in pathetic tones Admiralty Instructions which none of them had ever been able to understand—so it generally ended in its being fastened on, anyhow, across the rudder. The helmsman used to stand by with tears in his eyes; he knew it was all wrong, but alas! Rule 42 of the Code, “no one shall speak to the Man at the Helm,” had been completed by the Bellman himself with the words “and the Man at the Helm shall speak to no one.” So remonstrance was impossible, and no steering could be done till the next varnishing day. During these bewildering intervals the ship usually sailed backwards.

As this poem is to some extent connected with the lay of the Jabberwock, let me take this opportunity of answering a question that has often been asked me, how to pronounce “slithy toves.” The “i” in “slithy” is long, as in “writhe”; and “toves” is pronounced so as to rhyme with “groves.” Again, the first “o” in “borogoves” is pronounced like the “o” in “borrow.” I have heard people try to give it the sound of the “o” in “worry”. Such is Human Perversity.

This also seems a fitting occasion to notice the other hard works in that poem. Humpty-Dumpty’s theory, of two meanings packed into one word like a portmanteau, seems to me the right explanation for all.

For instance, take the two words “fuming” and “furious.” Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards “fuming,” you will say “fuming-furious;” if they turn, by even a hair’s breadth, towards “furious,” you will say “furious-fuming;” but if you have the rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say “frumious.”

Supposing that, when Pistol uttered the well-known words—”Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!” Justice Shallow had felt certain that it was either William or Richard, but had not been able to settle which, so that he could not possibly say either name before the other, can it be doubted that, rather than die, he would have gasped out “Rilchiam!”



Fit the First:
The Landing

“JUST the place for a Snark!” the Bellman cried,
As he landed his crew with care;
Supporting each man on the top of the tide
By a finger entwined in his hair.



“Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:
That alone should encourage the crew.
Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice:
What I tell you three times is true.”

The crew was complete: it included a Boots—
A maker of Bonnets and Hoods—
A Barrister, brought to arrange their disputes—
And a Broker, to value their goods.

A Billiard-marker, whose skill was immense,
Might perhaps have won more than his share—

But a Banker, engaged at enormous expense,
Had the whole of their cash in his care.



There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck,
Or would sit making lace in the bow:
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck,
Though none of the sailors knew how.

There was one who was famed for the number of things
He forgot when he entered the ship:
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
With his name painted clearly on each:

But, since he omitted to mention the fact,
They were all left behind on the beach.

The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because
He had seven coats on when he came,
With three pairs of boots—but the worst of it was,
He had wholly forgotten his name.

He would answer to “Hi!” or to any loud cry,
Such as “Fry me!” or “Fritter my wig!”
To “What-you-may-call-um!” or “What-was-his-name!”
But especially “Thing-um-a-jig!”

While, for those who preferred a more forcible word,
He had different names from these:
His intimate friends called him “Candle-ends,”
And his enemies “Toasted-cheese.”

“His form in ungainly—his intellect small—”
(So the Bellman would often remark)
“But his courage is perfect! And that, after all,
Is the thing that one needs with a Snark.”

He would joke with hyaenas, returning their stare
With an impudent wag of the head:
And he once went a walk, paw-in-paw, with a bear,
“Just to keep up its spirits,” he said.

He came as a Baker: but owned, when too late—
And it drove the poor Bellman half-mad—
He could only bake Bridecake—for which, I may state,
No materials were to be had.

The last of the crew needs especial remark,
Though he looked an incredible dunce:
He had just one idea—but, that one being “Snark,”
The good Bellman engaged him at once.

He came as a Butcher: but gravely declared,
When the ship had been sailing a week,
He could only kill Beavers. The Bellman looked scared,
And was almost too frightened to speak:

But at length he explained, in a tremulous tone,
There was only one Beaver on board;
And that was a tame one he had of his own,
Whose death would be deeply deplored.

The Beaver, who happened to hear the remark,
Protested, with tears in its eyes,
That not even the rapture of hunting the Snark
Could atone for that dismal surprise!

It strongly advised that the Butcher should be
Conveyed in a separate ship:
But the Bellman declared that would never agree
With the plans he had made for the trip:

Navigation was always a difficult art,
Though with only one ship and one bell:
And he feared he must really decline, for his part,
Undertaking another as well.

The Beaver's best course was, no doubt, to procure
A second-hand dagger-proof coat—
So the Baker advised it— and next, to insure
Its life in some Office of note:

This the Banker suggested, and offered for hire
(On moderate terms), or for sale,
Two excellent Policies, one Against Fire,
And one Against Damage From Hail.

Yet still, ever after that sorrowful day,
Whenever the Butcher was by,
The Beaver kept looking the opposite way,

And appeared unaccountably shy.



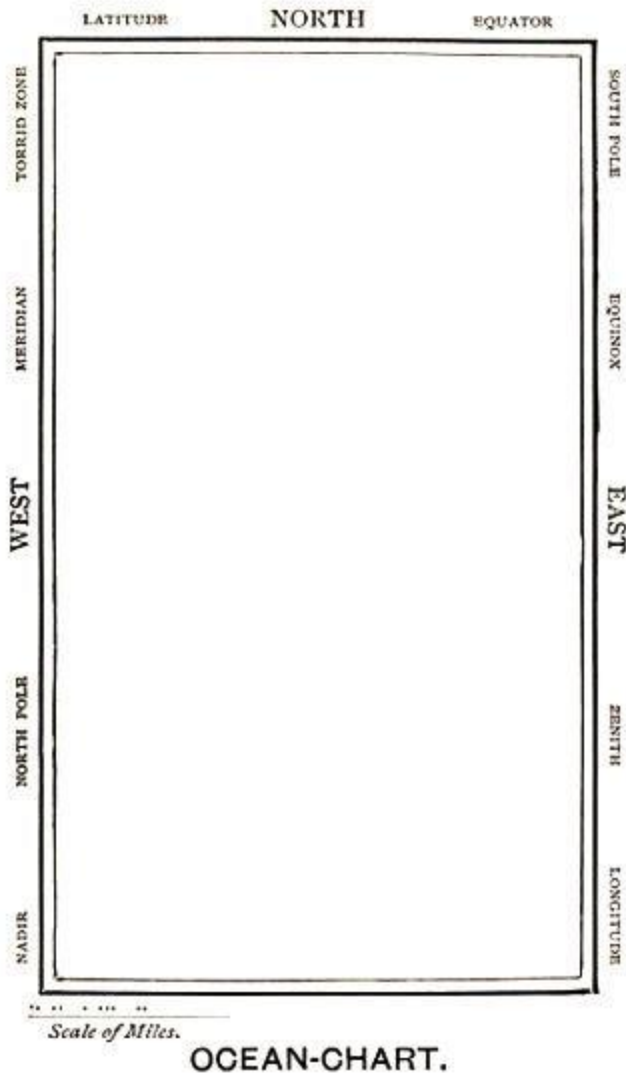
Fit the Second:
The Bellman's Speech

THE Bellman himself they all praised to the skies—
Such a carriage, such ease and such grace!
Such solemnity, too! One could see he was wise,
The moment one looked in his face!

He had bought a large map representing the sea,
Without the least vestige of land:
And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be
A map they could all understand.

“What’s the good of Mercator’s North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?”
So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply
“They are merely conventional signs!

“Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes!
But we’ve got our brave Captain to thank”
(So the crew would protest) “that he’s bought us the best—
A perfect and absolute blank!”



This was charming, no doubt: but they shortly found out
That the Captain they trusted so well
Had only one notion for crossing the ocean,
And that was to tingle his bell.

He was thoughtful and grave—but the orders he gave
Were enough to bewilder a crew.
When he cried “Steer to starboard, but keep her head larboard!”
What on earth was the helmsman to do?

Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes:
A thing, as the Bellman remarked,

That frequently happens in tropical climes,
When a vessel is, so to speak, “snarked.”

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he *had* hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East,
That the ship would *not* travel due West!

But the danger was past—they had landed at last,
With their boxes, portmanteaus, and bags:
Yet at first sight the crew were not pleased with the view,
Which consisted to chasms and crags.

The Bellman perceived that their spirits were low,
And repeated in musical tone
Some jokes he had kept for a season of woe—
But the crew would do nothing but groan.

He served out some grog with a liberal hand,
And bade them sit down on the beach:
And they could not but own that their Captain looked grand,
As he stood and delivered his speech.

“Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears!”
(They were all of them fond of quotations:
So they drank to his health, and they gave him three cheers,
While he served out additional rations).

“We have sailed many months, we have sailed many weeks,
(Four weeks to the month you may mark),
But never as yet (’tis your Captain who speaks)
Have we caught the least glimpse of a Snark!

“We have sailed many weeks, we have sailed many days,
(Seven days to the week I allow),
But a Snark, on the which we might lovingly gaze,
We have never beheld till now!

“Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again
The five unmistakable marks
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
The warranted genuine Snarks.

“Let us take them in order. The first is the taste,
Which is meager and hollow, but crisp:
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavor of Will-o’-the-wisp.

“Its habit of getting up late you’ll agree
That it carries too far, when I say
That it frequently breakfasts at five-o’clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

“The third is its slowness in taking a jest.
Should you happen to venture on one,
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed:
And it always looks grave at a pun.

“The fourth is its fondness for bathing-machines,
Which is constantly carries about,
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes—
A sentiment open to doubt.

“The fifth is ambition. It next will be right
To describe each particular batch:
Distinguishing those that have feathers, and bite,
And those that have whiskers, and scratch.

“For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm,
Yet, I feel it my duty to say,
Some are Boojums—” The Bellman broke off in alarm,
For the Baker had fainted away.

Fit the Third: The Baker's Tale

THEY roused him with muffins—they roused him with ice—
They roused him with mustard and cress—
They roused him with jam and judicious advice—
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried “Silence! Not even a shriek!”
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream,
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they called “Ho!” told his story of woe
In an antediluvian tone.

“My father and mother were honest, though poor—”
‘Skip all that!’ cried the Bellman in haste.
“If it once becomes dark, there’s no chance of a Snark—
We have hardly a minute to waste!”

“I skip forty years,” said the Baker, in tears,
“And proceed without further remark
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

“A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
Remarked, when I bade him farewell—”
“Oh, skip your dear uncle!” the Bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

“He remarked to me then,” said that mildest of men,
“‘If your Snark be a Snark, that is right:
Fetch it home by all means—you may serve it with greens,
And it’s handy for striking a light.’

“You may seek it with thimbles—and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway-share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap—”

(“That’s exactly the method,” the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried,
“That’s exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!”)

“But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!”



“It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul,
When I think of my uncle’s last words:
And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
Brimming over with quivering curds!

“It is this, it is this—” “We have had that before!”
The Bellman indignantly said.
And the Baker replied “Let me say it once more.
It is this, it is this that I dread!

“I engage with the Snark—every night after dark—
In a dreamy delirious fight:

I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

“But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and suddenly vanish away—
And the notion I cannot endure!”

Fit the Fourth: The Hunting

THE Bellman looked uffish, and wrinkled his brow.
“If only you’d spoken before!
It’s excessively awkward to mention it now,
With the Snark, so to speak, at the door!

“We should all of us grieve, as you well may believe,
If you never were met with again—
But surely, my man, when the voyage began,
You might have suggested it then?

“It’s excessively awkward to mention it now—
As I think I’ve already remarked.”
And the man they called “Hi!” replied, with a sigh,
“I informed you the day we embarked.

“You may charge me with murder—or want of sense—
(We are all of us weak at times):
But the slightest approach to a false pretence
Was never among my crimes!

“I said it in Hebrew—I said it in Dutch—
I said it in German and Greek:
But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much)
That English is what you speak!”

“’Tis a pitiful tale,” said the Bellman, whose face
Had grown longer at every word:
“But, now that you’ve stated the whole of your case,
More debate would be simply absurd.

“The rest of my speech” (he explained to his men)
“You shall hear when I’ve leisure to speak it.
But the Snark is at hand, let me tell you again!
’Tis your glorious duty to seek it!

‘To seek it with thimbles, to seek it with care;
To pursue it with forks and hope;
To threaten its life with a railway-share;
To charm it with smiles and soap!

“For the Snark’s a peculiar creature, that wo’n’t
Be caught in a commonplace way.
Do all that you know, and try all that you don’t:
Not a chance must be wasted to-day!

“For England expects—I forbear to proceed:
'Tis a maxim tremendous, but trite:
And you’d best be unpacking the things that you need
To rig yourselves out for the fight.”

Then the Banker endorsed a blank cheque (which he crossed),
And changed his loose silver for notes.
The Baker with care combed his whiskers and hair,
And shook the dust out of his coats.

The Boots and the Broker were sharpening a spade—
Each working the grindstone in turn:
But the Beaver went on making lace, and displayed
No interest in the concern:

Though the Barrister tried to appeal to its pride,
And vainly proceeded to cite
A number of cases, in which making laces
Had been proved an infringement of right.

The maker of Bonnets ferociously planned
A novel arrangement of bows:
While the Billiard-marker with quivering hand
Was chalking the tip of his nose.

But the Butcher turned nervous, and dressed himself fine,
With yellow kid-gloves and a ruff—

Said he felt it exactly like going to dine,
Which the Bellman declared was all “stuff.”

“Introduce me, now there’s a good fellow,” he said,
“If we happen to meet it together!”
And the Bellman, sagaciously nodding his head,
Said “That must depend on the weather.”

The Beaver went simply galumphing about,
At seeing the Butcher so shy:
And even the Baker, though stupid and stout,
Made an effort to wink with one eye.

“Be a man!” said the Bellman in wrath, as he heard
The Butcher beginning to sob.
“Should we meet with a Jubjub, that desperate bird,
We shall need all our strength for the job!”

Fit the Fifth:
The Beaver's Lesson

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.



Then the Butcher contrived an ingenious plan
For making a separate sally;
And fixed on a spot unfrequented by man,
A dismal and desolate valley.

But the very same plan to the Beaver occurred:
It had chosen the very same place:
Yet neither betrayed, by a sign or a word,
The disgust that appeared in his face.

Each thought he was thinking of nothing but “snark”
And the glorious work of the day;

And each tried to pretend that he did not remark
That the other was going that way.

But the valley grew narrow and narrower still,
And the evening got darker and colder,
Till (merely from nervousness, not from goodwill)
They marched along shoulder to shoulder.

Then a scream, shrill and high, rent the shuddering sky,
And they knew that some danger was near:
The Beaver turned pale to the tip of its tail,
And even the Butcher felt queer.

He thought of his childhood, left far far behind—
That blissful and innocent state—
The sound so exactly recalled to his mind
A pencil that squeaks on a slate!

“’Tis the voice of the Jubjub!” he suddenly cried.
(This man, that they used to call “Dunce.”)
“As the Bellman would tell you,” he added with pride,
“I have uttered that sentiment once.

“’Tis the note of the Jubjub! Keep count, I entreat;
You will find I have told it you twice.
’Tis the song of the Jubjub! The proof is complete,
If only I’ve stated it thrice.”

The Beaver had counted with scrupulous care,
Attending to every word:
But it fairly lost heart, and outgrabe in despair,
When the third repetition occurred.

It felt that, in spite of all possible pains,
It had somehow contrived to lose count,
And the only thing now was to rack its poor brains
By reckoning up the amount.

“Two added to one—if that could but be done,”
It said, “with one’s fingers and thumbs!”
Recollecting with tears how, in earlier years,
It had taken no pains with its sums.

“The thing can be done,” said the Butcher, “I think.
The thing must be done, I am sure.
The thing shall be done! Bring me paper and ink,
The best there is time to procure.”

The Beaver brought paper, portfolio, pens,
And ink in unfailing supplies:
While strange creepy creatures came out of their dens,
And watched them with wondering eyes.



So engrossed was the Butcher, he heeded them not,
As he wrote with a pen in each hand,
And explained all the while in a popular style
Which the Beaver could well understand.

“Taking Three as the subject to reason about—
A convenient number to state—
We add Seven, and Ten, and then multiply out
By One Thousand diminished by Eight.

“The result we proceed to divide, as you see,
By Nine Hundred and Ninety and Two:

Then subtract Seventeen, and the answer must be
Exactly and perfectly true.

“The method employed I would gladly explain,
While I have it so clear in my head,
If I had but the time and you had but the brain—
But much yet remains to be said.

“In one moment I’ve seen what has hitherto been
Enveloped in absolute mystery,
And without extra charge I will give you at large
A Lesson in Natural History.”

In his genial way he proceeded to say
(Forgetting all laws of propriety,
And that giving instruction, without introduction,
Would have caused quite a thrill in Society),

“As to temper the Jubjub’s a desperate bird,
Since it lives in perpetual passion:
Its taste in costume is entirely absurd—
It is ages ahead of the fashion:

“But it knows any friend it has met once before:
It never will look at a bribe:
And in charity-meetings it stands at the door,
And collects—though it does not subscribe.

“Its flavor when cooked is more exquisite far
Than mutton, or oysters, or eggs:
(Some think it keeps best in an ivory jar,
And some, in mahogany kegs:)

“You boil it in sawdust: you salt it in glue:
You condense it with locusts and tape:
Still keeping one principal object in view—
To preserve its symmetrical shape.”

The Butcher would gladly have talked till next day,
But he felt that the Lesson must end,
And he wept with delight in attempting to say
He considered the Beaver his friend.

While the Beaver confessed, with affectionate looks
More eloquent even than tears,
It had learned in ten minutes far more than all books
Would have taught it in seventy years.

They returned hand-in-hand, and the Bellman, unmanned
(For a moment) with noble emotion,
Said “This amply repays all the wearisome days
We have spent on the billowy ocean!”

Such friends, as the Beaver and Butcher became,
Have seldom if ever been known;
In winter or summer, ’twas always the same—
You could never meet either alone.

And when quarrels arose—as one frequently finds
Quarrels will, spite of every endeavour—
The song of the Jubjub recurred to their minds,
And cemented their friendship for ever!

Fit the Sixth:
The Barrister's Dream

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

But the Barrister, weary of proving in vain
That the Beaver's lace-making was wrong,
Fell asleep, and in dreams saw the creature quite plain
That his fancy had dwelt on so long.

He dreamed that he stood in a shadowy Court,
Where the Snark, with a glass in its eye,
Dressed in gown, bands, and wig, was defending a pig
On the charge of deserting its sty.

The Witnesses proved, without error or flaw,
That the sty was deserted when found:
And the Judge kept explaining the state of the law
In a soft under-current of sound.



The indictment had never been clearly expressed,
And it seemed that the Snark had begun,
And had spoken three hours, before any one guessed
What the pig was supposed to have done.

The Jury had each formed a different view
(Long before the indictment was read),
And they all spoke at once, so that none of them knew
One word that the others had said.

“You must know——” said the Judge: but the Snark exclaimed “Fudge!
That statute is obsolete quite!
Let me tell you, my friends, the whole question depends
On an ancient manorial right.

“In the matter of Treason the pig would appear
To have aided, but scarcely abetted:
While the charge of Insolvency fails, it is clear,
If you grant the plea “never indebted.”

“The fact of Desertion I will not dispute;
But its guilt, as I trust, is removed
(So far as relates to the costs of this suit)
By the Alibi which has been proved.

“My poor client’s fate now depends on your votes.”
Here the speaker sat down in his place,
And directed the Judge to refer to his notes
And briefly to sum up the case.

But the Judge said he never had summed up before;
So the Snark undertook it instead,
And summed it so well that it came to far more
Than the Witnesses ever had said!

When the verdict was called for, the Jury declined,
As the word was so puzzling to spell;
But they ventured to hope that the Snark wouldn’t mind
Undertaking that duty as well.

So the Snark found the verdict, although, as it owned,
It was spent with the toils of the day:
When it said the word “GUILTY!” the Jury all groaned,
And some of them fainted away.

Then the Snark pronounced sentence, the Judge being quite
Too nervous to utter a word:
When it rose to its feet, there was silence like night,
And the fall of a pin might be heard.

“Transportation for life” was the sentence it gave,
“And *then* to be fined forty pound.”
The Jury all cheered, though the Judge said he feared
That the phrase was not legally sound.

But their wild exultation was suddenly checked
When the jailer informed them, with tears,
Such a sentence would have not the slightest effect,
As the pig had been dead for some years.

The Judge left the Court, looking deeply disgusted:
But the Snark, though a little aghast,
As the lawyer to whom the defense was intrusted,

Went bellowing on to the last.

Thus the Barrister dreamed, while the bellowing seemed
To grow every moment more clear:
Till he woke to the knell of a furious bell,
Which the Bellman rang close at his ear.

Fit the Seventh: The Banker's Fate

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

And the Banker, inspired with a courage so new
It was matter for general remark,
Rushed madly ahead and was lost to their view
In his zeal to discover the Snark.

But while he was seeking with thimbles and care,
A Bandersnatch swiftly drew nigh
And grabbed at the Banker, who shrieked in despair,
For he knew it was useless to fly.

He offered large discount—he offered a cheque
(Drawn “to bearer”) for seven-pounds-ten:
But the Bandersnatch merely extended its neck
And grabbed at the Banker again.

Without rest or pause—while those frumious jaws
Went savagely snapping around—
He skipped and he hopped, and he floundered and flopped,
Till fainting he fell to the ground.

The Bandersnatch fled as the others appeared
Led on by that fear-stricken yell:
And the Bellman remarked “It is just as I feared!”
And solemnly tolled on his bell.

He was black in the face, and they scarcely could trace
The least likeness to what he had been:
While so great was his fright that his waistcoat turned white—
A wonderful thing to be seen!



To the horror of all who were present that day.
He uprose in full evening dress,
And with senseless grimaces endeavoured to say
What his tongue could no longer express.

Down he sank in a chair—ran his hands through his hair—
And chanted in mimsiest tones
Words whose utter inanity proved his insanity,
While he rattled a couple of bones.

“Leave him here to his fate—it is getting so late!”
The Bellman exclaimed in a fright.
“We have lost half the day. Any further delay,
And we sha’n’t catch a Snark before night!”

Fit the Eighth: The Vanishing

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

They shuddered to think that the chase might fail,
And the Beaver, excited at last,
Went bounding along on the tip of its tail,
For the daylight was nearly past.

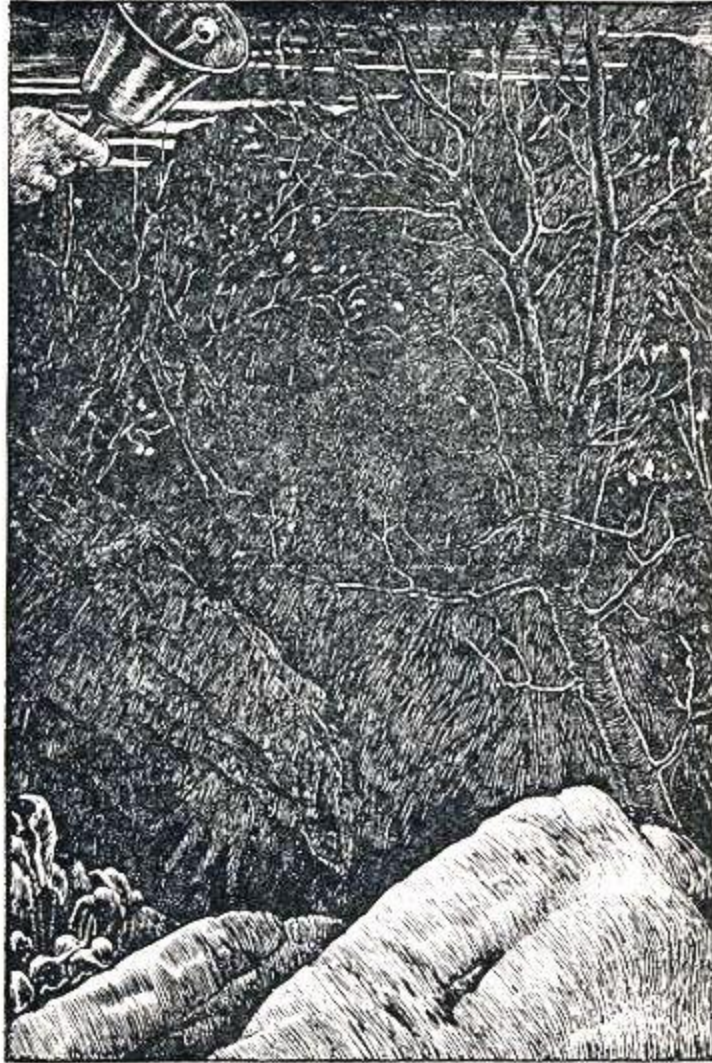
“There is Thingumbob shouting!” the Bellman said,
“He is shouting like mad, only hark!
He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head,
He has certainly found a Snark!”

They gazed in delight, while the Butcher exclaimed
“He was always a desperate wag!”
They beheld him—their Baker—their hero unnamed—
On the top of a neighboring crag,

Erect and sublime, for one moment of time.
In the next, that wild figure they saw
(As if stung by a spasm) plunge into a chasm,
While they waited and listened in awe.

“It’s a Snark!” was the sound that first came to their ears,
And seemed almost too good to be true.
Then followed a torrent of laughter and cheers:
Then the ominous words “It’s a Boo—”

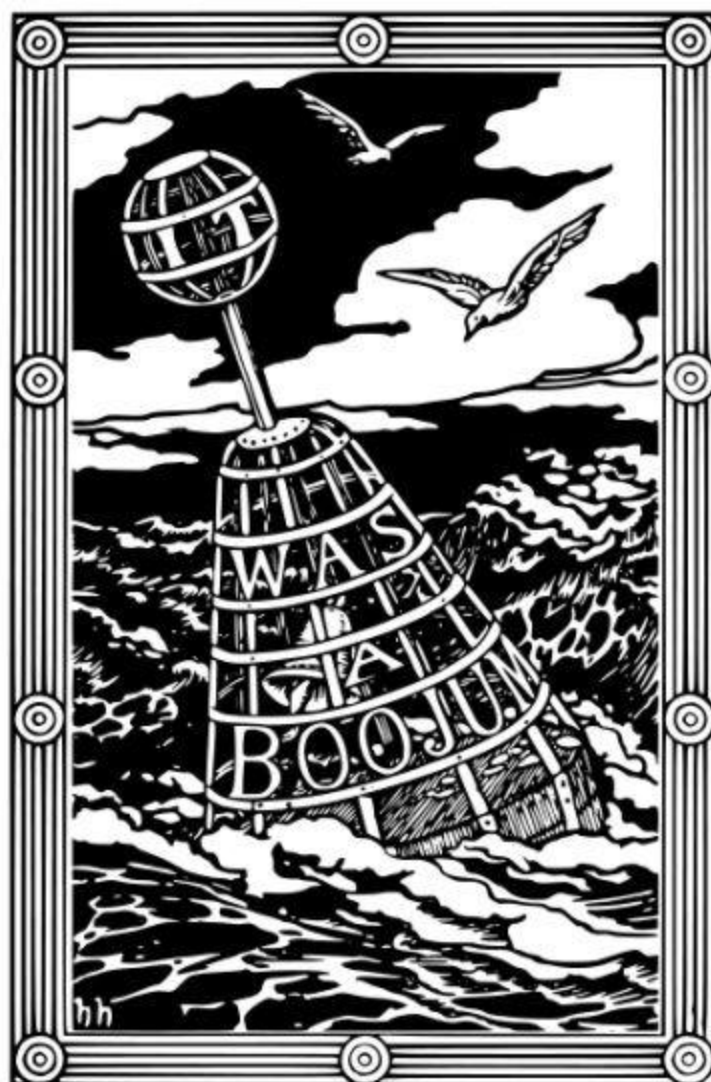
Then, silence. Some fancied they heard in the air
A weary and wandering sigh
Then sounded like “—jum!” but the others declare
It was only a breeze that went by.



They hunted till darkness came on, but they found
Not a button, or feather, or mark,
By which they could tell that they stood on the ground
Where the Baker had met with the Snark.

In the midst of the word he was trying to say,
In the midst of his laughter and glee,
He had softly and suddenly vanished away—
For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see.

THE END



PART XI

REFLECTIONS ON THE SNARK

By Kent David Kelly

DESPITE ITS compelling intricacies and the incessant drive of its general narrative, *The Hunting of the Snark* is famous for being perfectly impenetrable. In other words, no one really knows what it means. The author pointedly refused to ever explain the work, other than to praise those readers whose interpretations he liked. (Carroll's own favorite interpretation by someone else is that the poem is about the pursuit of happiness.)

As such, my own analysis which appears here is wide open to response and counter. Given similar themes which arise in the "Alice" stories, and the fact that many of the in-jokes in his work draw references from Carroll's diaries and the events in his life, I believe I have a *fairly* solid case for the conclusions I have drawn. By this time, however, you as the reader should be quite adept at discerning Carroll's veiled intents and purposes on your own. You then, good reader, are quite welcome to discover explanations better than mine wherever you wish!

Introductory Materials

The Front Cover Illustration: Henry Holiday's illustration for the front cover of the first edition shows the Bellman, surrounded by a nighttime swathe of stars, perched on the mast and ringing his bell.

On the Nature of Agony: It should be noted that the mock-seriousness of *The Hunting of the Snark* is probably intended to parody Samuel Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Carroll's sub-title, "An Agony in Eight Fits," pokes fun at the melodramatic anguish in Coleridge's tale of a seafarer's misadventures.

The Riddle of the Poem: The prefatory piece is one of Carroll's famous acrostic poems. The first letters of each line spell "Gertrude Chataway," the girl to whom *The Hunting of the Snark* was dedicated. Also, more cleverly, the first words of each verse are "Girt-Rude," "Chat-Away." Gertrude was one of Carroll's dear child-friends, but he did once write to Alice, "... My mental picture is as vivid as ever, of one who was, through so many years, my ideal child-friend. I have had scores of child-friends since your time: but they have been quite a different thing."

The Helmsman With Tears in His Eyes: Carroll here is referring to the Boots.

Rule 42 of the Naval Code: Here, Carroll is making an insider's joke. He was 42 when *The Hunting of the Snark* was published, and there were 42 boxes left on the shore when the ship set sail for Jabberwock Isle. Also, when Alice was defying the King of Hearts, the King was using Rule 42 to try to eject her from the court. Douglas Adams, providing a lasting tribute to Carroll's obsession with this mysterious number, would later have 42 be the "Answer to the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe, and Everything."

Pistol and the Bezonian: Carroll's references to Pistol, the Bezonian, "Speak or die," etc. may seem cryptic. They all refer to Shakespeare's play, "History of Henry IV," in which a character is forced to identify himself under extreme duress. Naming the wrong king would bring death. The naming of "Rilchiam" is a joking combination of Richard and William, so that someone who was asked to name either William or Richard would have their life spared no matter which answer was right.

Fit the First

The Bellman Revealed: Holiday's illustration shows the Bellman bringing his crew ashore, one by one, in a nonsensical fashion (lifting them by their hair). The Bellman bears a surprising resemblance to a poet Carroll greatly admired, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Tennyson was arguably England's greatest poet. He became Poet Laureate in 1850 and stayed such until 1892, throughout virtually all of Carroll's writing career. His style was romantic, dreaming and melancholy. The man was an inspiration to Carroll, telling the story of England with all of its people's hopes and dreams. Indeed, the English populace followed the idealistic vision of Tennyson throughout his life. In this way, Tennyson was in every way the bellman, or town crier, of London itself. He not only gave voice to England's dreams; when he chimed, everyone knew they were about to hear something important. If the Bellman is indeed Tennyson, the voyage to hunt the Snark is probably here leaving from his home on the Isle of Wight (or its equivalent, off the shores of Looking-Glass Land) and landing upon the Isle of Man (whose dream manifestation is the "manxome" Jabberwock Isle).

The Secret of the Snark?: From the nature of the Snark, and the way that it reflects a person's doubts and fears, I believe that Snarks are phantasmal manifestations of those self-same thoughts. There are several

sub-species, but they are all fantastical beasts of nonsense. To hunt for a Snark, then, is to chase after one's own impossible fears, perhaps in the hope of conquering them. (The word itself is probably a portmanteau, combining the words "snail" and "shark.")

The Spawn of the Questing Beast?: In portraying an uncatchable fabulous creature, Carroll is (either intentionally or not) drawing a parallel to the Questing Beast of Arthurian legend. The Beast is a nightmarish monster, much like the Jabberwock or the Boojum. It is a symbol of ill omen, the coming of bad tidings. We can only wonder if the Snark is the ancestral spawn of the Questing Beast itself, a Victorian manifestation of the fears of a darker yet modern age.

The Ship of Fools: In creating his ragtag crew, Carroll was probably inspired by the legend of the Ship of Fools. This allegory dates back to the 1400s, depicting a drifting vessel crewed by various madmen, seeking paradise in the unknown parts of the world. The allusions to Christopher Columbus and other such fatalistic daredevils are obvious.

The Sundry Crew: Fit the First explains to us just *who* is aboard the Ship of Fools—the Bellman, or crier, is the captain; the Boots is a cleaner of footwear; the Maker of Bonnets and Hoods manufactures not headwear (like the Hatter of Wonderland), but rather canvas sail coverings; the Barrister brings law into the madness; the Broker helps to keep the account; the Billiard-Marker keeps the gamesmen afloat; the Banker protects their investment; the Baker is of curious background (as we shall see); the Butcher is looking for something to make meat of; and the Beaver makes lace and acts as a good-luck mascot. All of these begin with B, for no particular reason, much like the things which began with M at the Mad Tea-Party. (However, the reason may simply be that a Boojum and a Bandersnatch appear in the poem, and Carroll may have wanted alliteration with those words for poetic effect.)

The Crew All Aboard: Holiday's illustration of the crew shows the Bellman on the upper deck looking out to sea. Beside him are the Barrister (looking back the way they came) and the Baker (looking down on all the others). Below them are the Billiard-Marker (playing), the Banker (ready and waiting to weigh precious metals), the Maker of Bonnets and Hoods (working in shadow) and the Broker (tapping his lips with his cane).

The Secret of the Baker: Among the crew is the Baker, a mysterious person with forty-two boxes of goods. He is suffering from amnesia, and

works as a Baker. There are several clues which point to the fact that the Baker is actually Lewis Carroll himself, such as the forty-two years/boxes and his mysterious uncle.

Having Said This Thrice: The reiteration of an invocation is common in magic, and three is a number of magical power. If something is said by a “Magus” three times, it is made true despite all impossibility.

The Beaver Saved Them from Wreck: The Beaver chooses not to speak, but since he’s capable of making lace he may well be one of those sentient beasts from either Wonderland or Looking-Glass Land. He is currently acting as a good-luck mascot, whom the Bellman strictly believes in. His belief alone is enough to instill the Beaver with protective powers, as we shall see (when the Beaver must keep the Butcher from killing him!).

The Forty-Two Boxes: There is a convincing theory which has been laid out by others, in which Carroll *himself* is the Baker. If this is the case, then the forty-two boxes correspond to his age at the time he wrote *The Hunting of the Snark*, and the fact that he left all the boxes behind on the beach tells us that in following the Bellman (Tennyson) he was truly forsaking his past and sailing into unfamiliar territory.

Forgotten His Name: The Baker is an amnesiac as he makes way to Jabberwock Isle. We are reminded of Alice falling down the rabbit-hole, wondering who she was. Carroll, as the Baker and the author, is disoriented by his appearance in the world of his own imaginings, suddenly made all too real.

His Courage is Perfect: Tennyson (the Bellman) is quite willing to have Carroll along on the journey to seek the Snark, even though he does not fully respect him. Carroll may be referring to Tennyson’s reluctant admiration for Carroll’s success in writing fanciful stories of make-believe.

The Character of the Butcher: The Butcher has nefarious motives, and wants to kill the Beaver, despite the Beaver being the good-luck mascot for the crew. Fortunately, the Bellman has some kind of power over the Butcher (Perhaps, the Bellman refused to take the Butcher along on this once-in-a-lifetime hunt, unless the Butcher swore to behave himself?) It is possible the Bellman wanted the Butcher along for his skill with a knife, in case something dangerous (like a Bandersnatch) were to attack them on the isle.

The Character of the Banker: The Banker is a shameless and mercenary sort. He is amused by the Beaver’s fear for its life, and willing to

sell him insurance policies. Such policies would give the Beaver the illusion of protection, while enriching the Banker, and not really making the Beaver safe at all!

Fit the Second

The Map of the Bellman: The Bellman is here indeed revealed to be the Captain of the Ship of Fools, and everyone is willing to follow him into nothingness, simply because he is charismatic and they believe in him.

The Landing: Tennyson has taken them to the Isle of Man, and they are not impressed with their surroundings. As the Bellman, however, he gives a pretty speech that encourages the crew to hunt the Snark.

The Nature of the Snark: Carroll tells us much about Snarks. The flavor of will-o'-the-wisp implies that they are vaporous and non-corporeal, leading men to their deaths in treacherous wastelands. Their habit of getting up late might mean that they are nocturnal predators (surely, preying on dreamers). Their slowness in jest makes them serious and grave, and difficult to amuse while they are threatening their prey. Their fondness for bathing-machines tells us much of their adoration of Victorian folly, and their ambition exemplifies the willingness to exert power over others.

The Snark as a Boojum: The majority of Snarks (as manifestations of doubts and fears) are harmless. A dreadful few, however, are so convincing in their unreality that they cause the people who dare behold them to go “out like a candle,” as Alice once feared in Wonderland. This confounding situation is also reminiscent of the dream of the Red King in *Through the Looking-Glass*. (Who, in waking, causes all those he is dreaming of to be snuffed out of existence.)

The Fainting Baker: If the Baker is Carroll, he is probably (despite his amnesia) remembering how the first line of *The Hunting of the Snark* came to him. As the writer of the poem, Carroll now finds himself trapped in his own unreality, and therefore very vulnerable to being made non-existent by a Boojum. We now know why he fainted dead away as this realization hit home!

Fit the Third

The Capture of the Snarks: We learn in Fit the Third that the Captain has organized the expedition for the sole purpose of capturing a live Snark. The reasons for this are unknown, but the presence of the Broker and the Banker tell us that the expedition is well-funded and expecting a financial return. Most likely, the hunt is a “proving” one, in which a Snark is going to

be returned to the mainland for royalty to marvel over. (The presence of the Butcher, of course, implies that the attempt at a live capture may go badly.)

A Dear Uncle of Mine: Carroll is probably referring here to Robert Wilfred Skeffington Lutwidge, his own favorite uncle. Skeffington introduced Carroll to photography, and may have encouraged his inventive streak as well. Sadly, in May of 1873, Skeffington was attacked by patient William McKave at the Fisherton Lunatic Asylum. He died of his injuries shortly thereafter. Carroll may have been inspired to write *The Hunting of the Snark* based on this tragic incident.

“O Beamish Nephew”: There is an intentional parallel here with “Jabberwocky,” where the young man is warned of the dangers of the Jabberwock, a monster which inhabits the same island that the ship is journeying to in *The Hunting of the Snark*.

The Frail Uncle and Frightened Nephew: The illustration for Fit the Third shows a small house near the harbor. Out the window can be seen the ship, the Bellman ringing his bell, and the Baker’s memory-boxes (which they will forget to put aboard, causing his amnesia). The bedridden uncle is warning his nephew the Baker about Boojums, and the dismayed Baker himself is falling backwards while clutching a stool for balance.

I Engage With the Snark: If Snarks are indeed manifestations of doubts and fears, it follows that they would appear in dreams as ridiculous creatures. The ones that are Boojums, of course, are exceedingly dangerous because of their insistence upon their own reality (and the lack of the dreamer’s reality as well).

Fit the Fourth

Preparing for the Hunt: The Bellman and the Baker have heard that to capture a nonsensical creature such as a Snark, you must engage in nonsense. The rest of the crew, understanding this from the Bellman’s speech—but not necessarily believing the particular methods—are each engaging in their own form of nonsense in hopes of scoring the capture.

Fit the Fifth

The Dangers of Jabberwock Isle: One of the perils of the island is that the hunters can easily become the hunted! We know that the Jabberwock laired here, in ages past, and was slain; but there are also Bandersnatches and Jubjubs and they are still in existence. (The survival of gentler species, such as Toves, Borogoves and Rathes, is uncertain.)

“’Tis the Voice of the Jubjub!”: This is a winking reference to Carroll’s parody poem in *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, “’Tis the Voice of the Lobster.”

Strange Creepy Creatures: Holiday’s illustration for this Fit shows the Butcher carefully working out math, while his new friend the Beaver looks on and becomes enlightened. The “creepy creatures” include the Three Little Kittens, a toad-like creature gimbling with a gimlet, pigs that fly, and so forth. Far up in the distance, the Bellman rings his bell.

The Dubious Math of the Butcher: Carroll is having fun with his mathematical fancy here. The Butcher’s stated equation, once the poetics are stripped out, is $\{[(3+7+10) \times 992] / 992\} - 17 = 3$. In short, nothing is accomplished, but the Bellman’s thrice-fold reiterations of arcane truths are echoed once again!

An Unexpected Friendship: Once threatened with identical perils (the attacks of Snarks, Jubjubs and Bandersnatches), the Beaver and Butcher find their loathing of one another perfectly inverted, and become the best of friends. The Bellman is relieved and inspired to see this occur, especially since he considers the Beaver his good luck charm on this journey.

Fit the Sixth

The Judicious Snark: The Barrister falls asleep and dreams of a Snark. Surely, the types of Snarks seen by people are dependent on their own desires, fears and beliefs. Because of this, the Barrister dreams of a Snark overtaking the judge, and making a mockery of the law. This incident is quite similar to the Mouse’s tale of Fury in *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*.

A Glimpse of the Snark: Holiday’s illustration shows the Snark from the back. Remembering that there are many sub-species (and this one is not a Boojum), this dream-Snark wears a robe and a wig, and unfurls a judicial scroll.

Fit the Seventh

The Banker and the Bandersnatch: The Bandersnatch is a predator, quite corporeal and thoroughly unlike a Snark. The Banker, still caught in the ideas of nonsense and the hunting of the Snark, foolishly offers the Bandersnatch a deal in currency, which of course is futile; the Bandersnatch is merely hungry!

The Urgency of Twilight: The Bellman is convinced that the crew cannot catch a Snark after nightfall, and so he leaves the Banker to his fate

of newfound insanity. This obsession with catching the nonesuch creature at the expense of all else has a certain resonance with Captain Ahab and Moby Dick.

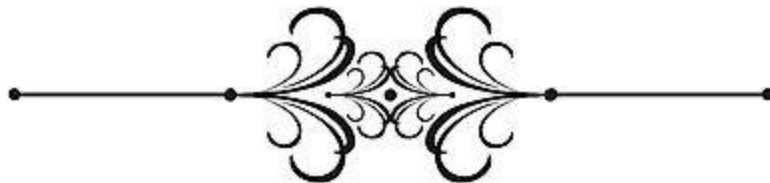
Fit the Eighth

The Vanishing: This illustration shows the merest outline of the Baker, seized by a claw as he fades away into nothingness. Of course, the bell of the Bellman tolls for him.

The Vision of the Boojum: There exists a rare “suppressed” illustration by Holiday, showing what the Boojum really looks like. It is obviously inspired by Tenniel’s Jabberwock, and may indeed be a cross of a snail and a shark. Carroll felt that the poem had more power if the Boojum were never seen by the reader, and Holiday agreed. Be careful if you find it—you might cease to exist!

It’s a Snark!: Of all the company, it is the most imaginative crewmember (Carroll, the Baker) who manages to find a Snark at last. Unfortunately for him, it is also a Boojum—an idea so strong that it has taken on a life of its own, which is so convinced of its own majesty that anyone who beholds it ceases to exist. Beholding this, the Baker is snuffed out like a candle. We can hope that the Baker awoke from his nightmare safe in his bed, but it is entirely possible that he simply evaporated. Of course, as he vanishes out of the imaginary world of Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land and Jabberwock Isle, he is disappearing in the same way that Alice did when waking and returning to Oxfordshire, so there is *some* hope!

The Back Cover: Holiday’s illustration for the back cover of the first edition portrays a hazard buoy, rocking in wild seas. The ironwork of its frame spells out the words, “IT WAS A BOOJUM.” A bell, of course, is ringing in the buoy’s core.



Speculative Chronology of Jabberwock Isle

By Kent David Kelly

THE FOLLOWING dates pertain to Jabberwock Isle specifically. Interesting correlations, however, can be found when this timeline is collated together with those for Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land!

The Age of the Anglo-Saxons (circa 1000 A.D.): The Jabberwock is slain. (Whenever this actually occurred, it took place in the early evening; the princely Jabberwock slayer met with his father at brillig, which (as Humpty Dumpty tells us) is 4:00 PM.)

The Age of England (1066-1855 A.D.): The legend of the Jabberwock fades into obscurity, as the island becomes a distant memory.

1855: Lewis Carroll is mysteriously inspired to write “A Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry,” which will later become “Jabberwocky.” (He may have been inspired by a Snark, or his odd dreams at this time may have given birth to the Snarks themselves. Or both!)

1859: Jabberwock Isle remains forgotten, wild and untouched, as Alice explores nearby Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land. (The White King and others, however, know of Bandersnatches.)

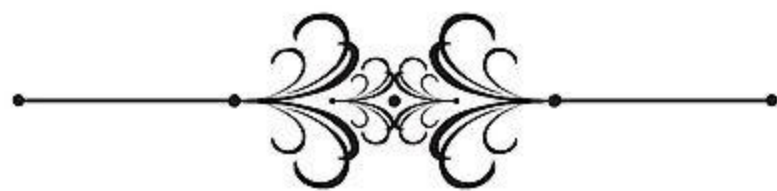
1874: This may be the year of the Hunting of the Snark. (The poem was written in this year, and Carroll was aged 42. If Carroll is indeed represented by the Baker, who announces himself as 42 years old, this is certainly the time period of the story.)

Spring 1874: The Bellman strives to secure funding and a crew for his Snark hunting expedition to Jabberwock Isle.

Summer 1874: The Baker is warned by his Uncle.

Summer 1874: The ship of fools departs for Jabberwock Isle. (Most exploratory voyages overseas take place in the summer, to minimize the danger as much as possible.)

Autumn 1874: The landing is made, and the exploration of Jabberwock Isle begins. The disappearance occurs. (We are told that the ship has been at sea for several months, so an autumn timeframe is likely.)



PART XII

BEYOND WONDERLAND

In Retrospect: Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson)

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON was certainly one of the most interesting people living in a very interesting time. He was born on January 27, 1832 in a rural parsonage known as Daresbury (near Warrington, Cheshire). His father was a man of the church and his mother was a very loving housewife. Charles had a difficult education in Rugby School, where he may have formed a permanent ill opinion of boys (as opposed to girls). He later went to Oxford, and attended his father's old college, Christ Church.

Charles had many eccentric friends at school, including Robinson Duckworth. But he preferred the company of children, of whom the most famous to be remembered is Alice Liddell. (The years relating to Alice and the creation of her stories are explained in more detail in the chronology, later in this section.)

Charles was not only a writer of children's tales, however. In fact, he was quite reclusive and often embarrassed to be known as "the author of Alice," which led not only to the separation of himself from his pen name, but also to deeper studies in his chosen fields of serious endeavor. Charles was a noted mathematician, logician, inventor, critic, and systems analyst. He loved the theater, games, puzzles, traveling, laughter and adventure. After a long, inspiring and thoroughly eventful life, he died unmarried in 1898.

This capsule biography is shamefully brief; Lewis Carroll was one of the most complex and mysterious figures of the 19th century. There are many excellent biographies of the man, of which I primarily recommend *Lewis Carroll: A Biography*, by Morton N. Cohen; *Lewis Carroll: An Illustrated Biography*, by Derek Hodgson; and *Lewis Carroll and His World*, by John Pudney.



In Retrospect: Alice Liddell

ALICE PLEASANCE LIDDELL was born on May 4, 1852. Her father was Henry Liddell, an esteemed scholar who would later become the Dean of Christ Church College in Oxford. Her mother was Lorina Hanna Liddell, a beautiful and strong-willed woman who did much to shape the social destinies of her children. Alice had two surviving elder siblings: a brother Harry, and her sister Lorina.

When Alice was born, her father was working as the Headmaster of Westminster School. When her father was appointed as Dean, the family moved to Oxford, where she met Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll). Alice and her sisters had many adventures, exploring the wondrous grounds of Christ Church and the many meadows along the River Isis. This time in her life, when her explorations were often guided by Carroll and his friends, is further detailed in the chronology of the “Alice” stories (which follows hereafter).

As one of several intelligent and educated daughters of an esteemed and well-traveled family, Alice had many escapades and journeys in the years following her “golden childhood.” She was taught to paint and draw by the famous artist, architect and romanticist, John Ruskin. She met Prince Leopold (one of the sons of Queen Victoria), and may have even had a romantic interest in him. Edith, Lorina and Alice also went on the Grand Tour, exploring the European continent, absorbing the culture and learning all the while.

Alice eventually married a gentleman named Reginald Hargreaves. They had three handsome sons, Alan, Leopold and Caryl. After a long and happy life together, Reginald passed away. Alice, pressed into hard financial times, was forced to sell her unique manuscript copy of *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*. The Sotheby’s auction of the book caused a nationwide sensation, as the bids reached the stratospheric sum of 15,400 pounds. (The book was later returned to England as a national treasure.) This auction not only solved Alice’s financial difficulties; it also made the reclusive “real” Alice (again) something of a worldwide celebrity.

In 1932, the centenary of the birth of Lewis Carroll was celebrated, and Alice was invited to a great celebration at Columbia University in the United States. There she enjoyed an orchestral suite of “Alice in

Wonderland” set to music, and was presented with an honorary doctorate. The eighty-year-old Alice was quite tickled to see all of the fuss over little old her, and clearly enjoyed herself, as the surviving newsreels of the event reveal to us.

Alice passed away peacefully in 1934.

The best books (in my opinion) detailing the wonderful life of Alice Pleasance Liddell are *The Real Alice*, by Anne Clark; and *Beyond the Looking-Glass: Reflections of Alice and Her Family*, by Colin Gordon.



A Detailed Chronology of the “Alice” Stories

Compiled by Kent David Kelly

THE FOLLOWING extensive (but by no means exhaustive!) timeline is intended to summarize not only the publication of the Alice books, but also the events in Carroll’s life which directly informed his creative process in writing them. Allusions to specific characters and episodes are detailed hereafter in parenthetical annotations.

It is hoped that this chronological approach to Carroll’s development of the stories will allow the reader some deeper understanding of how Carroll’s life, and his ever-changing relationship with Alice Liddell, governed the inclusion of particular themes and caricatures throughout the stories themselves.

Of all of the essays I have written for this work, this chronology has been by far the most demanding. If any Carrollian scholars would care to provide corrections, clarifications, or further entries of particular interest, I would be grateful for the assistance!

To date, however, this is certainly one of the fuller chronologies of the “Alice” stories in the world. I hope that you find it interesting. Read on, ponder, and enjoy!

January 27, 1832: Charles Lutwidge Dodgson is born.

1846: Edward Lear (using the pseudonym Derry Down Derry) publishes *A Book of Nonsense*. This work likely had a significant influence on Carroll’s own literary style.

1846: “The Shepherd of the Giant Mountains,” by Friedrich de la Motte Foqué, is translated into English by Menella Bute Smedley (a relative of Carroll). This tale, about a gryphon slayer who returns to be praised by a duke, may inspire Carroll to write his “Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry” (and therefore “Jabberwocky”).

1848: *The English Struwwelpeter*, by Heinrich Hoffman, is published. This darkly humorous work, with its subversive descriptions of grim punishments suffered by unruly children, was certainly one of Carroll’s inspirations. (It is strongly alluded to when Alice is considering whether the “Drink Me” bottle is filled with poison.)

May 4, 1852: Alice Pleasance Liddell is born.

February, 1855: Carroll meets the new Dean, Henry Liddell (Alice's father). (Mr. Liddell will later be the inspiration for the Crab of the Underwater School in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.)

August, 1855: Carroll reads Tennyson's "Maud" (which he will later allude to in The Garden of Live Flowers chapter of *Through the Looking-Glass*).

September 8, 1855: The *Comic Times* publishes Dodgson's poem, "She's All My Fancy Painted Him," which will later appear in a revised form in the trial scene of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

Late 1855?: Dodgson writes "A Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," which will later become the first verse of "Jabberwocky."

February 9, 1856: Carroll writes the following in his diary, which seems to presage the tale he will tell in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*: "Query: when we are dreaming and, as often happens, have a dim consciousness of the fact and try to wake, do we not say and do things which in waking life would be insane? May we not then sometimes define insanity as an inability to distinguish which is the waking and which the sleeping life? We often dream without the least suspicion of unreality: 'sleep hath its own world,' and it is often as lifelike as the other."

February 11 to March 1, 1856: Charles Lutwidge Dodgson creates the *nom de plume* by which the world will always know him, Lewis (Lutwidge/Ludovicus) Carroll (Charles/Carolus).

February 25, 1856: Dodgson meets the Liddell family at the Oxford boat races.

March 6, 1856: Carroll makes friends with Harry Liddell, Alice's brother. (Harry may be the model of the Jabberwock slayer in "Jabberwocky," comparing his pose in one of Carroll's photographs; but this is speculation.)

March 8, 1856: Carroll makes friends with Lorina Liddell, Alice's elder sister. (Lorina is featured in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* as the sister on the bank, the Lory, and Elsie.)

April 25, 1856: Carroll meets young Alice Pleasance.

Late April?, 1856: Carroll first photographs the Liddell sisters in the Deanery garden. (This garden would later be the inspiration for the croquet-ground in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.)

October, 1856: Carroll publishes the poem "Upon the Lonely Moor," which will later become the song of the White Knight in *Through the*

Looking-Glass.

November 3, 1856: Carroll meets the governess of the Liddell children, Miss Prickett. (Miss Prickett is probably the model for the Red Queen in *Through the Looking-Glass*, considering Carroll's comments on the nature and demeanor of governesses.)

September, 1857 and April, 1859: Carroll meets the poet Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Arguably, Carroll may have been inspired to create the peculiar format of his later poem, "The Mouse's Tale," due to a curious discussion with Tennyson. His meeting with Tennyson's son Hallam may have inspired the later portrayal of the Jabberwock slayer. More likely, the Bellman as illustrated in Carroll's later book *The Hunting of the Snark* may be a caricature of Tennyson.)

October, 1857: Carroll meets the artist John Ruskin. (Ruskin will later appear as the Conger Eel, teaching fainting in coils (painting in oils), in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.)

1858: *Phantastes*, by George MacDonald, is published. Some of the elements of this story (such a person falling asleep and waking in Fairy Land) would probably inspire Carroll in his improvised storytelling of the first "Alice" stories.

1858: Carroll creates a photograph featuring undergraduate Quentin Twiss, dressed as "the Artful Dodger." This portrayal (arguably) may have influenced his direction to Tenniel in the later design and illustration of the Hatter in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

November 24, 1859: Charles Darwin publishes *On the Origin of Species*. (As a veiled jest in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, an intelligent monkey will appear in the background of the illustration featuring Alice speaking with the Dodo at the Pool of Tears.)

November, 1860: A discussion in the month's issue of *Notes and Queries* (likely read by Carroll, a follower) features a discussion on the origin of the phrase "to grin like a Cheshire-Cat."

December 12, 1860: Carroll meets Queen Victoria and members of the Royal Family. (Carroll's fixation on tales concerning queens, such as the "Alice" stories, may have been a result of the great importance he placed on this meeting.)

Late December?, 1861: Following his ordination, Carroll struggles to control his worsening stammer. (This affliction likely led to him portraying

himself as the Dodo in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, since his own pronunciation of his last name was often "Do-Do-Dodgson.")

June 27, 1862: During a boating trip, Carroll and the Liddell sisters are caught in the rain. (This episode is alluded to in *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*, and more distantly in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, when Alice complains about trying to become dry after swimming in the Pool of Tears.)

July 4, 1862: Carroll and his friend, Robinson Duckworth (known as "the Duck"), take the Liddell sisters up the river Isis on a boating adventure. While rowing, Carroll improvises a story, which will later become *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Alice asks Carroll to write the story down.

August 1, 1862: Carroll listens to the Liddell sisters perform the song "Beautiful Star." (This will later be parodied in the Mock Turtle's song, "Beautiful Soup".)

November 13, 1862: Carroll begins formally writing down Alice's adventures.

February 10, 1863: By this time, Carroll has completed the manuscript for *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*, the first version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. His illustrations, however, are not yet complete.

March 10, 1863: Carroll takes Alice to see the fireworks and illuminations conducted to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra in Denmark. (Some of the pageantry of this event will later be included in the royal feast episode of the Red Queen in *Through the Looking-Glass*.)

April 15, 1863: Carroll takes a train journey with Miss Prickett and the Liddell children. (This episode will later be referenced in the train chapter of *Through the Looking-Glass*.)

March, 1863: Carroll writes a dedicatory poem entitled "Life's 'Pleasance'" that will later become the prefatory poem in *Through the Looking-Glass*.

May 9, 1863: Carroll presents the manuscript of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* to his friend, the author George MacDonald. Based on the enthusiastic reception of the work by MacDonald's children, Carroll considers publication.

June 27, 1863: Carroll and Mrs. Liddell suffer some form of social mishap (rumored to relate to Carroll's perceived interest in the Liddell girls,

and speculation among uninformed observers). Carroll and Alice may have been forbidden to see one another at this time.

October 19, 1863: Carroll inquires with Macmillan about publishing *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*. The publisher expresses interest.

October 1863: Robinson Duckworth encourages Carroll to speak to John Tenniel (the cartoonist for *Punch*) about creating illustrations for a published version of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*.

December 20, 1863: Carroll writes to his friend Tom Taylor, seeking a referral to (and possible meeting with) John Tenniel to discuss an illustration proposal.

1863 to 1864: Carroll develops the *Under Ground* manuscript for potential publication.

January 25, 1864: Carroll is introduced to John Tenniel. At this time, he may have asked Tenniel to consider drawing the illustrations for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

April 5, 1864: Tenniel agrees to illustrate Carroll's work for publication.

June 10, 1864: Carroll writes to Tom Taylor, asking assistance in titling the to-be-published version of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*. Titles proposed include:

Alice Among the Elves

Alice Among the Goblins

Alice's Hour in Elf-Land

Alice's Doings in Elf-Land

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

June to November, 1864: Extensive letters go between Carroll, Macmillan and Tenniel as *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is prepared for publication.

September 13, 1864: Carroll completes his illustrations for *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*.

November 26, 1864: Carroll presents the uniquely written and illustrated manuscript of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* to Alice Liddell.

May?, 1865: Tenniel completes his illustrations for the book.

June to July, 1865: The Clarendon Press prints 2,000 copies of the first edition.

July 20 to August, 1865: Printing problems with the first edition cause it to be immediately withdrawn.

November 9, 1865: The new edition of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, with corrected printing, is released.

November 12 to December, 1865: Glowing reviews help to drive sales of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* for the Christmas season.

December 14, 1865: Carroll sends a bound copy of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* to Alice Liddell.

Early 1866: The book becomes instantly famous, and speculation about the author becomes rampant. Carroll (Dodgson) remains in relative seclusion.

August 24, 1866: Carroll considers writing a sequel to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but sends a letter indicating to Macmillan that he will not complete it for some time. He discusses the matter with Tenniel, but Tenniel declines the offer of illustration.

Winter, 1866: Carroll writes the first pages to the "Alice" sequel.

December 15, 1867: While the writing is slow and sporadic, Carroll writes to a friend that the "Alice" sequel, tentatively titled *Alice's Visit to Looking-Glass House*, is "getting on pretty well."

April to June 18, 1868: Carroll, through repeated urgings, finally convinces Tenniel to develop illustrations for the *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* sequel.

June?, 1868: Carroll begins writing the Alice sequel (possibly including notes developed in 1866 and 1867, as well as consideration of older poems).

August, 1868?: Carroll has a conversation about mirror images with a young lady named Alice Raikes; the interesting themes raised at this time are incorporated into the conception of the *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* sequel.

January 12, 1869: Carroll sends the first completed chapter of the "Alice" sequel (then tentatively titled *Behind the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Saw There*) to Macmillan for consideration.

1869: *Alice's Abenteuer im Wunderland*, a German translation, is published (the first of many foreign editions, which are beyond the scope of this authorial chronology).

January 4, 1870: Carroll completes the manuscript for *Through the Looking-Glass*.

June 1, 1870: In a letter, Tenniel encourages Carroll to drop the Wasp in a Wig chapter from *Through the Looking-Glass*. Carroll takes his advice.

Late 1869 to Fall, 1871: Throughout this time period, Tenniel creates the illustrations for the “Alice” sequel.

March, 1871: Carroll, concerned about the nightmarish quality of Tenniel’s Jabberwock illustration, asks that the illustration be moved from being the frontispiece to the interior of the book.

August, 1871: By this time, Carroll has completed the text of the Alice sequel, but is still waiting for the last of the Tenniel illustrations.

November, 1871: By this time, *Through the Looking-Glass* is finally being printed.

December, 1871: Macmillan & Co. publishes Carroll’s Alice sequel, *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* (dated 1872).

December, 1871: Positive reviews appear throughout England for *Through the Looking-Glass*, and again drive Christmas sales.

December, 1871 to January 27, 1872: In the first seven weeks of publication, *Through the Looking-Glass* sells 15,000 copies.

July, 1874: Carroll has a stroll which results in his composing the ending (and first created) verse of his future work, *The Hunting of the Snark*.

Summer, 1874: Carroll writes *The Hunting of the Snark*.

November 23, 1874: By this time, Carroll has Henry Holiday completing illustrations for *The Hunting of the Snark*.

November 7, 1875: Carroll writes a letter to Mrs. Chataway, explaining the relation of *The Hunting of the Snark* to the island of the Jabberwock.

Christmas, 1875: Carroll publishes *The Hunting of the Snark*.

February to April, 1876: Macmillan publishes Carroll’s epic nonsense poem, *The Hunting of the Snark*.

April, 1876: *The Hunting of the Snark* causes confusion and much speculation, and receives mixed reviews.

1878: The forty-fifth thousand of *Through the Looking-Glass* is published.

1879: The last edition of *Through the Looking-Glass* to be published in Carroll’s lifetime is released, reflecting his final revisions.

August 18, 1884: Carroll writes a letter explaining some of the meaning (or lack thereof!) in *The Hunting of the Snark*.

March 1, 1885: Carroll writes to Alice Hargreaves, requesting her permission to borrow, review and publish the manuscript of *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*.

March 29, 1885: Carroll mentions in his diary that John Tenniel is busy coloring his own illustrations, for use in the future *Nursery "Alice"*. (Due to some text released by Macmillan, it is more likely that another person performs the coloration, overseen by Tenniel.)

December, 1886: Carroll writes the preface for *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*, and the book is published (December 22).

December 23, 1886: The stage version of Henry Savile Clarke's "Dream Play," "Alice in Wonderland," premieres at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Christmas, 1886: Carroll writes the Preface to the Seventy-Ninth Thousand of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. (In other words, the book by this time has sold 79,000 copies)

Early 1887: Henry Savile Clarke's play version of "Alice in Wonderland" is published (dated 1886).

April, 1887: Carroll publishes his article "'Alice' on the Stage," which includes a number of insights into the stories and their creation.

1887: Carroll writes a letter explaining the initial idea for *The Hunting of the Snark*.

December 28, 1888: Carroll begins revising *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* to create *The Nursery "Alice."*

February 20, 1889: Carroll completes the manuscript of *The Nursery "Alice"* and sends it on to Macmillan for consideration.

1889: Printing difficulties delay the release of *The Nursery "Alice"* in England. (Those copies which Carroll deems inferior are sent to America for sale. Other copies are likely donated to children's hospitals.)

Easter, 1890: Carroll writes the preface to *The Nursery "Alice,"* and the book is published by Macmillan.

December 29, 1893: A Boojum is briefly mentioned in Carroll's oft-forgotten book, *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*.

Christmas, 1896: Carroll writes the Preface to the Eighty-Sixth Thousand of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

January 14, 1898: Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, Lewis Carroll, dies of pneumonia.

April 3, 1928: The original manuscript of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* is sold in a Sotheby's auction for the unheard-of sum of £15,400.

1932: At the age of 80, Alice publishes her "memoirs" by way of her son, Caryl Hargreaves.

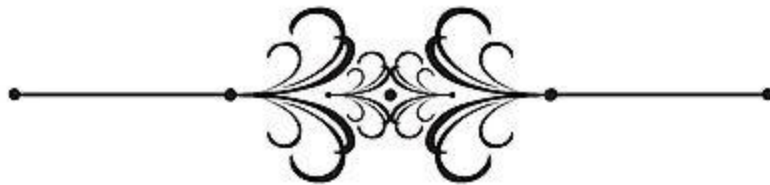
November 15, 1934: Alice Pleasance Liddell dies.

1960: Martin Gardner publishes *The Annotated Alice*, a landmark in the field of Alice and Carrollian studies.

July, 1974: A Sotheby's auction results in the sale of several galley proofs of *Through the Looking-Glass*, which include the long-lost Wasp in a Wig chapter.

1977: The Wasp in a Wig chapter of *Through the Looking-Glass* is published for the first time.

Christmas, 2010: *The Complete Alice in Wonderland* is published.



(NOTE: The following two brief pieces may be of further interest to the devoted Alice reader.)

A Diary Entry by Charles Dodgson

NOVEMBER 1888

Skene brought, as his guest, Mr. Hargreaves, the husband of “Alice,” who was a stranger to me, though we had met, years ago, as pupil and lecturer. It was not easy to link in one’s mind’s eye the new face with the once-so-intimately-known and loved “Alice,” whom I shall always remember best as an entirely fascinating little seven-year-old maiden.

The Last Letter to Alice

CHRIST CHURCH, Oxford
December 8, 1891

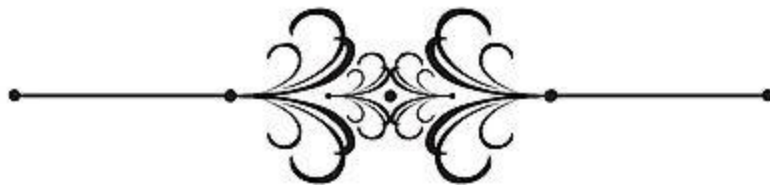
My Dear Mrs. Hargreaves,

I should be so glad if you could, quite conveniently to yourself, look in for tea any day. You would probably prefer to bring a companion: but I must leave the choice to you, only remarking that if your husband is here he would be (most) very welcome. (I crossed out “most” because it’s ambiguous; most words are, I fear.) I met him in our Common Room not long ago. It was hard to realise that he was the husband of one I can scarcely picture to myself, even now, as more than 7 years old!

Always sincerely yours,
C. L. Dodgson

(P.S.) Your adventures have had a marvellous success. I have now sold well over 100,000 copies.

(Sadly, Alice was not able to meet with Lewis Carroll for tea this one last time. But she did visit the elderly gentleman, along with her sister Rhoda. What they spoke of will never be known. It was the last time they ever met.)



Carroll's Parodies: The Original Poetry

THROUGHOUT THE "Alice" stories, Carroll pokes fun at various poems, songs and nursery rhymes that were popular in the 1800s. Unfortunately, 150 years after the fact, some of these jokes are so obscure that they no longer have any meaning. It is for this reason (and for the interest of the studious reader) that the original, parodies works are included here in their entirety.

The works (and excerpts of works) which appear here are as follows:

"Against Idleness and Mischief," by Isaac Watts: Parodied as "How Doth the Little Crocodile."

"Alice Gray," by William Mee: Parodied as "Alice's Evidence," or, "She's All My Fancy Painted Him."

"Bonnie Dundee," by Sir Walter Scott: Parodied as "To the Looking-Glass World."

"The Dream of Eugene Aram," by Thomas Hood: Parodied as "The Walrus and the Carpenter."

"Humpty Dumpty," attributed to Mother Goose: Alluded to in *Through the Looking-Glass*.

"Hush-a-by Baby," or, "Rock-a-by Baby," attributed to Mother Goose: Parodied as "Hush-a-by Lady."

"The Lion and the Unicorn," attributed to Mother Goose: Alluded to in *Through the Looking-Glass*.

"My Heart and Lute," by Thomas Moore: Parodied as "Upon the Lonely Moor," or, "The Aged, Aged Man."

"The Old Man's Comforts and How He Gained Them," by Robert Southey: Parodies as "You Are Old, Father William."

"Resolution and Independence," by Wordsworth: Parodied as "Upon the Lonely Moor," or, "The Aged, Aged Man."

"Row, Row, Row Your Boat," Anonymous: Alluded to in the closing poem of *Through the Looking-Glass*.

"Sally Come Up," Anonymous: Parodied as "Salmon Come Up."

"The Sluggard," by Isaac Watts: Parodied as "'Tis the Voice of the Lobster."

“Speak Gently,” by G. W. Langford: Parodied as “Speak Roughly to Your Little Boy.”

“The Spider and the Fly,” by Mary Howitt: Parodied as “The Lobster Quadrille,” or, “Will You Walk a Little Faster.”

“The Star,” by Jane Taylor: Parodied as “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat.”

“Star of the Evening,” by James M. Sayle: Parodied as “Turtle Soup,” or, “Beautiful Soup.”

“Summer Days,” by Marks Wilks Call: Parodied as “In Winter, When the Fields Are White,” or “Humpty Dumpty’s Poem.”

“The Tarts,” attributed to Mother Goose: Parodied as “The Tarts,” or, “The Queen of Hearts.”

“Tweedledum and Tweedledee,” attributed to Mother Goose: Alluded to in *Through the Looking-Glass*.

Against Idleness and Mischief
by Isaac Watts

*How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!*

*How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.*

*In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.*

*In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.*

Alice Gray
by William Mee

*She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine,
But her heart it is another's, she never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man never loved, a love without decay,
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.*

*Her dark brown hair is braided o'er a brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes, now flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me, the eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.*

*I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, and trembled in the blast.
But my pilgrimage is nearly done, the weary conflict's past;
And when the green sod wraps my grave, may pity haply say,
Oh, his heart, his heart is broken for the love of Alice Gray!*

Bonnie Dundee (Excerpt)
by Sir Walter Scott

*To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the Bonnet of Bonny Dundee."*

*"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"*

The Dream of Eugene Aram (Excerpt)
by Thomas Hood

*'Twas in the prime of summer-time
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.*

Humpty Dumpty
(Mother Goose)

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.*

Hush-a-by Baby
(Mother Goose)

Hush-a-by baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.

When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Cradle and all.

The Lion and the Unicorn (Mother Goose)

*The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All around the town.*

*Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum cake
And drummed them out of town.*

*And when he had beat him out,
He beat him in again;
He beat him three times over,
His power to maintain.*

My Heart and Lute
Thomas Moore

*I give thee all—I can no more—
Though poor the off’ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.*

*A lute who’s gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.*

*Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life’s clouds away,
At least ’twill make them lighter pass
Or gild them if they stay.*

*And ev’n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o’er life’s happy strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
’Twill all be sweet again!*

The Old Man's Comforts and How He Gained Them
by Robert Southey

*"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."*

*"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."*

*"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away.
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason I pray."*

*"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."*

*"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."*

*"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age."*

Resolution and Independence (Excerpt)
by Wordsworth

*My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.*

*—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
“How is it that you live, and what is it you do?”
He with a smile did then his words repeat;*

*And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He traveled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
“Once I could meet with them on every side;*

*But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”
While he was talking thus the lonely place,
The old Man’s shape, and speech—all troubled me:*

*In my mind’s eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,*

*He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.
And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
But stately in the main; and, when he ended,*

*I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
“God,” said I, “be my help and stay secure;
I’ll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!”*

Row, Row, Row Your Boat
(Anonymous)

*Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.*

Sally Come Up (Excerpt)
(Anonymous)

Sally come up! oh, Sally go down!
Oh, Sally come twist you heel around,
The old man he's gone down to town,
Oh Sally come down the middle.

The Sluggard
by Isaac Watts

*'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.*

*"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number,
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.*

*I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grown broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.*

*I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dream, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.*

*Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,"
This man's a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.*

Speak Gently (Excerpt)
by G.W. Langford

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

The Spider and the Fly
by Mary Howitt

*“Will you walk into my parlor?”
Said a spider to a fly;
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.*

*The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
To show when you are there.”*

*“Oh, no, no!” said the little fly,
“To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again.”*

*“I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?”
Said the spider to the fly.*

*“There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in.”*

*“Oh, no, no!” said the little fly,
“For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again
Who sleep upon your bed.”*

*Said the cunning spider to the fly,
“Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?”*

*I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome-
Will you please to take a slice.*

*"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."*

*"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.*

*I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."*

*"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning, now,
I'll call another day."*

*The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon be back again;*

*So he wove a subtle thread
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.*

*He went out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,*

*“Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;*

*Your robes are green and purple,
There’s a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead.”*

*Alas, alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by*

*With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue;*

*Thought only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing!
At last up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.*

*He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den
Within his little parlor—but
She ne’er came out again!*

*And now, dear little children
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you, ne’er give heed:*

*Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.*

The Star
By Jane Taylor

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.*

*When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.*

*Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.*

*In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
'Til the sun is in the sky.*

*As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.*

Star of the Evening
by James M. Sayle

*Beautiful star in heav'n so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.*

*Beautiful star,
Beautiful star,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.*

*In Fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away.
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.*

*Shine on, oh star of love divine,
And may our soul's affection twine
Around thee as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.*

Summer Days (Excerpt)
by Mark Wilks Call

*In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not, but that old song,
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.*

*Alone I wander in the wood,
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see the crimson hood,
The radiant hair, the calm glad eyes,
That charmed me in life's summer mood.*

*In summer, when the days are long,
I loved her as I loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong,
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.*

The Tarts
(Mother Goose)

*The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;*

*The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.*

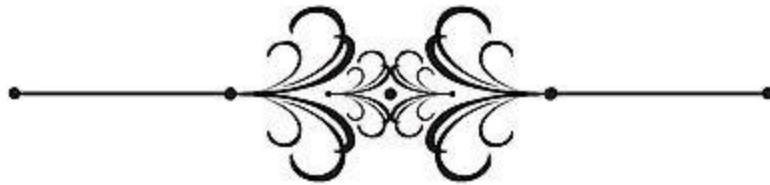
*The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;*

*The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.*

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
(Mother Goose)

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar-barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.



Suggested Further Reading

ONE OF my frustrations as a Carrollian devotee is that *most* of the works concerning Alice are highly erudite, deep to the point of absolute thickness and gravely all-too-serious. While such works are informative, I believe the intelligent and pleasure-seeking reader is too often overwhelmed by the grim nature of a steady diet of such works. I recommend a few of the best of them below, but I *also* offer some of the best visual books, most entertaining story compilations, and flat-out funny books available. I believe Mr. Carroll would agree with me when I insist that humorous stories should *not* become such a drudgery to read! Please enjoy my admittedly eccentric list, which I believe exemplifies the finest books on Carroll out there (both academic and otherwise).

Alice's Adventures in Oxford: A rare and diminutive book that provides a gorgeous array of photographs and some brilliant insights into Alice's real-world Oxfordian environment. Highly recommended, but frustrating to find.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, illustrated by Robert Ingpen: This beautiful edition is my favorite *Alice* for children, due to its lavish, touching and imaginative illustrations.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, The Hunting of the Snark and Through the Looking-Glass, illustrated by Mervyn Peake: An acquired taste, Peake's illustrations are some of the most brilliant, heart-felt and personal portraits of Alice's world in existence.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, illustrated by Peter Weevers: This edition has some of the very finest illustrations of the classic story (outside of Tenniel, of course!).

The Alice Companion, by Jo Elwyn Jones and J. Francis Gladstone: An extremely helpful "encyclopedia" of real-world Alice connections.

Alice in Sunderland, by Bryan Talbot: A bold, headstrong and wonderfully eccentric graphic novel, focusing on one man's obsession with Alice, Carroll and the Sunderland region. This one is all over the place, in a good way!

Alice in Wonderland: The Visual Guide, by Jo Casey and Laura Gilbert: The beautiful companion book to the recent hit movie. Gorgeous

and inspiring.

***Alternative Alices*, edited by Carolyn Sigler:** An excellent collection of Alice-themed stories and essays.

***The Annotated Alice*, by Martin Gardner:** By far the best “classic” print edition of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*.

***The Annotated Hunting of the Snark*, by Martin Gardner:** The finest print edition of Carroll’s nonsensical epic.

***Aspects of Alice*, edited by Robert Phillips:** A brilliant collection of Alice-oriented reflections and research essays.

***Beyond the Looking-Glass: Reflections of Alice and Her Family*, by Colin Gordon:** A masterfully researched, sympathetic and moving portrait of Alice Liddell and her family.

***The Illustrators of Alice in Wonderland*, by Graham Ovenden and John Davis:** This difficult-to-find, tiny book features a spectacular array of the various illustrations created for Alice over the past 150 years.

***Jabberwocky*, illustrated by Graeme Base:** Arguably the finest illustrated version of Carroll’s classic poem. Very fun for children and the young at heart.

***Lewis Carroll: A Biography*, by Morton N. Cohen:** The most helpful and in-depth Carroll biography, in my opinion. (There are many more excellent biographies, but they become drear and repetitive after awhile!)

***Lewis Carroll: An Illustrated Biography*, by Derek Hudson:** Other biographies are far more studious and authoritative, but I recommend this one for the casual reader due to its wonderful collection of photographs and illustrations. One of the best “short” biographies out there.

***Lewis Carroll As I Knew Him*, by Isa Bowman:** An intriguing short “confessional” by one of Carroll’s “child-friends,” unique for some of its insights and personal asides concerning the mysterious gentleman.

***Lewis Carroll: The Complete Illustrated Works*:** I have issues with this compilation, but it is still one of the best print bargains out there for a reader who wants to see the full breadth of Carroll’s other creations.

***Lewis Carroll and His World*, by John Pudney:** A charming short biography of Lewis Carroll, primarily of value due to its treasure trove of photographs.

***Lewis Carroll: Photographer*, by Roger Taylor and Edward Wakeling:** If you can afford it, this is probably the best collection of

Carroll's photographs (including many of Alice and the other Liddells).

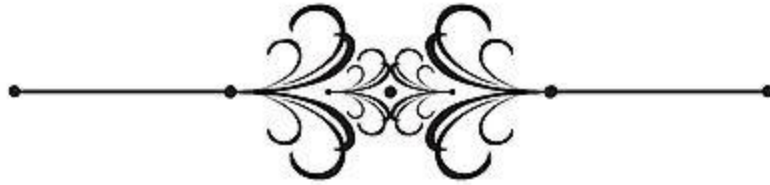
***The Lewis Carroll Picture Book*, edited by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood:** The classic collection of Carroll's juvenilia, miscellanea and rarer works. Filled with his illustrations, puzzles and photographs as well.

***The Magic of Lewis Carroll*, edited by John Fisher:** An baffling and occasionally brilliant collection of Carroll's games and puzzles.

***The Real Alice*, by Anne Clark:** Probably the finest biography of Alice Liddell, including a plethora of rarities.

***The Snark Was a Boojum: A Life of Lewis Carroll*, by James Playsted Wood:** An idiosyncratic and amusing glimpse of Lewis Carroll. A bit outdated, but pleasantly light.

***The Victorian Fairy Tale Book*, by Michael Patrick Hearn:** While not strictly an Alice book, this is one of the best collections for readers who want to experience other, more obscure tales of Victorian fairy lands.



A Curious Glossary of Victoriana & Carrolliana

Compiled by Kent David Kelly

TRUE TO Carroll's playful, bookish and thoroughly Victorian nature, the "Alice" stories are filled with words that are delightful, odd and nonsensical. Many of these definitions are featured in the texts themselves, while others can be deciphered in context. Considering the endless stream of such confusing terms, however, it may be beneficial to gather them all in one place for the benefit of the inquisitive reader.

Further, Carroll assumed the reader's casual familiarity with various Victorian objects which scarcely exist in our world any longer (such as sal-volatile, treacle, nosegays and bathing-machines). When added to Carroll's own intentionally odd inventions, these items (while charming) only add to the reader's confusion.

It is hoped that this combined glossary of Victoriana and Carrolliana will be helpful to the last. Please enjoy, and thank you for reading *The Complete Alice in Wonderland*!

Bandersnatch: A dangerous predatory creature which pounces out and snatches unfortunate victims away.

Barrister: A gentleman who gives expert legal opinions and pleadings in a court of law.

Bathing-Machine: A wheeled enclosure, used to allow modest sea-bathing in absolute seclusion.

Beamish: Joyful, celebratory and idealistic.

Bellman: A town crier, who makes public announcements on behalf of the court ("Oyez," "Hear ye, hear ye," etc.).

Blotting-Paper: A highly absorbent type of paper, used to quickly mop up ink stains.

Bolster: A long narrow pillow, typically used as a headrest or back support.

Boojum: A Snark which has grown so powerful, so convinced of its own reality, that dreamers who behold it are snuffed out of existence.

Boots: Someone who shines and blackens boots for a living.

Borogove: A shaggy, long-legged bird, which looks like a mixture of a parrot, a toucan and a flamingo.

Bowsprit: The long pole that projects from the prow (front) of a ship to secure and extend the rigging.

Bridecake: A Victorian wedding cake.

Brillig: The time in the afternoon (4:00 PM) when you begin boiling things for dinner. The word may come from “broil,” but may also signify “bright light.”

Brooch: A clasp or pin, which keeps a wrapping garment (such as a cloak or shawl) comfortably in place. The brooch is typically separate from the garment so that its position can be adjusted to allow for changes in wind, weather and so forth.

Ca’n’t: The Victorian contraction for “cannot.” (The apostrophes, as placed, are Carroll’s preference.)

Callay, Callooh: Calls of celebration, such as “Huzzah!”

Castling: A move in chess, in which the rooks are moved to protect the king from attack. (In Looking-Glass Chess, castling involves simultaneous movement of the queens.)

Caucus-Race: A joke made on English political practices. A caucus is a meeting of members belonging to the same political party, while a race is a contest between political rivals. A caucus-race, then, is a pointless (but energetic!) contest between political allies.

Chimney-Piece: The mantle shelf over a fireplace.

Coal-Scuttle: A bucket used to store coal inside of a home or other building.

Comfits: Small Victorian candies, typically made with spices, fruit, nuts or other flavorful additions.

Contrariwise: “In opposition of that,” or “On the contrary.”

Crab: A sloppy oar-stroke, which causes the water to pull at the oar (and thereby slowing movement and causing problems for the person stroking with the oar).

Cravat: A formal neckband worn by gentlemen in place of a tie.

Cucumber-Frame: A small greenhouse-like structure, used to accelerate the growth of cucumbers.

Curiouser: Even more curious than curious. Famously bad English; we are left to wonder whether Carroll was affectionately quoting Alice Liddell.

Currants: Berries used in decorative foods.

Cut: To socially slight someone by either failing to acknowledge their greeting, or pretending not to know them.

Daisy-Chain: A laurel, bracelet or string of daisies, created by picking the flowers and tying or weaving their stems together.

Deal Box: A small Victorian box, used to carry linen, keepsakes or miscellaneous items.

Earl: A member of the English nobility. Historically, an Earl is more powerful than a Baron, but less powerful than a Duke or Marquis.

Edgar Atheling: The last member of the royal house of Cerdic, of Wessex. He was proclaimed king in 1066 A.D., but never crowned.

Edwin: The Earl of Mercia in 1066 A.D. Along with his younger brother Morcar, he supported Edgar Atheling against the Normans.

Esq.: An abbreviation for Esquire (an unofficial formal title taken by someone of high, but not noble, status).

Extinguisher: A Victorian candle snuffer.

Feather: A gentle oar stroke that causes a boat to move through the water in rapid, controlled fashion. Compare Crab.

Fender: A protective screen that fits the base of the fireplace.

Fiddle-De-Dee: An expression of impatience or mild annoyance.

Fiddlestick: Informal. Roughly translated, “I don’t care what they say.”

Finger-Post: A trail- or road-side sign post, pointing the direction to a particular town or feature.

Frabjous: A portmanteau of “fabulous” and “joyous.” A “frabjous day,” therefore, is a momentarily happy one, whereupon celebrations will occur.

Frumenty: A dish similar to oatmeal, typically consisting of milk and boiled wheat.

Frumious: A portmanteau of “fuming” and “furious.”

Fudge: An informal interjection, meaning “nonsense.”

Galumph: A portmanteau of “galloping” and “triumph”; in other words, to proudly walk in a thoroughly rambunctious manner.

Gimble: To move in a circular fashion, reminiscent of a gimlet (a small metal tool).

Gimlet: A small hand tool, used for drilling holes in leather, wood or cloth.

Going Messages: The act of serving as either a messenger or postman on behalf of a superior.

Grog: A mariner’s alcoholic drink, consisting of watered-down beer or rum.

Gyre: To move in a circular fashion without losing one's balance, like a gyroscope.

Haddock: A food fish, popularly used in fish and chips.

Hansom-Cab: A buggy pulled by a single horse.

Hearth-Rug: A heavy floor rug positioned in front of the fireplace.

Helmsman: The mariner who stands at the wheel and steers the ship.

Jabberwock: A nonesuch draconian monster, which apparently haunted the world of Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land in the age of the Anglo-Saxons.

Jabberwocky: A poem written by Lewis Carroll. As a point of distinction, "Jabberwocky" refers to the poem, and "Jabberwock" is the name of the monster itself.

Joint: A leg of meat.

Jubjub Bird: A dangerous predatory bird, primarily found lurking and hooting on Jabberwock Isle.

Kid-Gloves: Gloves made from the leather of young goat.

Larboard: Port; the left-hand side of a ship. (In later times, it was decided that "larboard" was too easy to mistake with "starboard," especially during storms.)

Limed Twig: A twig covered in sticky birdlime, used to catch birds and other small animals (such as crabs).

Lory: A small, brightly-plumaged parrot.

Macassar-Oil: Victorian hair oil, used by gentlemen.

Manxome: Fearsome and island-dwelling. The word is probably derived from "Manx," meaning "from the Isle of Man."

Marmalade: A drink made from boiled fruit preserves and sugar.

Menai Bridge: One of the earliest modern suspension bridges, built in 1826.

Mimsiest: The most flimsy and miserable state possible for a living creature.

Mimsy: A portmanteau of "flimsy" and "miserable."

Mince-Pie: A pastry filled with mincemeat (a mixture of spiced beef, fruit and distilled spirits).

Mock Turtle: A curious creature of Wonderland, with the body of a turtle and the head of a calf.

Mome: An archaic contraction of "from home," which is to say "lost."

Morcar: The Earl of Northumbria in 1066 A.D. Along with his elder brother Edwin, he supported Edgar Atheling against the Normans.

Muchness: A lavish amount of something; or, just extravagance in general.

Mutton-Pie: A lamb's meat pie.

Natural History: The science of researching plants and animals, primarily through observation (as opposed to experimentation).

Northumbria: A kingdom of medieval England, prior to the Norman invasion. The land is currently known as the County of Northumberland.

Nosegay: A small bouquet of flowers, typically given as a gift.

Nurse: In Victorian use, a female servant entrusted with the care of the children.

Outgrabe: A strange sound of surprise or despair, which sounds like bellowing, whistling and sneezing, all at once.

Papers: Victorian hair curlers.

Plaster: A small bandage.

Portmanteau: A suitcase which has two identically-sized compartments. (In Humpty Dumpty's usage, a portmanteau is a word with two meanings, or a word made up of two other words; such as "slithy" from "lithe" and "slimy.")

Quadrille: A formal and difficult Victorian dance, emphasizing the importance of pairs' coordination.

Railway-Share: A stock investing in trains and railroads. Due to the rapid and wild growth of the English rail system in Victorian times, railway-shares were potentially lucrative but very risky investments.

Rath: Greenish, pig-like creatures which tend to wander about in an aimless fashion, squealing all the while.

Sal-Volatile: Smelling salts.

Sealing-Wax: Wax which is melted and then allowed to cool, creative a seal to keep a letter or scroll closed.

Set to Partners: A slight formal dance move, in which two partners face one another and hop from one foot to the other.

Sha'n't: The Victorian contraction for "shall not." (The apostrophes, as placed, are Carroll's preference.)

Shavings: Small pieces of wood.

Slithy: A portmanteau of "lithe" and "slimy," with a hint of "slithering."

Snark: A fabulous creature, particularly found on Jabberwock Isle. Snarks may be created from the stray fears and secret doubts of adventurous dreamers.

Snarked: To be stuck in an impossible way, or in an impossible place. (Alice could be said to be “snarked” when she falls into Wonderland.)

Snicker-Snack: The sound and motion of a very sharp blade which is being used in battle. The term comes from the “snickersnee,” an antiquated combat knife.

Soup-Tureen: A large, deep serving dish.

Spright: A small fairy (sprite, pixie). In Carroll’s poetic use, this probably means “sprightliness,” or animated and vivacious gestures.

Starboard: The right-hand side of a ship. Compare Larboard.

Stigand: An English churchman prior to the Norman conquest.

Stuff: Informal interjection, meaning “rubbish.”

Suet: Hard fatty tissue in a food meat (such as mutton or beef).

Suety: With the consistency of suet.

Sugar-Loaf: A tall, conical traveler’s hat, typically worn while riding.

Teetotum: A spinning toy top, decorated with numbers.

Thingumbob: A nonsense name of jovial familiarity, somewhat warmer than “Hey you.”

Tipple: In Carroll’s use, “tipple” means to tip a boat over in rippling water.

Tove: Badger-like creatures which have corkscrew-shaped snouts (to facilitate rapid burrowing).

Transportation: The act of deporting convicted criminals (typically, in England’s case, to Australia).

Treacle: Medicinal mineral water or molasses.

Tulgey Wood: “Tulgey” can be understood to mean “tumored” and “bulgy,” which means an ancient forest filled with disturbingly twisted trees.

Tumtum Tree: A timeless species of the willow, engendering feelings of calm and wisdom, which only grows in the most remote corners of the lands of fancy.

Turtle Soup: A fancy soup made from turtle meat. In Victorian times, turtle meat was very expensive; “Mock Turtle Soup” refers to turtle soup made with a different kind of meat, but otherwise the same recipe.

(Jokingly, Carroll created the Mock Turtle character to explain where mock turtle meat came from.)

Uffish: Gruff, rough and huffing, all at once.

Vorpal: Astral, arcane, dangerously magical.

Wabe: The grass lawn which surrounds a sundial, statue, or other prominent garden ornament.

Wag: A person given to witty and mischievous humor.

Wednesday Week: A week after the next Wednesday.

Whiskers: Sideburns, as opposed to a beard or moustache. (In modern usage, “whiskers” usually means a moustache or unkempt facial hair; but in Victorian times, whiskers (sideburns) were elaborate and quite formal.)

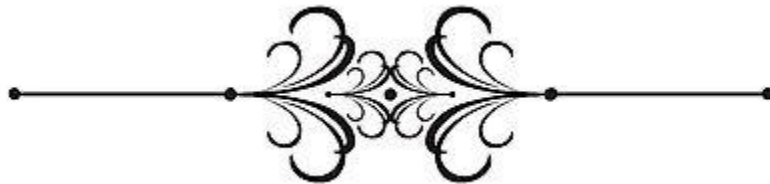
Whiting: A common food fish, similar to a cod.

William the Conqueror: The first Norman king of England.

Will-o'-the-Wisp: A ghostly mist-creature, believed to appear as a glowing sphere, which taunted swamp-wanderers and seafarers into quicksand or unsafe waters.

Wo'n't: The Victorian contraction for “will not.” (The apostrophes, as placed, are Carroll’s preference.)

Worsted: Fine wool yarn.





(The illustrator of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass, John Tenniel.)

AFTERWORD

AND SO OUR adventures alongside Alice are now complete. It has taken me several years to compile this comprehensive journey throughout the brilliant and labyrinthine works of Lewis Carroll. Indeed, in the beginning, I did not even realize I was writing a book at all! Like so many others, I simply *wanted more*. I did not want the stories to end. This desire turned into a hobby, and nearly an obsession, until all of the notes, essays and chronologies now before you came to be.

I hope that you have enjoyed *The Complete Alice in Wonderland* at least as much as I enjoyed compiling and creating it. The Alice books are not only ageless, they are circular as well. One reading tends to lead the reader back to the beginning, to experience it all over again with a deeper understanding. I would like the stories, regarded here in their entirety, to be forever rewarding to the other readers out there who are *wanting more* as well. Enjoying Alice's adventures should never be a chore. And yet, the first reading (supported by all of the notes and other works) may indeed be overwhelming. For that I must apologize. But as in all the truest of tales, the "Alice" stories return as much as you are willing to give them, and then some.

So do have many happy re-readings! And please: If ever we cross paths in Wonderland, do not wake me. I may be very late, and in hurry to see it all!

Kent David Kelly
Christmas, 2010

